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COLONEL WILLIAM FREDERICK CODY


In background, the main tent of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show and a Concord Stagecoach, Concord, New Hampshire, June 11, 1911.

Published Quarterly

By

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

Cheyenne, Wyoming



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The Winter of 1886-87 In Wyoming

By Alfred Larson*

The winter of 1886-87 will never be forgotten in the northern Rocky Mountain region. Charles M. Russell became famous because that winter suggested a water color depicting an emaciated cow, "Waiting for a Chinook and nothing else."¹ Many writers have generalized about the nature and consequences of that winter. Dan W. Greenburg wrote that that disastrous winter almost drove the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association on the rocks.² Louis Pelzer observed that "The repeated hurricane blizzards, the heavy falls of snow, and the blood-chilling rains had combined to kill off about one-third of all the northern range cattle."³ H. E. Briggs places the losses much higher: "With many authenticated records of losses running as high as 90 to 95 per cent a conservative estimate of the average loss for the whole area would be from 75 to 80 per cent."⁴ John Clay wrote that "From Southern Colorado to the Canadian line, from the 100th Meridian almost to the Pacific slope it was a catastrophe which the cowmen of today who did not go through it can never understand."⁵ Struthers Burt wrote "The lucky ones sustained losses of seventy and eighty per cent."⁶ The winter is described in *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present* as "the cataclysm of nature which all but overwhelmed the western cattle industry."⁷ According to this work "Many of the ranches (*sic*) in the Northwest who went through the ordeal placed their losses at from 80 to 90 per cent."⁸

All accounts of the winter of 1886-87 agree that it was a terrible one and that the losses were great. There is disagree-

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Dr. Larson came to Laramie, Wyoming, in September, 1936. He was married to Aylein Eckles Hunt of Laramie on June 11, 1941.

1. Charles M. Russell, *Good Medicine*, p. 21.
2. *Sixty Years, A Brief Review of Wyoming Cattle Days*, p. 32.
3. *The Cattlemen's Frontier*, p. 148.
4. *Frontiers of the Northwest*, p. 244.
5. *My Life on the Range*, p. 178.
6. *Powder River*, p. 253.
7. F. B. Beard, Editor, p. 401.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 402.

ment, however, in the appraisal of losses, and there has been no full description of this "cataclysm of nature." This study was prompted by a desire to know more about this awful winter and its impact upon Wyoming.

A first consideration is the weather itself. Clay wrote that the summer of 1886 was very dry with no rain of any moment in May, June, and July.⁹ The records of the U. S. Signal Office at Cheyenne indicate that this was true for Cheyenne.¹⁰ The precipitation during the three growing months was, for May, 0.32, for June, 1.52, and for July, 0.71 inches. The mean temperature was, for May, 55.2, for June, 59.3, and for July, 69.2 degrees. The summer of 1886 was no doubt abnormally dry and warm. The total rainfall for the three months in 1886 was 2.55 inches as compared with an average of 5.15 inches for those three months during the twelve summers of 1875-1886. The approximate mean temperature for the three months in 1886 was 61.2 degrees as compared with a mean of 59.85 degrees for those months during the twelve summers, 1875-1886.¹¹ In the period 1875-1886 only the summer of 1879 was dryer and warmer than the summer of 1886, but in 1879 the prevailing winds for the three months were respectively S, W, and NW, whereas the prevailing winds in 1886 were respectively NW, S, and S. In the early summer of 1886 Clay rode many miles over the range in south central Wyoming and saw "scarce a blade of grass."¹² The same conditions prevailed, he said, on the Belle Fourche, Little Missouri and Powder. All writers on the subject are agreed that there was overgrazing. Assessment figures indicate that there were three times as many cattle in Wyoming in 1886 as there were eight years later. Moreover, extensive prairie fires are mentioned.¹³ If such a summer had been followed by the best of winters, cattle probably would have suffered; but instead of the best came one of the worst with snow, cold, and wind.

Precise measurements of snowfall for that winter are unavailable. The records of the U. S. Signal Office at Cheyenne for November, December, January, and February are not complete "on account of sickness of observer."¹⁴ Governor Moonlight in his annual report refers to the "strength and frequency

9. *My Life on the Range*, p. 176.

10. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming* to the Secretary of the Interior, 1886, pp. 50-51.

11. *Ibid.*

12. *My Life on the Range*, p. 176.

13. F. B. Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 401.

14. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming* to the Secretary of the Interior, p. 60, footnote.

of the snow storms."¹⁵ In southeastern Wyoming the first storm of any moment began early on November 1.¹⁶ In Cheyenne the snow of three or four inches melted almost as fast as it fell, yet the *Cheyenne Sun* expressed the opinion that "this may prove to be the worst snow storm we shall have this fall and winter."¹⁷ The editor of the *Laramie Weekly Boomerang* declared on the 6th of January: "The winter bids fair to one (*sic*) of the most favorable ever bestowed upon Wyoming." Possibly Editor Caldwell was whistling to keep up his courage because his further comments show that some people had been worried. Said Caldwell: "The frightful spectre of devastation and death whose fierce coming in the guise of the storms of November was predicted, has disappeared from even the sight of the most timid. The great annual scare is over, and the alarmists of 1886 are now at liberty to perfect themselves as the liars of 1887." The storms came on the very day Caldwell had chosen for his prophecy that the worst of the winter was over. Thereafter the Territorial papers tell of storm after storm in all parts of the Territory. Stock Inspector Lambert, said the *Boomerang* on January 12, had just returned from a trip of inspection along the line of the Union Pacific west of Laramie and had reported that the snow was drifting so badly that all efforts to find dead cattle were vain. Snow six feet deep on the level was reported between Mountain Home and Wood's Landing. A letter from Centennial on the 16th said the storm continued "with almost unabated fury" from the 6th to the 16th. Douglas on the 19th had not seen a train for two weeks. David Pinkley of the Northwestern Stage line was out 36 hours between Sheridan and Buffalo. A report from the *Big Horn Sentinel*, printed in the *Daily Boomerang* on January 22, told of snow four feet on the level, "deeper than has ever been known before in this section." A train finally reached Douglas, but on the 24th it "is reported to have gone into winter quarters, as it can neither get backwards nor forwards." A report in the *Daily Boomerang* February 10 related that "The snow on Lost Soldier division on the Lander and Rawlins stage route is four feet deep, and frozen so hard that the stages drive over it like a turnpike." On the 12th of February the Evanston *Chieftain* was quoted: "The great snow storm which has prevailed in this locality for the past two months still stays with us most every day."¹⁸ John Luman of

15. *Ibid.*, p. 21.

16. The *Laramie Sentinel* and the *Cheyenne Sun*.

17. The *Cheyenne Sun*, Nov. 2.

18. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*.

the No Wood country in an interview on March 30th spoke of crusted snow which remained all winter.¹⁹

All writers on the subject remark about the low temperatures. Unhappily the illness of the observer at Cheyenne during the months of November, December, January, and February left the records incomplete. There are scattered comments in the newspapers, but not enough to warrant a statement more specific than that it was a cold winter.

The phase of the weather which aroused more comment than any other was the wind. The *Cheyenne Sun*, January 28, carried the story that "The most prolonged windstorm ever known in Cheyenne is now in progress. It began two months ago and has continued ever since from sunrise to sunset of each day." The *Sun* estimated that "a good fair average of forty miles an hour has been kept up." This is no doubt an exaggeration, but at least it conveys the idea that the wind was unusually severe. The *Boomerang* for the same day observed that for two weeks there had been a "ceaseless wind storm raging along the line of the Union Pacific from Nebraska throughout the Wyoming division." Editor Caldwell, who often wrote humorously, related this story: "On one of our sidewalks, wedged in against a telephone pole, is a huge beef rib. It is marked deeply with the imprint of a dog's tooth, and it is popularly supposed that the dog has blown away." A report from the Little Laramie told that fences were leveled to the ground and outhouses and haystacks were "scattered to the four winds."²⁰ The *Boomerang* referred to the wind as a "visiting Cheyenne zephyr" and the *Cheyenne Democratic Leader* called it a "Laramie City Zephyr." Wyoming did not suffer alone; it appears from reports that several trains were blown off the tracks at points in Colorado by a sixty-mile gale.²¹

Accounts of the ravages of the winter of 1886-87 have generally passed over the human suffering, but it was serious. Ranch employees were found frozen to death near Sundance, Evanston, and Stinking Water.²² Two men received severe injuries when the high wind hurled them from a hand car a half mile from Horse Creek station on the Cheyenne and Northern. A Sheep Mountain stockman and his wife nearly perished between Laramie and their home. A woman driving from Laramie to North Park was "providentially rescued in the very nick of time."²³ A tramp was pulled out of a drift

19. *Ibid.*

20. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, March 3, 1887.

21. *Ibid.*, February 18.

22. *Ibid.*, January 12, January 22, February 21.

23. *Ibid.*, Jan. 15.

and revived with whisky at Rock Creek. The Albany county board of commissioners sent provisions to a family snowbound and destitute at their home 18 miles from Laramie.²⁴ The *Cheyenne Sun* reported that according to doctors the wind was causing nervousness and sleeplessness.²⁵

A number of newspaper items tell of transportation difficulties. A stage into Buffalo from the north had to be piloted by a horseman and was 48 hours late. When the first train in fifteen days reached Douglas it was said that "The railroad company should either build snow fences or put on a line of lightning express bull teams."²⁶ A passenger train on the Oregon Short Line struck a snow bank near Ham's Fork and both engines and one or two cars went down a high embankment. The fireman was reported killed.²⁷ A few days later Editor Caldwell wrote: "The Oregon Short Line is still snowed in. It is said that a strong searching party is out, and when the line is again found that it will be at once placed on snow shoes."

In examining the newspapers for evidence of stock losses one is struck by the persistent reluctance of stockmen and editors to believe that overstocking of the range, the scarcity of feed, and the severe winter had finally brought disaster for the hazardous open-range system. The optimism of the *Boomerang* editor has been mentioned. He welcomed the new year with the pronouncement that Wyoming's "valuable stock and ranch interests are ever on the increase." A week later he announced that "The cattle being fed in the Laramie valleys are doing splendidly. The beef market is rising and in the spring no finer beeves will put money in their owners' pockets, and furnish fat haunches to smoke on eastern boards, than those of this section of Wyoming."²⁸ John Durbin, interviewed early in February, was credited with saying that on the whole the outlook was favorable.²⁹ He said that the cattle were doing well in the valleys of the Sweetwater and its tributaries, but that lack of feed was causing considerable loss in the sand hills. Fierce winds, he said, drove the cattle into the sand hills for shelter and there they starved unless they were driven back to the flats and valleys. The Durbin outfit had made four drives of this kind, moving about 1,500 head of cattle each time. The cattle also crowded together in the forks of the Sweetwater and the North Platte and had to be driven from there. A Big

24. *Ibid.*, Jan. 20.

25. *Cheyenne Sun*, Jan. 28.

26. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, Jan. 24, 1887.

27. *Ibid.*, Jan. 31.

28. *Ibid.*, Jan. 10.

29. *Ibid.*, Feb. 9.

Horn Basin cowboy on his way to his boyhood home in Missouri was interviewed in Laramie February 15. He spoke of heavy snow and much cold weather in the Big Horn country, but he maintained that the winter's loss would not exceed five per cent.³⁰

The losses in Montana were unquestionably greater than the losses in Wyoming. Reports from Montana in February gave the whole nation something to talk about. A dispatch from Butte to the *Denver Republican* declared that a loss of 600,000 cattle, or one-half, was a low estimate.³¹ The dispatch told of cattle seeking water in the air holes of the Yellowstone River, and "As soon as those in front begin drinking the others crowd them forward into the holes." The same thing was happening on the Wind River in Wyoming.³² All of the small creeks and springs of the ranges were frozen. "The cattle, in their search for water, walk out upon the river ice to the air-holes, and in the attempt to drink break through, and are swept at once from sight and life . . ."

A prominent Montana cattleman interviewed in Denver towards the end of February expressed the opinion that losses reported in eastern papers were greatly exaggerated. "All danger to range cattle is now over, and cattlemen are looking forward to a year of prosperity."³³ Editor Hayford of the *Laramie Sentinel* late in February opined that cattle had wintered as well as usual except in Montana and northern Wyoming. The *Cheyenne Democratic Leader* on March 1 believed it probable that the worst Montana reports were exaggerated and that at least three-fourths of the stock would survive. The *Boomerang* March 2 quoted the *Miles City Journal* as saying that while cattlemen estimated losses variously from 20 to 50 per cent they could hardly be "of such magnitude." The new editor of the *Boomerang*, Alexander, on the 2nd of March declared that eastern newspapers in writing about the great losses in Montana should not confuse Wyoming with Montana. The winter in Wyoming, he admitted, had been severe but "the percentage of loss will not figure a trifle if any more than in some years past, when no particular mention was made of the fact." "Any deficiency in profit will be made up in two years," he said. "Range cattle," he added, "have been shipped to eastern markets in such good condition in the last three years that easterners have become jealous." Editor Hayford on March 5 clipped from *Bill Barlow's Budget* (Douglas)

30. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, Feb. 15, 1887.

31. *Ibid.*, Feb. 22.

32. *Ibid.*, Feb. 14.

33. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, Feb. 24, 1887.

the opinion that while losses in Wyoming would be as low, if not lower, than in Idaho, Montana, and Utah, "yet it is a fact that the per cent will be a fearfully and wonderfully large one—a loss calculated to make cattle kings look blue."

In the early part of March unfavorable reports began to come in from many places. The *Denver Republican* confronted with contradictory reports about the Montana losses sent a special correspondent to the scene. The *Boomerang* summarized the special correspondent's first report: "We are sorry to say it would seem the worst had not been told . . ., all stock has gone off at an alarming rate."³⁴ Exchanges in the Laramie papers from the *Buffalo Echo* and the *Rawlins Journal* told of considerable losses. A reader of the Laramie *Boomerang* took exception to the paper's optimism as it applied to the region around the city. The letter is revealing:

"I have seen quite a number of articles in your paper that would lead strangers to suppose that the Laramie plains was the cattles' Eden. I say strangers, because anyone that is a resident of Laramie and has been out of town this winter in any direction, can see for themselves that the plains are strewn with dead cattle that have perished for the want of food and water.

"From the junction of the road between the Big and Little Laramies to the top of the Divide on the road to the McCreary ranch, within a short distance from the road are five head of dead cattle. At the junction of the Willow and Spague fences are eight more. North of there near a small lake, are twelve head. I think I do not over-estimate the amount when I say that there are fifty head of dead cattle on or near Seven Mile and about the same on Four Mile. I mention these few points so that if any one doubts my statement he may be easily convinced by traveling in that direction.

"The facts of the case are these: The cattle north of here (and they are not much better off south) are just about as near starved to death as they can be and live.

"Any man that could go out on the plains in some of our numerous storms and see those poor brutes 'humped up' in some angle of a wire fence, without any protection from the storm, without being moved to compassion, must be a wretch, indeed.

"The stories that are published by the Wyoming press will mislead eastern people, and perhaps may cause many to drive or ship cattle to this section, when the truth is the country is already overstocked. I cannot see who would reap any advantage from misrepresenting the stock interest in this country, unless it would be a few sharpers that would like to 'sell out' by book account, and I think that that is about played out. What a pity that our city 'paps' did not have the power not only to impound cattle found on the streets of Laramie, but also of those found on the plains. The practice of leaving cattle unprotected for and unprotected during our severe winters is both cruel and inhuman."

Editor Slack remarked that the news coming in from the northern ranges was not favorable.³⁵ Overstocking and scarcity

34. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, March 5, 1887.

35. *The Cheyenne Sun*, March 8, 1887.

of feed were to blame, said he. The losses of individuals would discourage the bringing in of outside cattle and would give stock growers a chance to recover. Whereas Laramie editors were evidently reluctant to publish unfavorable reports, Slack expressed the opinion that publication of losses would be beneficial since it would give the grass a chance.

The opinion that reports of losses were greatly exaggerated died hard in southeastern Wyoming. Two Laramie men, Grant and Boswell, interviewed in mid-March, told of riding 100 miles through the range country of Dakota Territory on the back of a train for the purpose of counting dead cattle.³⁶ They counted only seven carcasses. The *Boomerang* editor commented that "A desperate effort is being made by a certain class of people to exaggerate the losses of last winter. Nothing can be gained by this course, and it is foolish to pursue it any longer." Towards the end of March men who were interviewed declared that cattle were doing well in the North Platte Valley and in the Laramie Peak and Antelope Basin country.³⁷ The annual meeting of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association was at Cheyenne April 4. It was not very well attended, but those who were there evidently did not realize their predicament. Thos. B. Adams, the Assistant Secretary, reported: "Already modifications of the exaggerated reports of the winter's losses with which the papers of the East as well as those of the Territory have been overflowing have begun to appear."³⁸ The editor of the *Boomerang* on April 5 was ready to admit that those having large herds of cattle had lost "a big percentage of their stock," but he believed they were in a condition to stand the loss, and "this misfortune does not hurt the town in the least."

Cattlemen could only guess at their losses until the round-ups of June and July. The losses varied considerably over the territory and from herd to herd. The Big Horn *Sentinel* reported that the calf crop as far as the round-ups had progressed was very light, but reports from the Belle Fourche outfits indicated that they "are finding more cattle than they can handle."³⁹ The Big Horn paper explained that the winter did not do great damage to steers, but "has proven a fatal mortality among she cattle." Branding of calves would fall short by fifty per cent in the Big Horn region. F. E. Warren wrote July 10, 1887: "From all I hear, fully one-half the cattle in Powder River country as well as from Platte over, perished

36. Laramie *Daily Boomerang*, March 16, 1887.

37. Laramie *Daily Boomerang*, March 22, 24, 1887.

38. John Clay, *My Life on the Range*, p. 253.

39. Laramie *Daily Boomerang*, June 23, 1887.

the last Winter."⁴⁰ Judge Blair traveled through central and northwestern Wyoming early in July and reported that no one he talked to placed the loss of cattle at less than fifty per cent. The highest estimate on the calf crop "as compared with the number of calves branded last year, was twenty per cent."⁴¹ This corresponds with information gleaned by Charles Lindsay from various sources and published in his volume, *The Big Horn Basin*. The losses, wrote Lindsay, "throughout the Basin were uniformly large. Cattlemen who the spring before had branded thousands of calves, branded only hundreds in the spring of 1887."⁴² The *Wind River Mountaineer* maintained, however, that the loss on the Lander ranges, south of the Basin, was under rather than over ten per cent.⁴³ The losses around Saratoga were placed at 66 per cent,⁴⁴ while not far away the North Park roundup showed a calf crop above the average.⁴⁵ The *Buffalo Echo* carried the story that the 101 outfit in Crook county lost 11,090 cattle out of a herd of 12,000 and were able to report to the assessor only 8,000 out of a total of 30,000.⁴⁶

Analysis of reports shows that cows and calves suffered far more than steers, and that 'through' stock, that is stock that had just been brought in, did not cling to life with the tenacity of cattle accustomed to the northern range. Scarcity of feed, deep, crusted snow, the biting winds,⁴⁷ and scarcity of water all contributed to the stock mortality. Said Governor Moonlight in his 1887 Report: "I am convinced from conversations with practical cattle men, and what I have seen, that the losses from a want of a sufficiency of water are greater than from a lack of a sufficiency of food."⁴⁸ Governor Warren in his 1885 Report had remarked on the difficulty of securing open water in winter, a difficulty which would, of course, be magnified in a winter like that of 1886-87. Warren wrote in 1885 that "prob-

40. F. E. Warren Trust Book, p. 9. This is a letter book in which Warren kept a record of his correspondence as Wyoming manager of the American Cattle Trust in 1887. This document is in the University of Wyoming Library.

41. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, July 11, 1887.

42. p. 132.

43. Exchange in the *Laramie Weekly Boomerang*, July 28, 1887. Caldwell, who was editor of the *Boomerang* earlier in the year, was now editor of the *Wind River Mountaineer*.

44. *Laramie Weekly Boomerang*, July 21, 1887.

45. *Ibid.*, July 14, 1887.

46. Exchange in *Laramie Sentinel*, Aug. 6, 1887.

47. A number of newspaper reports during the winter of 1886-87 mention the well known fact that the winds served to clear the range of snow. Despite the high winds, however, the feed was sealed in many places beneath the deep, crusted snow.

48. Report to the Secretary of the Interior, p. 22.

ably four times as many cattle die for want of water as for want of food."⁴⁹

Writers have estimated the 1886-87 cattle losses on the northern ranges all the way from 33 per cent to 90 per cent. These losses must be cut down for Wyoming since the losses in Montana and Dakota were generally greater than the losses in Wyoming. No one of the writers who have ventured estimates of stock losses seems to have referred to the assessment figures. Why, one might ask, is it not possible to get a general picture of the losses by subtracting the total territorial assessment figures of 1887 from those of 1886? The assessment figures were published in August and must have been based on June and July roundup figures. A normal calf crop could be computed, and allowance would have to be made for the excess of cattle shipped out in the fall of 1886 over those brought in early in the summer of 1887.⁵⁰ The assessment figures, unfortunately, do not appear to be reliable. One cannot determine accurately how many cattle there were in Wyoming Territory in 1886 or in 1887. The suspicion that assessment figures are unreliable is aroused when one compares Governor Warren's statement made in 1885 that "Probably over 2,000,000 head of cattle are contained within the borders of Wyoming"⁵¹ with the assessment figures which show only 894,788 cattle for that year.⁵² Governor Warren, who had lived in the Territory for many years and was a stockman in his own right, no doubt knew as well as any man could know, how many cattle there were in the Territory; yet he could do no more than select a round number. As Governor, proud of his Territory, and anxious to gain recognition and statehood for Wyoming, Warren would probably give as high a figure as he could reconcile with his knowledge. It appears that if there were 2,000,000 cattle in the Territory in 1885, more than 88,231 would have been shipped to market in that year.⁵³ While 2,000,000 may be a little high, the assessment figure is certainly too low.⁵⁴ C. D. Spalding, prominent Laramie banker,

49. *Ibid.*, 1885, p. 69.

50. There is scattered evidence in the Governors' reports and the newspapers warranting a guess that shipments out of the Territory in the fall of 1886 exceeded by at least 50,000 cattle the additions to the herds by trail and rail in the early summer of 1887. *Report of the Governor*, 1886, pp. 18-19; *ibid.*, 1887, pp. 21-22, 55; *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, June 18, 1887, Sept. 1, 1887. Generally speaking, cattlemen in 1887 were liquidating rather than restocking.

51. *Report of the Governor*, 1885, p. 65.

52. *Ibid.*, 1886, p. 41.

53. *Ibid.*, pp. 18-19.

54. The Census figures for 1880 offer one check on Territorial assessors. The Tenth Census of the U. S., Vol. 3, p. 176, gives 273,625 cattle for Wyoming Territory. The assessors that year gave a total of 267,497. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming*, 1886, p. 41.

who has been in Wyoming since 1876, believes that Governor Warren's figure is a good guess and accounts for the low assessment figures by stating that cattlemen with political influence were able to secure low assessment figures in 1886 and 1887.⁵⁵ Spalding believes further that the percentage of decline in assessment totals would not be far from the percentage of actual loss.

The assessment figures are as follows: 1884, 749,569; 1885, 894,788; 1886, 889,121; 1887, 753,648; 1888, 724,737.⁵⁶ It appears from these figures that the assessors cut their total only 15% in 1887. It seems that cattlemen who lost heavily would turn in figures correspondingly lower. A man who lost 80% of his cattle would certainly try to get the assessor to cut the number on his roll by 80%. Although accuracy is impossible, one is prompted to venture the opinion that estimates placing the Wyoming losses at 80 and 90 per cent are fantastic. Some herds suffered losses of 80 and 90 per cent; but the loss for the whole of Wyoming Territory would seem to lie somewhere not far above 15%. A more specific approximation seems unwarranted by the evidence.

The assessors' figures give some idea of the distribution of losses over the Territory. There were eight counties in 1886, with two more created in 1887.⁵⁷ The assessor of Crook county cut his cattle enumeration in 1887, 45%, from 155,518 to 85,136; Carbon county, 23%; Albany county, 16%; Johnson county, 10%; and Laramie county, 5%. The Fremont county assessor increased his enumeration in 1887 one-half of one per cent. There weren't many cattle in Sweetwater and Uinta counties in either year. The assessor of Sweetwater county reported a 5% increase for 1887, while the Uinta assessor reported a 40% increase, from 15,154 to 21,443.⁵⁸

The decline in numbers, of course, does not tell the whole story of loss. Many animals that survived were set back several months. This probably contributed to the decision of the assessors to reduce the valuation of Wyoming cattle from \$14,651,125 in 1886 to \$10,186,362.75 in 1887, a reduction of 30% in value as compared with a reduction of only 15% in numbers.⁵⁹ John Clay suggested an incidental loss for the cattlemen: "For want of detectives, and the inability of owners, principally through want of funds, to protect their interest

55. Personal interview, 1941.

56. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming*, 1886, p. 41; *ibid.*, 1887, pp. 8-10; *ibid.*, 1889, pp. 657-659.

57. Sheridan and Converse counties were created, but they were not assessed separately until 1888.

58. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming* to the Secretary of the Interior, 1889, pp. 657-659.

59. *Ibid.*, 1886, p. 41; 1889, pp. 657-659.

on the range, the rustlers had been exceedingly busy and picked up a large portion of the unbranded cattle."⁶⁰

Very little attention has been given to the sheep losses in the winter of 1886-87. Wyoming Territory was a "cattleman's commonwealth" and there were relatively few sheep, but not so few that they can be ignored. The press had little enough to say about sheep. A report from Rawlins, March 7, 1887, told that many cattle were dying but that sheep were suffering little.⁶¹ On the other hand, a special dispatch to the *Denver Republican* from Butte, Montana, February 21, told of heavy losses among sheep as well as cattle.⁶² The *Denver Republican* special correspondent who went to investigate Montana stories reported that sheep suffered even worse than cattle.⁶³ Charlie Worland, the earliest sheepman in the Big Horn Basin, lost most of his flock.⁶⁴ There were few sheep in Crook county where the heaviest cattle losses occurred. The assessors listed 421,688 sheep for the Territory in 1887 in comparison with only 368,997 for the year before.⁶⁵ Without figures for the number of sheep trailed in in 1887 a generalization about winter losses is impossible.

There is no evidence suggesting that horses suffered much in 1886-87. Horses could paw through the snow for feed and could move from water to fresh range and back with relative ease.

A summary statement must recognize that the winter of 1886-87 had a terrific impact upon Wyoming. Losses were magnified by the fact that those who lost were often hard pressed by creditors and had to liquidate as best they could in a market ruinously low. Between 60,000 and 70,000 head of stock were shipped during the summer and fall of 1887.⁶⁶ Western rangers (Texas cattle were lower) sold on the Chicago market for \$2.75-\$3.45 per cwt. on September 6, 1887; for \$2.35-\$3.50 on September 30; for \$2.00-\$3.00 on October 4; for \$2.00-\$3.70 on October 25; and for \$2.40-\$3.50 on November 8.⁶⁷ F. E. Warren wrote to Thos. Sturgis in New York, July 22, 1887: "I trust that matters may shape themselves in such a way with you in New York that much financial relief can be

60. *My Life on the Range*, p. 256.

61. *Laramie Daily Boomerang*.

62. *Ibid.*, Feb. 22, 1887.

63. *Ibid.*, March 5, 1887.

64. Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin*, p. 137.

65. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming*, 1889, pp. 657-659. Governor Warren estimated that there were 1,000,000 head in 1885 when the assessors' figures showed 323,929. *Ibid.*, 1885, p. 70.

66. E. S. Osgood, *The Day of the Cattleman*, p. 222. Figures taken from *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, Nov. 1, 1887.

67. Quotations taken from *Laramie Weekly Boomerang*, *passim*.

afforded us here for it grows more and more evident that the times will try men's souls. I should like to see some money 'in sight' for my own and my Cos. use and I know how much more needy many others will be."⁶⁸ Some of the large companies went into receivership. Individual cattlemen were hopelessly in debt.⁶⁹ The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association which had a membership of 400 in 1885 had only 183 members by 1888,⁷⁰ and the Cheyenne Club lost much of its glamour.

No one would say that all of the changes in the Wyoming cattle industry in 1887 and thereafter are traceable to the hard winter. A day of reckoning was bound to come. The devastating winter abruptly curbed over-expansion and probably hastened the transition from open-range practice to a system providing shelter, water, and hay for emergency feeding. The shift in favor of sheep was probably facilitated by the great damage to the cattle interests. Some cattle operators were already turning to sheep before the hard winter, and more of them did so thereafter. One trend since 1887 has been in the direction of smaller herds. The large companies operating on government land were under fire before the winter of 1886-87. They gave way more rapidly after that winter. In the summer and fall of 1887, however, there was much discussion about the American Cattle Trust, with headquarters in New York and with F. E. Warren as Wyoming manager. The Trust, which embraced many herds and properties before it dissolved, was designed to combine various ranges which would not all suffer alike in a severe winter, to provide economies in range handling, to make possible large-scale corn feeding at points in Nebraska, and to secure more favorable consideration from the slaughtering interests.⁷¹ *Bill Barlow's Budget* in October, 1887, declared that the Ogallala Land and Cattle Company "is likely to absorb no less than a dozen of the smaller brands now located in the country north of Douglas."⁷² There was still a place for large-scale cattle operations in Wyoming, but large and small operators alike had to employ more scientific methods, and had to give up hopes of huge profits. The winter of 1886-87 brought Wyoming stockmen back to earth.

68. F. E. Warren Trust Book, p. 24.

69. One man wrote a letter to the *Laramie Sentinel*: "Money loaners of this city who advertise so long and so loudly have no money to loan on ranch or 'anything' as they represent. When men stick themselves up as 'money loaners' they ought to have some and help the ranch interests of this country and not say 'only on city real estate'." June 4, 1887.

70. Clay, *My Life on the Range*, pp. 251, 255.

71. F. E. Warren Trust Book, pp. 57-58.

72. *Exchange in Laramie Weekly Boomerang*, Oct. 27, 1887.

ACTIVITIES AND PLANS
FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COMMITTEE
WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL ADVISORY BOARD

By Helen Custer Bishop*

On a trip through the Big Horn Basin last summer, Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, our State Librarian and Historian, met with several members of the State Historical Advisory Board of the Fifth Judicial District;¹ and after commending them on their good work and splendid cooperation with the State Historical Department since their appointment in 1937, plans were made to publish in the January issue of the ANNALS OF WYOMING articles dealing with the fascinating history of the Big Horn Basin. At a meeting held later the members decided on the following persons who would contribute articles: Mary Jester Allen, Effie Shaw, Jack Haynes, and Eliza Lythgoe. As chairman, my contribution was to outline our plans and tell of our activities.

We have a most interesting group of people and have had many most enjoyable meetings, besides several luncheons. I feel that one reason why we have functioned so splendidly is because we all have hobbies. Mary Jester Allen's is the Buffalo Bill Museum and her collection of Colonel Cody's personal effects. Effie Shaw is vitally interested in Indian Lore—the Medicine Wheel and Tepee Rings.² Eliza Lythgoe spends much of her time writing articles of great interest from the diaries of her father, Volney King, and the Mormon Pioneers into the Big Horn Basin, as well as from writings of early settlers left

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Helen Custer Bishop, daughter of Julia McCune and John Snyder Custer, was born in Altoona, Pennsylvania. In November, 1904, she was married to Thomas Kennedy Bishop in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; in September, 1910, the Bishops came to Wyoming, settling at Basin where they have maintained continuous residence since that date.

Mrs. Bishop, who is the Basin reporter for the *Northern Wyoming News*, has been active for a number of years in political, church, and library circles. She is at present the treasurer of the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop have two children: Mrs. Marine Bishop Gentry of Worland, Wyoming, and John Thomas Bishop of Basin.

1. Interest in the Wyoming State Historical Department is greatly augmented throughout the state by the splendid cooperation of members of the State Historical Advisory Board of each of the seven Judicial Districts of Wyoming. We are pleased to present in this issue of the ANNALS several articles prepared by members of the Fifth Judicial District who are thoroughly versed in their local and state history. We wish to acknowledge with appreciation these contributions.—Ed.

2. At the invitation of Mrs. Effie Shaw another long time resident of Cody wrote an article on these "mysteries of the past" which appears in this issue of the ANNALS.

on rocks in the vicinity of Cowley. Jack Haynes' hobby, as we all know, is photography, in which profession he has become famous. Paul Frison has several: a large collection of arrowheads, a number of violins among which are the oldest and rarest ones in this part of the country, and for over a period of years he has been collecting the historical data of the Big Horn Basin. He has a world of information which he plans to put in book form at some future date. My hobby is dolls of which I have over one hundred from all over the world. So after our appointment on the Historical Board we decided to make "The Beautifying of Our Section of Wyoming" a common hobby.

At our first meeting we took up the matter of the unsightly advertising signs which appear promiscuously along our highways, and we are now trying to have them replaced by attractive notices such as one sees on the road from Cody to Yellowstone Park. They will be placed at all historical points and other places of interest.

The museums have also been discussed and a move made to bring them to the attention of the tourist. At that time we had the Cody Museum and the Shell Museum, the latter belonging to the late Mrs. M. L. Austin. The collection was left to her daughter, Mrs. Henry Smith, who has loaned this marvelous exhibit to the town of Greybull where it can be viewed at the City Hall. Paul Frison has plans for a museum he hopes to build at Ten Sleep to house his splendid collections.

Another project most vital to the state of Wyoming is the preservation of its fossils. We are working on a bill we hope to have passed by the State Legislature to the effect that no more fossils found on State Lands be allowed to be taken out of the State, as we now have the large Museum in the basement of the Supreme Court Building at Cheyenne to which place these fossils can be removed and preserved.

Our latest project is to have National Monuments established at the "Medicine Wheel" in the Big Horn Mountains and the "Tepee Rings" west of Cody. We are greatly encouraged about this movement as we are in receipt of a letter from Secretary of Interior Ickes assuring us of his full support in this matter.

One will be able to realize just how enthusiastic and hopeful of success we are when I state that since our appointment in 1937, we have carried on unaided by legislative appropriation.

We are, however, planning to sell articles at the museum, shops and stores in our District in order to help defray our expenses. To this end we are having made some Spode plates with a picture of the Cody Museum in the center and scenes of Wyoming around the rim. We also have placed orders for character dolls—replicas of Sacajawea, Esther Morris, and Colonel Cody.

COLONEL CODY'S DREAM OF PIONEER CENTER— A REALITY

By Mary Jester Allen*

William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, last of the great scouts, had always, in my memory, been such a buoyant figure, so vital and so full of the love of life, that I had never thought of him as anything but eternal accomplishment.

On Decoration Day, 1915, Uncle Will, as had been his custom for a few years, visited me in Seattle. As usual, on those Seattle visits, the Colonel's old-time friend, Harry Whitney Treat, went down to the show train with me to have breakfast in Uncle Will's private car. On meeting him we were heartsick at the physical change a year had brought. He was so thin, so frail, the will and the bone structure alone seemed as of old. The mind was, as always, in command of the bare body outline, but one felt at once that our beloved hero was about to ride away, this time not to return. Even the throngs on the street and at the show seemed to know all of this. The cheers rang and rang, and many loving urgings to take care of himself completely melted the Colonel.

As always Uncle Will wanted to gather with his old friends. He never forgot a face, never failed to look up comrades, family, and old timers. So the closest were entertained, and everybody gathered before the great fireplace where logs burned so gloriously, and Uncle Will outlined the things long in his heart and thoughts.

We talked about the sort of tribute a man wished to leave behind him. The Colonel had long told me of his great desire, but I welcomed this public confirmation. He had worked out the details carefully and the plan was like a blue print, not a bare dream, but a workable, possible thing. Uncle Will wanted

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mary Jester Allen was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania, the daughter of Helen Cody Jester and Alexander C. Jester. Her mother was a sister of Colonel William F. Cody.

As a girl Mrs. Allen was a newspaper editor and magazine writer. When eighteen years of age she became press agent for her Uncle, owner of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. She has been an active political writer, speaker, organizer, and promotion director in charge of speakers' bureaus with the National Republican Committee.

Mrs. Allen first arrived in Wyoming in 1922 when she came to make arrangements for the erection of the Buffalo Bill Statue at Cody. Since 1926 she has lived in Cody at the Buffalo Bill Museum, spending, however, part of each year at her former home in New York City.

Mary Jester and the late Robert Bruce Allen were married in Minnesota, June 27, 1902, and to them was born one daughter, Cody Allen, named for her distinguished grandmother, Helen Cody Jester Wetmore. Miss Allen resides in New York City.

created a great western American Pioneer Center built about the heart and hearth of a ranch homestead. He wanted the coming generations to see just how the pioneer lived and worked. His mind was upon his much beloved T. E. Ranch home at Cody, Wyoming, his new wilderness, his last pioneering. He wished to teach people by having them relive and see that which had gone with the past.

The plan touched us all so deeply that, when the Colonel asked us to pledge ourselves to see that his dearest wishes were carried out the promise sprang from all lips. The fine group of successful men and women responded to the ideas and were delighted to have something to really found and build as the years went along.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, the Cody Pioneer Center in the Buffalo Bill country at the gateway to Yellowstone National Park, was selected by Colonel Cody himself as his gift to the world of today and tomorrow. All this took form on that Decoration Day in 1915.

Members of the first committee were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney Treat, and Uncle Will himself laid a solemn pledge upon me to carry out his wishes, for I was his kinswoman and almost his daughter, since from my earliest childhood he had had the care of my mother and myself. I promised.

During all the trying, heart-breaking years I've held the vision I saw that night before a roaring fireplace with Uncle Will there, he often riding so far ahead that he seemed a flashing knight of old, a true crusader. On January 10, 1917, Uncle Will rode away on that last long ride, not to return.

The war came even as now, and we laid aside everything but the business in hand of fighting for freedom. When peace returned, many of our faithful little band were gone. Finally, only two of us stood firmly determined; to take the place of those who had gone, I rallied loving friends from all over the Americas, the world in fact—they would carry on.

Then I founded The Cody Family, Inc.—all blood and birth Codys—chiefly to gather those who had the real reason and understanding, those of the same blood to advise me and to carry on. When we, the Codys and the comrades, were about ready to build our ranch home museum, the urgent message came from Wyoming reminding us that the appropriation,¹ voted at the Colonel's death, must be used. Used now.

Miss Caroline Lockhart, a brilliant writer and publicity

1. Five thousand dollars were appropriated by the State Legislature in 1917, to be used in erecting a memorial statue of William F. Cody at or near the town of Cody under the direction of the Governor.—Session Laws of Wyoming, 1917, Chapter 94.

person who owned the newspaper which formerly belonged to Mother and Uncle Will, wrote me she was willing to help out. I was settled in New York City doing publicity and writing for newspapers, etc., and I was so desperately busy with my own work and affairs that I paid little attention. Miss Lockhart pounded away with telegrams and letters, and finally I said that I would do the pioneering here in the East.

Jake Schwoob, S. C. Parks, and Colonel Arthur W. Little had suggested Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney of New York to make a statue. Miss Lockhart insisted that I go see her and this I did. I was simply delighted with Mrs. Whitney the moment I laid eyes on her. She wasn't at all the person I thought she would be, and I rather think she had a surprise upon seeing me, being prepared for a wild, hard-riding type of individual.

We wasted no time. I told of Uncle Will and his dream, and before I was finished Mrs. Whitney had caught the fire of far-flung vision and was walking about the room selling me the West.

It was great fun and I loved it all, even the many upsets and all the things that go along when many people of many types are arriving at one concrete and positive accomplishment. The Codys and the National Museum Committee simply stepped aside and gave the statue right of way because that was necessary.

The statue was dedicated July 4, 1924, after several years, instead of what I had hoped would be only weeks of my time, and extremely hard work on my part and that of my advisors. Immediately following the dedication of the statue, we took up the matter of the ranch-home museum.

During the years many places had wanted the museum. Many people saw no reason to place such an outstanding, national memorial in such a tiny town as Cody—in fact by this time I seemed the only person vitally interested who even considered Cody.

The Cody family had a convention, voted to have a museum honoring our kinsman, and appointed a committee of Codys, who were near to the actual life of Colonel Cody and close to him in friendship and companionship, to visit the places offering sites and other considerations that really had claims.

Five of us made the inspection tour, east, west and center, finally arriving in Cody. We had all recognized the rights of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska; the last with its brisk vision and offers of land, care, funds, fine committees—all-out aid—had about won the day. However, my cousins, Hiram Cody, Harry B. Cody, and Francis Cody, finally recognized what the Colonel envisioned in his "last frontier," and the town of Cody became the chosen site.

Shortly thereafter a T. B. knee forced me to leave my beloved work and New York, and to gain release I plunged into the building of the Buffalo Bill Museum. The Cody Family assumed the underwriting or the burden of seeing it through at the start, the state and the town of Cody working along.

In the early days these two things, the statue and the museum, seemed overwhelming undertakings to the small town and it was fearful of much money obligation; more than that it all didn't ring possible. Those things just didn't come true. Statues, museums, pioneer centers were very unstable things, to be found in a thoroughly visionary world that dreamers, promotion and publicity fashioned out of wishful thinking.

History again repeated itself. First my grandfather² knew there was a West, a land of free thinking and homemaking. Then came Colonel Cody, my uncle, who knew that each new frontier had an undelivered promise, and that the Wild West Show, a picture of the winning of the West, could be real. Then I came along and talked of statues, museums, pioneer centers of education, art, and history; each had a vision, each was a dreamer in his turn. Facts have taught us now that each vision and dream is but the forerunner of the great accomplishment; some one has first to dream the created thing.

Everybody simply decided to go blind, take off the public coat, and go to work. And work it was. Little Cody town buckled down, trusting where it could not see, just working, giving, going straight ahead. We obtained our land, then we got our logs. We organized committees, the committees secured the funds; the workers went to work. Day by day logs piled on logs and the structure took shape. Some way the bills got paid. Then all at once we really had a charming, lovely, glorified copy of Uncle Will's beloved T. E. Ranch home, with handsome great fireplaces and hearths to gather about. Three years to the hour after the dedication of the Buffalo Bill Statue, the Museum was dedicated with such a program as no one ever thought possible.

Our building stood out alone amidst the sagebrush. We picked up that load, too. Trees were planted, grass was sown, flowers were set out. The many rooms pleaded for furnishings, relics, color, beauty. Not one minute went in idle complaints. Relics we had to have, relics we went after, and relics we got.

These things kept us so busy we rode right into the big storm of the depression and the winds howled upon us, but we took that, too, in our stride. Those were the hardest, most dreadful years in my memory. One didn't have time to think, there were so many things to consider in order to keep afloat and to weather the storm. We did, of course.

2. Isaac Cody, father of Buffalo Bill.

Now we are crowded with fascinating, history-portraying relics. Every room has its overload in closet and safe. The trees and every green thing grew magically. This year we lifted our final bonds and cleared the debts.

We stride along now, taking our next step—a children's museum.

THE CODYS IN LE CLAIRE¹

By F. M. Fryxell*

(Published in *Annals of Iowa*, July, 1929)

The history of the Cody family during their residence in the vicinity of Le Claire, Iowa, from 1840 to 1852 is an interesting excerpt from the pioneer history of the prairies, and is probably typical of thousands of other frontier narratives that have similarly gone unrecorded.

Our account begins with the removal of Isaac Cody, later distinguished as the father of Col. William F. Cody, from Cleveland, Ohio, to Cincinnati, in 1837, with the purpose of there taking up the study and practice of medicine. But there is every reason to believe that Cody, then a man of about thirty, was not suited for such a sober professional career, and it is not surprising that after one year he gave it up and decided to try his fortune in what was then the far west.

About this time there was taking place a large emigration to the Iowa Territory and a great many Clevelanders were choosing home sites along the Mississippi River in the vicinity of the two embryonic settlements, Le Claire and Parkhurst, both of which lay within the region which had been ceded to the government by the Sac Indians under Black Hawk a few years before (1832) and hence was newly opened to white settlement. So in 1839 we find Isaac Cody leaving his wife² and little girl, Martha, and journeying to Parkhurst, Iowa Territory. Here he entered claim on some land (what is now the John S. Wilson farm, one and one-half miles northwest of Le Claire), operated a small general store in Parkhurst, and in 1840 built the little frame house which still stands along the river road at the northern edge of Le Claire.

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1. Although this article embodies material gained from a variety of sources, by far the greater portion of it is based on notes obtained during the many occasions when I have visited Col. J. D. Barnes, venerable Le Claire historian, and discussed "the old times" with him. It is a pleasure to acknowledge this great indebtedness, and to pay tribute to Col. Barnes' authority in matters historical.

2. This was Isaac Cody's second wife, Mary Ann Laycock. Martha was Isaac's daughter and only child by his first wife, who had died before he moved to Cincinnati.

In 1841 Cody revisited Cincinnati, and when he returned to Iowa in the spring of 1842 he brought back with him his wife and daughter. While in the act of changing boats at St. Louis on this trip he met one Dennis Barnes, a man of about his own age, who had also left his family in Cincinnati and was on his way west to look up a location. Cody urged Barnes to try his fortune with him in Iowa, and finally persuaded him to do so. By such apparently trivial circumstances were destinies determined on the frontier.

When Cody and Barnes landed at Parkhurst the latter hastened by horseback to Dubuque and there entered claim on a quarter section adjacent to Cody's. Thus Cody and Barnes became neighbors and good friends, remaining so for many years in spite of political differences and the vicissitudes of the times.

The subsequent histories of the two families reflect the differences between their respective heads. Dennis Barnes spent the rest of his long and exceedingly useful life in the Le Claire region, and became a prominent figure in the development of this portion of Iowa, serving as first mayor of Le Claire (1854) and holding other positions of like responsibility, finally passing away in 1898 at the age of 92. His descendants have carried on in the community in the same fashion, and his now aged son, Col. J. D. Barnes, is deserving of special mention. Isaac Cody, on the other hand, represents a wholly different type of frontiersman, equally characteristic of the border and equally necessary to it; he is represented to us as quick tempered but generous, impetuous in words and actions, an ardent and vigorously outspoken antislavery man, and with the true pioneer's eagerness to try his fortunes in new ways and new country.

Obviously to such a temperament farming did not present a particularly strong appeal, and it is not difficult to find an explanation for Cody's restlessness in Iowa, or for his brief and stormy career subsequently in "bloody Kansas."

Col. Barnes tells us that Isaac Cody and his father were among the first of the immigrants in the Le Claire region who ventured to homestead up on the prairies, and that they did so out of necessity for the reason that the first arrivals had staked out all available land in the near-by Mississippi Valley. This seems inexplicable to us at first thought, for in our times the prairie land is often the more valuable; but the early immigrants, most of whom came from the wooded eastern states, regarded the open and lonely prairies with suspicion and fear, and deliberately avoided them in favor of the river flats and bluffs, where there were no prairie fires and the blizzards were less violent, where timber and building stone were plentiful, and where steamboats passing up and down the Mississippi

could keep them in touch with the world from which they had come.

Later in the year 1842 Cody and his family left the homestead for a time and went to Walnut Grove, twelve miles to the northwest, where Cody hired out to "break prairie" for Col. W. F. Brackenridge, a leader in the opening up of eastern Iowa. It was in this year, and probably while the family was in Walnut Grove, that Samuel, the oldest son in the family and the first child by Cody's second wife, was born.

The Cody family was found in 1843 back on the old homestead again, northwest of Le Claire. Here they remained for seven years, and here all the rest of the Cody children were born except Charles, the youngest, who was born in 1853, the year following the removal of the family to Kansas. Those born at the Le Claire homestead were Julia³ (1843), William (1845), Eliza (1847), Helen⁴ (1849), and May (1851). It is said that Mrs. Cody was an ardent admirer of Queen Victoria and emulated her in many rather astonishing particulars; witness the size of her family and the regularity with which her children made their arrival.

Since the second son of the family, William, was destined to later fame, we pause for a moment before the account of his birth as it has been published in several sources and re-told in Le Claire on many occasions. The naive account has something of a Biblical ring to it:

"The circumstances of William's birth were related by old Aunt Zebly, the wife of Eleazar Parkhurst, and Mrs. Dennis Barnes, and as they were present on the occasion the particulars are supposed to be correct. It occurred on the night of February 26, 1845, and when Mrs. Cody was informed that her newly born was a son, she immediately replied that his name should be William Frederick."

3. Julia Cody Goodman, the last survivor of this family, passed away recently, on October 26, 1928, at the age of eighty-five, while visiting her youngest son in Honolulu. Her body was cremated and the ashes brought back to America, being placed beside those of her husband in the cemetery at North Platte, Nebraska, on November 14. In May and June, 1927, the year prior to her death, Mrs. Goodman revisited Le Claire for the first time since 1852, seventy-five years before, when as a girl of nine she had left for frontier Kansas as described in the present narrative. The reunion of Mrs. Goodman and Col. Barnes in Davenport on the morning of May 28 was an occasion of unusual interest which the writer will not soon forget. Once neighbors and favorite playmates, they had not seen each other for three-quarters of a century; and now at eighty-four their paths crossed once more. Mrs. Goodman spent many days in and around Le Claire, revisiting familiar haunts, looking up the few of her old neighbors still living, and being feted on every hand by the younger generation.

4. Mother of Mary Jester Allen and author of *The Last of the Great Scouts*, a biography of her brother, William F. Cody.—Ed.

The house on the Le Claire homestead in which "Buffalo Bill" and the other Cody children were born was razed some time about the close of the Civil War, and no illustration of it has come down to us. From descriptions given many years later by William and Julia Cody and by Joe Barnes we know that it was like any other homesteader's cabin of the time—built of logs and frame, chiefly the latter, and resting on a foundation of limestone blocks obtained at near-by outcrops in the valley.

We have no record of any important events in the annals of the Codys during the years of residence on the homestead other than the periodic arrival of the new baby, the further improvement of the land, and the addition by purchase of forty acres of land adjacent to the original quarter section. The circumstances of the family during the period were probably much the same as they were in the early '50's, of which time Col. Cody wrote in his *Autobiography*, "My father, Isaac, and mother, Mary Ann, were honest folks, but their possessions comprehended scarcely anything more than good characters and eight children."

We should perhaps mention that in April, 1843, Dennis Barnes, too, returned to Ohio as Cody had before him, and when a year later, on April 10th, he landed at the Le Claire wharf, he had with him his wife and two boys, new neighbors for the Codys.

In the spring of 1849 the belated news reached Le Claire that the year before, gold had been discovered in California. In this peaceful community as in many another the story had the effect of an exploded bomb. The information was brought to Le Claire via steamboat, and we can picture with what increasing excitement Isaac Cody devoured the accounts of gold discovery and of overland expeditions that filled the St. Louis newspapers. As we might expect, it was he who first caught the fever and by degrees transmitted it to the more cautious Dennis Barnes, who afterwards held that "it was all Isaac's fault!" Eventually the lure proved irresistible for both, and, preparatory to casting their lots for better or worse in the Gold Rush, they disposed of their farms and sold everything that they could not pack into prairie schooners for the long journey.

Cody, Barnes, and one George "Lucy" Long, a bachelor of dubious reputation, struck up a three-fold alliance for the great adventure; and each of the partners provided a prairie schooner and two yoke of oxen to pull it. The plan determined upon was to leave early in the spring of the next year, 1850, as soon as the grass on the prairies would be high enough to support the cattle, to Journey to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and there to unite with a caravan bound overland for California under escort of a company of dragoons commanded by Captain George Dodge of Port Byron, Illinois. Cody and his two partners in-

vested a large portion of their funds in supplies of bacon, canned goods, crackers, and other necessities for the trip, all of which were purchased by Captain Dodge (who was then navigating the upper Mississippi) at St. Louis and sent on up the Missouri River to Fort Leavenworth, there to await the arrival of the wagons.

The spring of '50 came round. "But," reads the record, "when the time came to start and the oxen were standing under their yokes ready to be hitched to the wagons, news came of terrible Indian atrocities, coupled with the sad fate which attended the Donner party."⁵ These ill tidings sounded with ominous ring in the ears of this handful of emigrants, and it is not to be wondered that they paused to reconsider the advisability of exposing themselves and their small children to such dangers. "Lucy" Long flatly demurred and refused to leave the safety of Le Claire. According to Col. Barnes, his father and Isaac Cody would still have set out for the Eldorado and abandoned the project only with utmost reluctance and out of necessity because they could persuade no one else to buy out Long's equipment and they themselves were too poor to do so. Thus the caravan never left the town limits of Le Claire! We can understand how Col. Barnes is often led to wonder, "If we had gone—what then?" But who can answer such a question?

The collapse of the California air castle placed the two families in a predicament that was decidedly embarrassing and critical. Their implements and farms had been sold to provide funds for the trip, and the goods sent on to Fort Leavenworth were beyond recovery. Eventually Isaac Cody took up temporary residence for the summer months in the frame house in Parkhurst which he had built ten years previously; and Dennis Barnes settled in Le Claire.

That summer Isaac Cody found employment driving a passenger stage on the Davenport-Le Claire portion of what was intended to become a stage line extending as far as Dubuque but which failed before the line was completed. This occupation must have been one quite to Cody's liking, for he was passionately fond of horses. It is said that he could make the run from the Le Claire House at Davenport to Parkhurst, a distance of about fourteen miles, in one hour and five minutes. This must have been perilously near the speed limit for

5. The Donner Party, composed of eighty persons on their way to California, were trapped in the snow on the Sierra Nevada Mountains October 31, 1846. Of ten men and five women who went for aid to the settlements in the Sacramento Valley, two men and the five women reached their destination. Only forty-four of the entire party reached California alive, the last arriving on April 25, 1847.—Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, Vol. 1, pp. 307-308.—Ed.

those times. We wonder what Isaac Cody's reaction would be could he come to life and see the fine concrete road which now links Davenport and Le Claire, and witness the constant stream of traffic which flows over the path where, seventy-eight years ago, his high stage rattled and bumped through mud and ruts in the thrillingly fast time of one hour and five minutes!

Though literally and figuratively it was true that for Issac Cody and his wife the lines had not always fallen in pleasant places, life for the children was carefree enough if we are to take as evidence this brief picture from the Le Claire days which appears in Col. Cody's *Autobiography*:

"At Le Claire I was sent to a school where, by diligence and fairly good conduct I managed to familiarize myself with the alphabet, but further progress was arrested by a suddenly developed love for skiff riding on the Mississippi, which occupied so much of my time thereafter that really I found no convenient opportunity for further attendance at school, though neither my father nor my mother had the slightest idea of my new found, self-imposed, employment, much to my satisfaction let me add. When I was thrown in the society of other boys I was not slow to follow their example, and I take to myself no special credit for my conduct as a town boy; for, like the majority I foraged among neighboring orchards and melon patches, rode horses when I was able to catch them grazing on the commons. I would not like to admit any greater crimes, though anything may be implied in the confession that I was quite as bad, though no worse, than the ordinary everyday boy who goes barefoot, wears a brimless hat, one suspender, and a mischievous smile."

In the fall of 1850 the Codys moved again, this time to Long Grove, three miles southwest of Walnut Grove, and here Isaac again found employment breaking prairie for Col. Brackenridge. Col. Barnes has many reminiscences of the occasions when Col. Brackenridge and Isaac Cody came to Le Claire during 1850 and 1851 to pay friendly or professional calls to his father's notary public office.

It was in 1851 during the Long Grove sojourn that tragedy cast its shadow across the Cody threshold. Samuel, ten years of age and, it is written, "the pride of his parents," was killed by a vicious unbroken colt which he attempted to ride out after the cattle. No one was witness to the accident, the crushed body of the boy being found after a search. Sam Cody lies buried in the Long Grove Cemetery under a stone erected many years later, in the '80's, by his brother William.⁶ This tragedy left

6. Col. Barnes states that the grave stone which marks Samuel Cody's resting place in the Long Grove Cemetery is erroneously dated 1854 instead of 1851.

William, then six, as the oldest son of the family. It was only six years later that a second tragedy, the untimely death of Isaac, left the Cody household fatherless; and William at twelve years of age became, perforce, the "man" of the family.

The westward urge in the heart of Isaac Cody was not quenched by the experiences of 1850, and by 1852 he had definitely reached a decision of far-reaching consequences—to emigrate to the Kansas border. Doubtless there were many factors which induced Isaac to make the change. It is known that his wife was unhappy at Long Grove since the death of Samuel, and was anxious to leave. The move had long been urged by Elijah Cody, brother of Isaac, who lived at Weston, Missouri, not far from the Kansas line. In addition it is clear that a life as an Iowa farmer was neither an easy one for Cody nor one much to his taste. Times were hard and money so scarce that the necessities of life could commonly be secured only by barter. Nor could Cody increase the slender income wrung from the farm by working on the river, as did many of his neighbors, including Dennis Barnes, who shipped out as steamboat mate during seasons that were otherwise non-lucrative.

This time the plans of Isaac Cody did not fall through. In April, 1852, he again made ready to emigrate, and, pending the coming of favorable weather, he moved his family down to Le Claire to stay with his friends, the Barneses. Col. Barnes, at the time in his tenth year, tells us that his chum, Billy Cody, was then a dark handsome boy, taller than himself though two years younger, who had inherited all of his father's fondness for riding horses and caring for them, and who could at his age handle a team as well as a full-grown man.

By June the grass was up on the prairies, and without further ado Isaac packed his belongings into a buckboard; Mrs. Cody with May, still a baby in arms, and the excited youngsters, climbed into the hack that was to carry them so far; goodbyes were said; and the Codys set out down the river road, Isaac driving the buckboard and Billy the hack. The momentous step had been taken, Le Claire was left behind. Isaac Cody was again pioneering.

At Davenport the little procession left the valley and struck out across the prairies, then "a great stretch of uninhabited wilderness" reaching all the way from the Mississippi River to the Missouri. Having followed the Codys thus far, to the close of the Le Claire chapter, we leave them—trailing westward into new country, eagerly confronting the future, one that was destined to be more eventful and more charged with fortunes both good and bad, than their imaginations in their most daring flights could possibly have anticipated.

THE EXPEDITION OF PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK IN 1883

By Jack Ellis Haynes*

So few copies of the official record of this famous expedition were made and so little exact information of the route followed is available, that, since I have in my possession a map of the route made at the time as well as all the original photographs of the trip, I have been prompted to submit this information to the Wyoming Historical Department for its records.

To show how slowly people traveled in Wyoming in 1883, I quote a page from the diary of Frank Jay Haynes, written while he was on his way with two large cameras to join the Presidential party at Fort Washakie, Wyoming Territory. He had been invited by General Sheridan to make a pictorial record of a momentous 350 mile trip by the President of the United States through Wyoming and Yellowstone National Park. President Chester A. Arthur was the first President to visit the Park, which had been established eleven years before.

A page from the Diary of F. J. Haynes—1883:

“Left Rawlins July 21

July 21	Saturday PM drove to Bell Springs	15.8
July 22	Lost Soldier Creek	25.1 40.9
July 23	Crooked Creek. Crooks Gap	19.8 60.7
24	Sweet Water Bridge	20.2 80.9
25	Twin Creek	25 105.9
26	Big Popogie (Popo Agie)	18.5 124.4
27	Fort Washakie, Little Wind	15 139.4

Rawlins to Ft. Washakie, Wyoming 139.4 miles

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Jack Ellis Haynes, the son of Lily Verna Haynes and Frank Jay Haynes, was born on September 27, 1884, at Fargo, Dakota Territory. His father, who was the authorized photographer for Yellowstone Park, was granted the photographic concession for the Park in 1884 and at that time established the first Haynes Studio at Mammoth. In June, 1888, Jack Haynes came to Wyoming where he maintains his legal residence, his winter headquarters being located at St. Paul, Minnesota.

The photographic concession was transferred to Jack E. Haynes in 1916, and to his very attractive studios, located at all important points throughout the Park, thousands of tourists throng each year. He is the author of the *Haynes Guide, Yellowstone National Park*. Active in many different fields of interest, Mr. Haynes is a member of several clubs and sports organizations as well as of numerous historical associations and civic groups.

In 1930 he was married to Isabel M. Hauerth at Nashua, Iowa. He has one daughter, Lida Haynes, of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT UPPER GEYSER BASIN
Yellowstone National Park

Photograph by F. Jay Haynes in 1883

1. John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana Territory; 2. Michael V. Sheridan, Lieutenant-Colonel and Military Secretary; 3. Philip H. Sheridan, Lieutenant-General, U. S. Army; 4. Anson Stager, Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers; 5. W. P. Clark, Captain Second Cavalry, U. S. Army; 6. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States; 7. Dan. G. Rollins, Surgeon of New York; 8. James F. Gregory, Lieutenant-Colonel and Aid-de-camp; 9. Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War; 10. George G. Vest, United States Senator from Missouri.

Our outfit consisted of:

Col. J. F. Gregory & myself
1 ambulance and driver
5 Gov't. 6 mule wagons
6 Cooks, wagon masters and soldiers."

Prefacing a list of thirty-two Imperial (8x10) photographs and forty-eight Stereoscopic subjects taken on this expedition, the *Haynes Catalog of Northern Pacific and National Park Views* published at Fargo, Dakota Territory, 1884, carries this statement:

"President Arthur's Journey Through Wyoming and the National Park

AUGUST, 1883

"The presidential party left the Union Pacific Railway at Green River, Wyoming, and proceeded to Fort Washakie, 150 miles north, by ambulance. From Fort Washakie saddle animals were used exclusively, as the country between there and the park is very rough and mountainous. The trail followed was laid out by General Sheridan, and passes through the most picturesque portion of the Rocky mountains. Provisions and camp equipage were transported by pack trains, 175 pack animals were used on the expedition. An escort of 75 cavalry under charge of Captain Hayes accompanied the party.

"The party was composed of the following:

"President Arthur, General Sheridan, General Stager, Judge Rollins, Senator Vest, Secretary Lincoln, Governor Crosby, Geo. G. Vest, Esq., Col. Gregory, Col. Sheridan, Captain Clark, Dr. Fordham (Major W. H. Forwood, Surgeon, U. S. Army), F. Jay Haynes, photographer."

A book, of which only twelve copies were ever made, is the official record of this little known trip. No newspaper correspondents accompanied the expedition from Fort Washakie to Cinnabar, Montana Territory; the dispatches were mostly written by Lieutenant-Colonel M. V. Sheridan, Military Secretary, and Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Gregory, Aide-de-Camp. All dispatches were read to and approved by the President before being sent. The photographs, which form an important feature of the book, were taken by F. Jay Haynes. The publication referred to is: *Journey Through the Yellowstone National Park and North-Western Wyoming. 1883. Photographs of Party and Scenery Along the Route Traveled, and Copies of the Associated Press Dispatches Sent Whilst En Route.* Washington: Government Printing Office.

The following memorandum from the War Department was received in 1927 by Horace M. Albright, then superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, in reply to his request for full information concerning President Arthur's visit in 1883:

"War Department
The Adjutant General's Office

Washington

MEMORANDUM

"Subject: President Arthur's Expedition Through Yellowstone National Park in 1883.

"The information afforded by the records of the War Department on this expedition is very meagre. However, the official records show that on August 7th, 1883, President Arthur accompanied by Secretary of War Robert T. Lincoln, General Wm. T. Sherman, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army, and General Phillip H. Sheridan, U. S. A., arrived at Fort Washakie, and on August 9th, 1883, proceeded on an expedition through Yellowstone National Park where a permanent camp was established at Mammoth Springs.

"It is also shown by the records that on July 13, 1883, Troop D, 2d U. S. Cavalry, Captain Gregg commanding, having been detailed as escort for Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, left Fort Ellis, Montana Territory, July 3, 1883, on an expedition to Yellowstone National Park. It returned to Fort Ellis July 18, 1883, having traveled a distance of 276 miles.

"Troop G, 5th U. S. Cavalry, pursuant to telegraphic instructions from Headquarters Department of the Platte, dated Omaha, Nebraska, July 3, 1883, is shown to have left Fort Washakie, Wyoming Territory, on the 9th day of August, 1883, as escort to Lieutenant-General Phillip H. Sheridan, U. S. A., on this expedition to Yellowstone National Park. It arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs August 31, 1883, distance marched 327 miles, and it left Mammoth Hot Springs September 2, 1883, pursuant to instructions from Headquarters Military Division of the Missouri, dated August 31, 1883, arriving back at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, September 18, 1883. Distance marched 251 miles.

"Troop G, 2nd U. S. Cavalry, Captain J. N. Wheelan commanding, proceeded under orders July 18, 1883, from Fort Custer, Montana Territory, to the vicinity of Mammoth Springs, Yellowstone National Park, to establish a courier line between Fort Ellis and Shoshone Lake for the purpose of transporting mail, etc., for the President. The troop arrived at Mammoth Springs August 4, distance marched 200 miles, and established the line from Permanent Camp, (Mammoth Springs) on August 12, and on the departure of the President, August 31, the Troop, on September 2, 1883, left Mammoth Springs, arrived at Fort Ellis September 4, 1883, and arrived at Fort Custer, Montana Territory, the point of departure, September 18, 1883. Total distance marched during the month 298 miles. Total distance marched since leaving the post July 18, 1883, 538 miles. November 14, 1927,

E. A. Brown, Lt. Col. A. G. D., U. S. A."

The name of Captain E. M. Hayes, Troop G, 5th U. S. Cavalry, who commanded the escort, was inadvertently omitted by the War Department in the above memorandum.

The principal purpose of this article is to record the exact route taken by the Presidential party, the number of each camp and its name, as recorded at the time by Frank Jay. Haynes. The map he carried and recorded the route on is known as the map of *Yellowstone National Park, Big Horn Mountains and Adjacent Territory*. Prepared in Office of Chief Engineer, Military

Division Mission, 1881. Published by the Office of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., 1881. It is now in the Haynes' collection.

In general this route is northwest from Fort Washakie to

**"War Department
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington**



Division Mission, 1881. Published by the Office of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., 1881. It is now in the Haynes' collection.

In general this route is northwest from Fort Washakie to Jackson Hole, thence to Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone National Park, and via West Thumb, Grand Canyon and Tower Fall to Mammoth and Cinnabar, Montana Territory, terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad branch line (built in 1883). The map shows the route included after leaving the Park: Livingston, Helena, return to Livingston, thence east via Billings and Miles City.

Camp No. 1. Ft. Washakie, Wyoming Territory, between Trout Creek and the North Fork of the Little Wind River.

Camp No. 2. Camp Rollins, on Bull Lake Fork of the Wind River, about five miles southwest of its confluence with the Wind River; on the north bank of Bull Lake Fork.

Camp No. 3. Camp Vest, about six miles west of Crowheart Butte on the north bank of an unnamed tributary of the Wind River.

Camp No. 4. Camp Crosby, on the northwest bank of Dinwiddee¹ Lake, about two miles from the Wind River.

Camp No. 5. Camp Stager, on the southeast bank of Torrey's Creek, southwest of the larger Torrey's Lake, about four miles southwest of the Wind River.

Camp No. 6. Camp Bishop, west of the Wind River near the confluence of the unnamed creek rising in Lincoln Pass and the Wind River. Lincoln Pass is about fifteen and one-half miles directly south of Togwotee Pass and both are on the Continental Divide. The unnamed creek referred to joins the Wind River about five miles upstream from the confluence of Warm Spring Creek. This camp was on the north bank of the unnamed creek and southwest of its confluence with the Wind River.

Camp No. 7. Camp Lincoln, on Lincoln Pass, Continental Divide, about seven miles northwest of Union Pass and fifteen and one-half miles south of Togwotee Pass.

The point where the Continental Divide was crossed has been vaguely designated by some writers. It seems proper to quote the authoritative writing of the late Daniel W. Greenburg (*Midwest Review*, Vol. 7, No. 6, June, 1926, pp. 116-117):

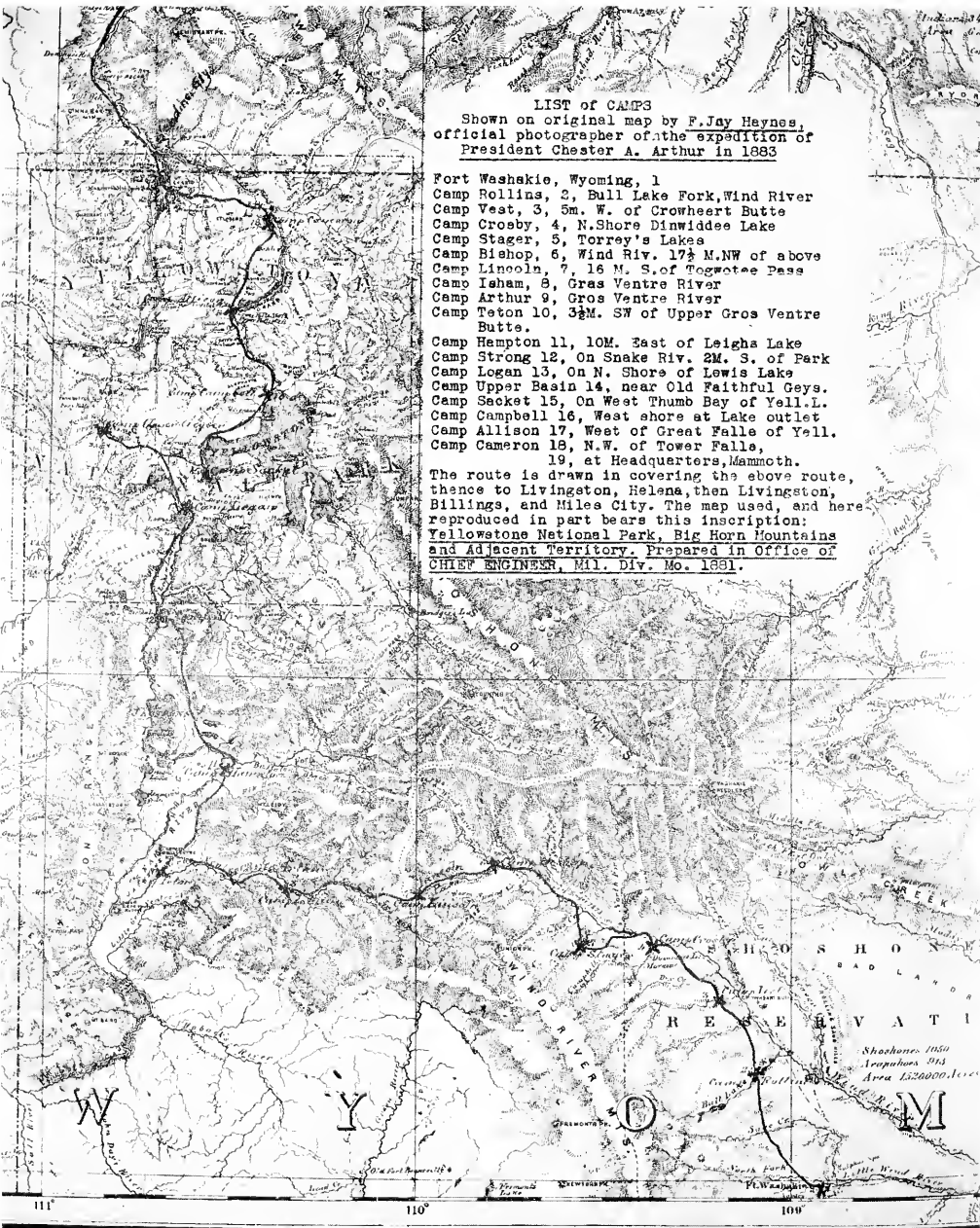
"The party followed the Wind River nearly to its source . . . and then commenced the ascent over what is known as (the) Sheridan Trail . . . It was thought then to be the shortest route between the valleys of the Wind and the Snake. They camped at what is now locally known as Sheridan Pass; however, the camp was named 'Camp

¹ Dinwoody.

LIST OF CAMPS
Shown on original map by F. Jay Haynes,
official photographer of the expedition of
President Chester A. Arthur in 1883

- Fort Washakie, Wyoming, 1
Camp Rollins, 2, Bull Lake Fork, Wind River
Camp Vest, 3, 5m. W. of Crowheart Butte
Camp Crosby, 4, N. Shore Dinwiddie Lake
Camp Stager, 5, Torrey's Lakes
Camp Bishop, 6, Wind Riv. 17½ M. NW of above
Camp Lincoln, 7, 16 M. S. of Togwotee Pass
Camp Isham, 8, Gros Ventre River
Camp Arthur, 9, Gros Ventre River
Camp Teton, 10, 3½ M. SW of Upper Gros Ventre Butte.
Camp Hampton, 11, 10M. East of Leigha Lake
Camp Strong, 12, On Snake Riv. 2M. S. of Park
Camp Logan, 13, On N. Shore of Lewis Lake
Camp Upper Basin, 14, near Old Faithful Geys.
Camp Sacket, 15, On West Thumb Bay of Yell. L.
Camp Campbell, 16, West shore at Lake outlet
Camp Allison, 17, West of Great Falls of Yell.
Camp Cameron, 18, N.W. of Tower Falls,
19, at Headquarters, Mammoth.

The route is drawn in covering the above route, thence to Livingston, Helena, then Livingston, Billings, and Miles City. The map used, and here reproduced in part bears this inscription: Yellowstone National Park, Big Horn Mountains and Adjacent Territory. Prepared in Office of CHIEF ENGINEER, Mil. Div. No. 1891.



SCALE.



CAMP BISHOP ON THE WIND RIVER

Packtrain trip of President Chester A. Arthur in 1883

Robert Lincoln,' and the pass was named by President Arthur as 'Robert Lincoln Pass,' and the name should have been retained, but probably was never officially announced."

On the U. S. G. S. Quadrangle Sheet "Mt. Leidy" surveyed in 1899, edition of 1911, the Sheridan Trail crosses the Continental Divide nine and one-fourth miles southeast of Togwotee Pass, and four miles south of Lava Mountain (measurements given in this list of camps are scaled on the U. S. Army map of 1881).

Camp No. 8. Camp Isham, about eighteen miles west of Lincoln Pass, on the south bank of Gros Ventre River, nearly thirteen miles southeast of Mt. Leidy.

Camp No. 9. Camp Arthur, on the north side of the Gros Ventre River, sixteen miles (airline) from the confluence of that river with the Snake River.

Camp No. 10. Camp Teton, on the north bank of the Gros Ventre River, nearly eight miles from its confluence with the Snake River, and nearly fifteen miles directly south of the south shore of Jackson Lake.

Camp No. 11. Camp Hampton, about one and one-half miles south of the confluence of the Buffalo Fork and the Snake River, on the east bank of Snake River, seven and one-half miles due east of the southeast corner of Jackson Lake.

Camp No. 12. Camp Strong, about two miles south of the south boundary of Yellowstone National Park and a mile west of the Snake River.

Camp No. 13. Camp Logan, on the northeast shore of Lewis Lake, fifteen miles (airline) southeast of Upper Geyser Basin. The route from Camp Strong was west of the Lewis River to a point below Lewis Falls, thence along the east shore of Lewis Lake.

Camp No. 14. Camp Upper Geyser (Basin), on the bench about one-fourth mile west of Old Faithful Geyser near the center of the present hotel. From Camp Logan the route was along the east shore of Shoshone Lake, through Norris Pass to Spring Creek, to the Firehole River and Upper Geyser Basin.

Camp No. 15. Camp Sacket, at West Thumb Bay of Yellowstone Lake. Returning from Upper Geyser Basin the party traveled up Spring Creek to Isa Lake, thence eastward to Yellowstone Lake at West Thumb Bay.

Camp No. 16. Camp Campbell, near the northwest shore of Yellowstone Lake about where Lake Hotel is now situated, about one and one-half miles from the outlet.

Camp No. 17. Camp Allison, west of the Lower Falls and south of Cascade Creek, near the canyon rim. From Camp Campbell the route was on the west side of the Yellowstone River.

Camp No. 18. Camp Cameron, one and one-half miles northwest of Tower Fall, probably on Lost Creek where Camp Roosevelt is now situated. The route from Camp Allison was through Dunraven Pass, along the Indian trail to the crossing of Tower Creek, thence above Overhanging Cliff and down to Junction Valley.

Camp No. 19. Camp at Park Headquarters (Permanent Camp). The route from Camp Cameron was across Pleasant Valley, through the Gut, across Blacktail Creek and down Lava Creek at the base of Mt. Everts to Mammoth, Park Headquarters.

Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, tells of this expedition in his *The Yellowstone National Park* (1895) as follows:

"The most elaborate expedition that ever passed through this region took place in August, 1883. It included among its members the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, the Lieutenant-General of the Army, a United States Senator, and several other distinguished officers and civilians. The interesting part of the journey

lay between Fort Washakie, Wyo., and the Northern Pacific Railroad at Cinnabar, Mont. The party traveled entirely on horseback, accompanied by one of the most complete pack trains ever organized in this or any other country, and escorted by a full troop of cavalry. Couriers were stationed every twenty miles with fresh relays, and by this means communication was daily had with the outside world. The whole distance traveled was 350 miles, through some of the wildest, most rugged, and least settled portions of the west. No accident or drawback occurred to mar the pleasure of the expedition. The great pastime *en route* was trout fishing, in which the President and Senator Vest were acknowledged leaders. The phenomenal 'catches' of these distinguished sportsmen might pass into history as typical 'fish stories,' were they not vouched for by the sober record of official dispatches, and the unerring evidence of photographer Haynes' camera. The elaborate equipment of this expedition, the eminent character of its *personnel*, and the evident responsibility resting upon those who conducted it, attracted a great deal of attention at the time, and gave it a prominent place in the annals of Western Wyoming."

THE FORTY-FOURTH STAR

By Harriet Slack

What is it I see in the Night's early gloaming,
Shining afar from the glorious West?
'Tis the star forty-four, the star of Wyoming,
That shines on her people, so happy and blest.

Yes, happy and blest are the people to-night,
With a future before them both dazzling and bright,
And the people all shout, with no doubt of her fate,
Hurrah for Wyoming! the forty-fourth State.

COLONIZATION OF THE BIG HORN BASIN BY THE MORMONS

By Eliza R. Lythgoe*

The Mormon people have always been colonizers, and the knowledge of hardships that lay in store for them did not deter their steadfastness of purpose. Driven from New York and gradually westward between the years of 1830 and 1841 by a series of persecutions, the Mormons at last built the beautiful city of Nauvoo, Illinois,¹ on the east bank of the Mississippi River. Here they remained until driven farther west by mob violence in 1845.

The years 1846 and 1847 saw the great Mormon trek from the Mississippi River to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was on this momentous journey, in 1847, that my father, Volney King, was born.

In 1851 my grandparents proceeded to a location south of Salt Lake City which later became the site of Fillmore City, Utah, also known as Pavaunt Valley, where they assisted in the building of a fort for protection from the Indians. Homes were built, and by irrigating the land, crops were raised. During the summer of 1941 I visited the site of this old fort where a historical marker now stands on the spot which was once the southwest corner of the fort.

It has always been my belief that the blood of these ancestors in my veins was one of the factors that helped me enjoy the colonizing in Wyoming.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—On October 3, 1875, in Fillmore City, Utah, a daughter, Eliza R. Lythgoe, was born to Eliza Syrett King and Volney King. As a child her father was her first teacher, and from him she learned the Morse Code. At sixteen she attended the Brigham Young University, taking a Normal Course there. For several years she taught school in Utah, meeting John F. Black to whom she was married on January 6, 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Black resided at Antimony, Utah, until 1900 when, with their two children, they migrated to the Big Horn Basin to make their home.

Mr. John Black passed away in 1913, leaving his widow and five children: Parnell of Salt Lake City, Utah; Clinton M. of Basin, Wyoming; Volney E. of Laramie, Wyoming; Melba Black Nebeker of Green River, Wyoming; and John K. of Riverton, Wyoming.

On May 1, 1916, Mrs. Black was married to Thomas Lythgoe, and to this marriage were born Wilson K. Lythgoe of Laramie and Irene Lythgoe Belue of Cowley, Wyoming. Mrs. Lythgoe has maintained continuous residence at Cowley since her arrival there in 1900.

1. See "The History and Journal of the Life and Travels of Jesse W. Crosby," ANNALS OF WYOMING, July, 1939.

First Steps Toward Colonization of Basin Taken by Church

A small body of Mormons drifted into the Big Horn Basin about 1897 and settled at Burlington, Wyoming. Stories of the country were written back to friends in Utah. The knowledge that land and water were available caused the leaders of the Mormon Church to investigate.

Colonel Cody was an admirer of Brigham Young and often praised his ability as a colonizer. He said, "If the Mormons will take over this Cincinnati Canal² proposition, I am sure it will succeed as I know they will work together on it. I can see in my mind fields of alfalfa and grain and homes for many people here."

Apostle A. O. Woodruff and fourteen other prominent men were sent in February, 1900, to look over the country, not only the land that the Cincinnati Canal would cover, but the level land surrounding it.

Colonel Cody came down and met them near the place where the Sidon Canal now heads. He spent a pleasant evening with them, recounting many of his experiences.

An application to divert, appropriate, and use the waters of the Shoshone River had been made by Colonel Cody and Nate Salisbury, their application being approved by the State Engineer on May 22, 1899. This application is now recorded in the Official Record of the State Engineer of Wyoming, Volume 9, page 478. On April 24, 1900, Colonel Cody and Nate Salisbury signed a relinquishment of these rights to the state of Wyoming, permitting the state to assign the land and water rights to another party. The Church, having filed an application for the construction of a canal on January 11, 1900, subsequently received the rights Colonel Cody had held.

A laughable item appeared at that time in a newspaper published at Bridger, Montana. It said, "Thirteen of the Mormon Twelve Apostles³ took the train for Utah here today."

While the delegation was at Bridger, Montana, a hardware dealer by the name of Haskins was consulted in regard to the purchase of plows, scrapers, crow bars, picks, and shovels. Though these men were entire strangers to Mr. Haskins, he agreed to secure the required tools for them.

2. Several years prior to 1898, Cincinnati interests, represented by G. H. King and H. L. Earley, had submitted proposals for a canal along the north side of the Shoshone River, and had been awarded a contract for its construction. But delay in initiating operation had smothered faith in the Cincinnati Company, and in 1898 the state Board of Land Commissioners requested a relinquishment.—Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin*, page 192.

3. The Stake Presidency of the Mormon Church consists of the president, two counselors, and a High Council of Twelve Apostles.

A favorable report of the proposition in Wyoming was made to the Presidency of the Mormon Church, and the organization for colonizing the new country was started. Soon after this the canal was re-surveyed, and preparation to go to work immediately was made.

Journey From Utah to the Basin

Apostle A. O. Woodruff was put in charge of the Colony to build this canal. Staunch experienced men like Byron Sessions, a frontiersman, Charles A. Welch, an expert accountant, and other stalwart men of experience were sent here to see about the work. Young men of strength and courage who were seeking land and wanted to grow up with a new country came, accompanied by their wives and children. I don't believe any of them ever thought of going back or of failure. They came in covered wagons containing food, dishes, beds, clothing—just necessities; some had two wagons. One woman laughingly told how they started out with dressers, cupboards, beds, etc., but before going halfway had been obliged to unload them by the wayside as the load was too heavy.

Since my three weeks old baby and I were unable to leave Salt Lake City for Wyoming when my husband and others left in May, 1900, it necessitated our making the trip by train the following July, and since I want to present the experiences of a woman who did make the journey by team, I secured an account of such a trip from my friend, Sarah J. Partridge, who, with three families, began her overland journey to the Big Horn Basin April 3, 1900. Mrs. Partridge said, "Everyone going to the Basin started out on the road to Ham's Fork⁴ where they all were to meet."

In her party were the W. C. Partridge, Edward Partridge, and Ben Salsbury families. She continued, "Our eldest boy, Clayton, walked and drove the milk cows. Realizing we were going to an unsettled country, we loaded our two wagons with everything we could not sell, even taking two or three hundred pounds of lead. Our wagons and teams were overloaded. Now, after forty years when I think back how we strewed the road with chickens, washers, etc., I sometimes laugh and sometimes cry.

"Our first night out was in Provo Canyon. Our next stop of interest was at Randolph, Utah. Mr. Sessions, seeing we were overloaded, told us to go on and they would catch us, but I have always thought he didn't want to bother with us.

"Apostle Woodruff was waiting for the colonists at Ham's

4. Ham's Fork was a small settlement near the present site of Kemmerer, Wyoming.

Fork. Some waited days for others to come up, as no one was allowed to go alone. We were organized in companies of ten or twelve wagons. Each company was given a map of the route and started out, following the trail from Ham's Fork to Slate Creek, where the Green River was ferried⁵; then on to the Big Sandy River and the Sweetwater by way of South Pass, through the Owl Creek Mountains to Meeteetse, Cody, and down the Shoshone to the place where the canal was to be taken from the river. We were eight weeks on the road from Provo, Utah, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, arriving at the head of the canal May 29, 1900.

"One reason why the start had been made early in the spring was to get across the rivers before high water, but you can still hear a group of our Pioneers talk of the time they forded this river or that, and how they were almost washed downstream at one river or another. I'll never forget the evening we forded Big Wind River. The water was above the front wheels of the wagon. The men led the horses through the stream with water above their waists. If ever the Lord helped us on our journey, He helped us then.

Travelers Experience Blizzard

"A day's journey from Ham's Fork a blizzard swept over the company. The wagons were driven into what shelter could be found, the horses tied to the wagons and given a small feed of oats. Not much sleep was had by anyone as the horses gnawed the wagon boxes or any other wood not covered by iron. How the wind howled and shook the wagons in which everyone tried to sleep! The storm lasted three days, and when it abated nearly two feet of snow covered the ground.

"The morning after the blizzard the teams had to move on so that feed might be found in order to save the animals. Oats were obtained at Opal, Wyoming, which, with the salt sage and dry grass, kept the animals alive.

"It was during the blizzard that the little girl of John Dickson died. Kind friends did everything they could to save the child, but one convulsion after another finally ended the little life. The body was taken back to Morgan, Utah, the former home of the Dicksons, where it was buried.

Cattle Driven To New Home

"Nearly everyone had a cow or two and the cattle were all in one herd, some two hundred of them, mostly milk cows, driven by a man assisted by older boys. One day the herd be-

5. Above the confluence of the Green and Big Sandy Rivers.

came lost from the wagon train and didn't get into camp at night. The men, urged on by frantic mothers, went at daylight and located the herd in a safely sheltered ravine some distance from the road. All the boys were safe but hungry.

"Now, while on this subject of the cattle herd, Mr. North who was in charge of them brought machinery along for a dairy—a huge churn and cheese molds, etc. This machinery later fell to pieces on one of the Cowley lots, as milk and cream were not produced in quantities for their use. In June the cattle arrived at the head of the canal, were turned over to the owners, and only one head was missing."

Establishment of Camps

Other companies continued to come over the same route. Camps were established and sources of supplies were sought out. Many pictures of those days came to my mind. Tents were lined up and down along the river, and how plainly everyone could be heard! In the evenings the horses were taken out across the river on the hills and herded, while people gathered in groups here and there, talking over conditions, playing a guitar, singing songs that were popular then, or hymns.

One menace was the rattlesnake; a woman found one in her tent which made us all afraid. I wondered if they could climb wheels, so after this, in place of sleeping in the tent, we slept in the wagon. But as thick as they seemed I never remember anyone being bitten by one.

As stated before arrangements had been made to secure tools from Mr. Haskins, the hardware dealer at Bridger, Montana. An order for the necessary tools was sent to him by Mr. C. A. Welch who collected the cash, went to Bridger, and paid for them. Freight wagons were sent to Bridger for the tools, grain, food, and other necessities.

I would like to paint a picture of the freight wagon of this time. Two or three wagons were hitched together, eight or ten horses hitched to them. Over the rocks and chucks they went, up hill and down, a man swearing and yelling at the horses. How far they went, I don't know, but they supplied the country with food, clothes, tools, everything! Fifteen or twenty miles a day was their speed.

Construction of Sidon Canal Started

There were about two hundred people now at the head of the canal. Elder Franklin S. Richards, attorney for the Church, drew up articles of incorporation of the Big Horn Basin Coloni-

zation Company. The canal on which they were to work was to be called the Sidon Canal.

Then came the most important day of all, May 28, 1900. Nearly everyone in camp went to the river, and all joined in singing "Come, Come, Ye Saints."⁶

Apostle Woodruff outlined the task before them. "The canal will be about thirty-seven miles long. It must be large enough to carry water to irrigate between twelve and fifteen thousand acres. It will take a united effort to perform this gigantic task, for we are few in number. I urge you to pay your tithes and offerings. Keep the Sabbath Day. Do not profane the name of duty. Be honest with all men, and if you do all these things this will be a land of Zion to you and your children and children's children throughout the generations to come."

Apostle Woodruff then held the plow; Byron Sessions drove the team and plowed a furrow. The canal was started! Then teams and men went to the canal to work, boys laughing, harnesses rattling, women with babies in their arms seeing them off.

Wages to be paid for men and teams were set at four dollars and for single hands two dollars twenty-five cents. Six dollars per acre was to be charged for the land, two dollars of this to be paid in cash at the time the amount of land was signed for, the rest in work.

"May 29, 1900: The people in camp were called together around a campfire this morning. The horses had been brought in from the hills, been fed oats; breakfast over, all assembled. A hymn was sung. President Sessions gave instructions about the work. Prayer was offered and all were off to work on the canal."⁷ This order of procedure went on day after day.

Some time later a new note crept into the morning and evening prayers. Often when the president prayed, he asked for a way to be opened up that food and shelter might be obtained by them for the coming winter. I believe it increased every day, and a question began to form in my mind as to whether it was a serious problem. I knew they had very little money, but then that youthful spirit in all of us believed some way had always been provided and always would be.

6. Song composed by William Clayton at the request of Brigham Young during the Mormon migration in 1847:

"Come, come, ye Saints! No toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive
Do this and joy your hearts will swell,
All is well! All is well!"

7. Quoted from Church records.

Then a fast and prayer were observed. In later years one of my strongest testimonies was the answer to that prayer meeting.

Railroad Construction Undertaken

Some strange men were observed in camp one day. The rumor spread that they were railroad men and had come to see if the people there did not want to take some of the road grading to do. Yes, this meant food, means for living, feed for horses.

Now when the train goes by it seems to me that the railroad was only built at that time to help accomplish the building of the canal. Half the colony remained on the canal and half on the railroad, each group getting half money and half ditch stock for their pay.

Early Hardships in the Basin

These people were in an unknown country, their tents and wagons their only homes; no doctors or hospitals. Years would pass before they could have any of these comforts. But the plans were made, the canal was started, and after this it was "Ditch, ditch."

Not long ago I visited my mother and she presented me with a letter I had written to her in August, 1900. It shows a little of our railroad days. Here is some of it.

"Dear Mother: We have moved again and are now on what we call Pole Cat. It is not far from Frannie.⁸ But oh this terrible water made nearly every one sick at first. So hard the soap curdles, and how awful the clothes look. But one thing I wanted to tell you of. You know the glass wash board the girls gave me before I left home? Well, whenever we have moved the last thing to go on top of the load was the straw bed. In it I put my wash board. Today, as we were ready to leave, John⁹ thought of a pair of doubletrees he had left off the load. He went and got them and before I could think he threw them on the bed tick and my wash board was broken in a dozen pieces. Then because I cried he thinks every time we move everything goes wrong. The wind blew terrible last night, and we all had a time finding our stove pipes. Could hardly tell which was which. We only had canned tomatoes for supper, on gritty plates at that. My clock won't run any more it is so full of sand."

8. See "Reminiscences of an Early Day Railroad Civil Engineer in Northwestern Wyoming," by John B. Ferguson, ANNALS OF WYOMING, January, 1941.

9. Husband of author.

The dust was deep and dust storms were common. There were no trees nor fences and it was nothing unusual for settlers to find tubs, buckets and water barrels blocks from home.

The Founding of Cowley and Byron

The land was surveyed and two towns laid out. Byron near the head of the canal, named in honor of our faithful leader, Byron Sessions, and Cowley on Sage Creek near the foot of the Pryor Mountains. Here is an idea how Cowley was established.

The town on the present site was laid out in the early fall of 1900, Joseph Neville being one of the main ones to survey the land and lay it out into lots. All of us who were to reside here were anxious to know just where we were to live, who our neighbors were to be, etc. As soon as all lots were staked out and numbered, a drawing for these lots was planned. We had all been in camps both at the head of the canal and on the railroad and had shared so many experiences we had become fast friends. For instance, the writer had taken her two small children and gone to church in the bowery at the head of the canal. The children loved to get right down and play in the sand. Two other small boys and their mother were there and soon there were four boys playing in the sand and two mothers became friends for life. The four boys were Woodruff and Riley Gwynn and Parnell and Clinton Black.

A number representing a lot was put in a hat. Those who had worked up or paid for a certain amount of land or ditch stock were allowed to draw a number. As each stepped up and drew his number, he became the owner of a lot on which to build his home. (Mine, for instance, was lot 3, block 44.) Charles A. Welch had the map of the town. He was so concerned about us, to see where we were and where so and so was from us, how far from the main street or the church house, etc. Some were elated, some disappointed, but very few thought of changing. Going and looking those lots over was like going home.

Following the drawing in September, 1900, the canal work was discontinued, about eight miles of the ditch having been completed. Many persons began hauling logs from Pryor Mountain in Montana with which to build log cabins to house themselves and families for the winter. However, most of the people moved their tents up Sage Creek near Pryor Gap to work on the railroad. These families spent the winter in boarded up tents. I was thankful for my log cabin.

Our lot and land was at what is now Cowley. The men went up Sage Creek to the Pryor Mountains over a poorly made road and obtained logs. Two loads made our house. There was no lumber except in and around the door and one small win-

dow. The house was twelve by fourteen feet, with a roof of small poles nailed to a ridge pole sloping to the sides. These were daubed with mud. My, this house was grand to me; a wall to keep off the storm, a place where you could hang things up, a rag rug from our Utah home on the floor, a cupboard on the wall, a frame for the bed springs. My cook stove kept it warm. Home! We moved into it November 1, 1900.

The next morning my husband went to work again on the railroad. Two or three other families had now gotten into their log rooms, but with the tightly closed doors and shaded windows there were no lights to be seen at night. My two small children went to bed early, and oh, those long evenings and short days!

Cowley Gets Post Office and School

One thing happened then that made me less lonely. The Government had approved the name of Cowley for a post office for which the people had applied. We had been getting our mail, when we did get any, from Cody or Bridger. W. W. Graham was appointed Postmaster, but shortly before his commission came he left for the railroad to work. He and others asked me to take the post office in my house and distribute the mail. It was grand to have this work.

Have you ever seen one of those early stages? Well, every night at twelve one came to my door, with four horses hitched to it, driven either by our friend, Joe Cook, or W. W. Welling. Mail was taken off or sent on; over the ruts and brush it went. Not long ago Mr. Welling was laughing about having two men passengers on one night who complained about him being behind schedule. He said, "All right now, you hold on and we will make up time." Before he had gone far they were begging for mercy. At two a. m. the stage, which went to the river where it met another stage from Thermopolis, came back on its way to Bridger, Montana.

One night the stage brought a lady to my house. She was trying to find her son's family. I had only one bed, but she lay down and rested until morning when we found her a way to her son.

Another lady came in on the stage one night sick, and the driver asked if she could come in. She had on his big cap and coat. She stayed with us, a terribly sick woman. In the morning a buggy and team was found to take her to where her husband was camped. A few days later the doctor said she had smallpox!

About sixteen families remained in Cowley during the winter of 1900 and 1901. These families were desirous of hav-

ing a school, but they had no books and no money. Pioneers, however, usually find a way to overcome difficulties. One of the men who had gone down on the Shoshone River with his family in order to look after his cattle, William W. Willis, had built a log cabin, and it was decided that it would do for the school. The people hired me to teach the school, for I had previously taught in Utah. The salary was to be enough to hire a girl to look after my two children.

The school opened January 2, 1901, with twenty-four pupils. and closed May 1, 1901.

Canal and Railroad Completed

One of the things that we missed so terribly was water. Remember Cowley was situated on a dry bench six miles from the Shoshone River, the nearest water. This first winter, as I have said, all the men went back to the railroad as it had to be finished by a certain date. After that was completed everyone would go back to work on the canal. A Mr. Dickson was left at Cowley to haul water.

The night the water from the river came to the town of Cowley through the canal, July 14, 1902, everyone was out serenading, beating tin tubs, cans, and anything that would make a noise. How we rejoiced, and who doesn't over the successful accomplishment of a task! Yes, and the successful completion of a dream!

Sand and water must be brought together to make either productive in agriculture. Our first gardens were raised here in Cowley in 1902, every radish, bean, or tomato producing a thrill. How we irrigated them—perhaps too much. One day the ditch rider came by where I was running water, ditches of it, by some squash vines already yellow from having too much moisture. But could anything be too wet? It didn't seem so to me. The ditch rider said, "If you would hoe your garden more and not water it so much, it would do better." We both laughed, even though I did see that his remark was not very complimentary to my ability as a gardener.

Twenty-seven miles of railroad were finished August 22, 1901. During the years 1905 through 1908 the railroad was continued on to Thermopolis.

Mr. I. S. P. Weeks who had charge of the railroad work said to Mr. Jesse W. Crosby, Jr., "Mr. Crosby, the work you contracted has been completed and we are more than pleased with the way you have handled the job. You have done the best work with the least trouble of anyone who ever worked for the Burlington Railroad."

On February 23, 1905, the first train arrived at the Cow-

ley depot. The people had earned between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars.

The First Christmas in Cowley

As I sit here this evening, with these bright lights all around, and then think of that first Christmas, it seems a complete "blackout."

About seven small one-room log houses made up this town. One coal oil lamp in each house gave very little light. If the lady of the house did not pull down the blind too tightly, you might have seen here or there a faint gleam, otherwise there was darkness everywhere.

Nearly all the men were up near Frannie working on the railroad, which left the women to put over anything they could to please the children, and to help keep their faith in Santa alive. Stockings were hung up in faith and many a mother wondered how on earth to save heart breaks. Candy made in secret, a small pie, a dressed-over doll, one of Dad's knives, and a few marbles were all we had.

One small store down near the river had kerosene, salt pork, and some dried fruit. The storekeeper proudly told the ladies he had some figs in for Christmas. A package from the folks back home saved many a child sorrow. Early Christmas morning we awoke to a clear, cold, bright sun and the sound of a distant neighbor's boy playing a harmonica. That, and the determination of everyone not to grumble or quit, are the characteristics of the settlers that stand out in my thoughts tonight as I have traveled back forty-one years ago to that first Christmas in Cowley.

New Year's Eve Celebration

Our first real celebration, however, was New Year's Eve, December 31, 1900. That was a big red-letter night to us, for the pioneers of Cowley had very, very few "big times." Yes, a dance, and a big one, too.

W. C. Partridge, Sr., had just laid the floor in his house. They intended to have two rooms, but they had not yet built the partition, and it certainly did seem large.

The Partridge organ was placed in one corner for Miss Becky Taggart to play. George H. Taggart had his violin and Henry R. Tucker the bass viol. Yes, this was our orchestra, and, on coming near, we thought how inspiring was the sound of their tuning up.

How we danced! Quadrilles, polkas, waltzes and schottishes. There was a smile on everyone's face and laughter

above the music. Mrs. Frazer caused much amusement by telling funny stories, and Hyrum Cook had some difficulty in calling for the quadrilles. The ladies' skirts were so long they swept up every particle of dust.

Everyone had brought his lamp along. One of the men had made a trip on foot the day before, and we had a gallon of coal oil from Cook's store on the river—so we wouldn't have to go home too early.

The children went to sleep on the benches while the dancing continued. We had the picnic at midnight, more dancing, and then went home through the piercing cold, lamps in hands, babies in arms; our thrilling time was over.

I have been counting up today. There are six besides myself still living who attended that dance forty-one years ago, namely: Mrs. W. C. Partridge, Fenton Partridge, Jane Frazer, H. R. Tucker, Elizabeth Tucker, and Violet Taggart Brown.

MYSTERIES OF THE PAST

By Mary Frost*

Where the Shoshone River comes booming out of the walls of its box canyon and sweeps around the curve at De Maris Springs to pick up the wonderful waters that have given so generously of their health-giving qualities to generations of men—here, high on the benchland above the river lies a group of tepee rings in the land of peace. Here, before the white man came, the Crows, the Sioux, and the Blackfeet brought their sick and ailing to derive the benefits of these God-given waters. Here they met as neighbors, not warring tribes, for to fight here would be a desecration to the Great Spirit.

My husband has told me how he saw the rings first, when as a child he came into the Basin via covered wagon some fifty-eight years ago.¹ Year after year they held his interest. Year after year, coming down to the springs, he had speculated on their birth and age but let it go at that.

One day in the summer of 1920, as he remembered, he had as his guest Old Pen Coos,¹ chief of the Crows, Chief White Man Runs Them, and Chief Holds the Enemy. He decided to take them to the spring for a swim. Stopping at the tepee rings, he said to Pen Coos: "What do you know about these?" with a sweeping gesture to the rings on the bench.

Old Pen Coos answered: "These are the homes of my people who were sick from evil spirits. That my tepee," he said, pointing to the biggest ring, "and that," pointing his hand to those close around, "my people."

"Here other tribes come too. Here all is done in name of Great Spirit. Here come Sioux; we do not steal their horses. Here come Blackfoot,² leave black track on stone and

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mary Hughes Frost, born in Chicago, Illinois, in February, 1881, came to Wyoming in 1909 and has made her home in Cody since July of that year.

In January, 1910, she was married to Ned W. Frost, a long time resident of that country, he having come there in the spring of 1884 by covered wagon. Mr. Frost is well known as a naturalist and wild life authority.

The Frosts have three sons: Nedward Mahlon Frost of Cody, Lieutenant Richard I. Frost of Mancos, Colorado, and Jesse W. Frost, Academy of Fine Arts, Chicago, Illinois.

1. A-Leek-Chea-Ahoosh, also called Plenty Coos or Plenty Coups. He died on the Pryor Reservation, Montana, March 3, 1932, following a long life of fighting for peace between his people and the white man.—*Blankets and Moccasins*, by G. D. Wagner and Dr. W. A. Allen.

2. The Blackfeet Tribe is a small division of the Teton Sioux. They were given the name "Sihasapa" or "Blackfeet" because they wore black moccasins.—*Bureau of American Ethnology*, Bulletin 30, Part II, Page 568.



Courtesy of Mr. F. J. Hiscock*

THE TEPEE RINGS

sand. They come from country where forest burn, track always black. All bring sick. All go in waters many times, hot spring, cold spring. Indians stay long time, till all are well. Sometimes leave small party, no danger. Here also fine hunting ground, much deer and elk.”

Asked why the rings were built so high away from water, he said: “Indian no go in hole in ground. Indian stay high, see all ’round. Who come, who go, who shoot. Indian carry water, many women.”

Many of the village rings are perfect. There are, however, some that have broken with erosion and crumbled over the land to the bench or river below. Something must be done soon to save them, or they will be lost to our children. Some have even been carried away to find a new home in eastern rock gardens. It would seem that this is bed rock of our own history, and should be saved by law for posterity.

Vandals do so much harm. Only last summer a very sweet old lady showed me, with great pride, two large gray stones from the tepee rings she was taking home to Kansas for her rock garden. We are in the heart of the tourist country, and if precautions are not taken in the near future, our

*The Historical Department has received many fine pictures of the Frost Cave, taken in 1909, the DeMaris Springs, and the Tepee Rings from Mr. F. J. Hiscock, pioneer photographer of Cody. We wish to express appreciation for his splendid cooperation.—Ed.

tepee rings that have been used and left to us by a fast disappearing people will also be gone, along with another link into the past.

Here and there, close to some tepee rings, are piles of stones that look as if they had been washed many times with hot water. Knowing that at one time this was an old geyser basin, I had wondered. But the location near the tepees puzzled me. So I asked about them, only to find that they were another form of bath. The sick person, wrapped in blankets, was put into an oven of these rocks which had been heated in the fires, and cold water was then poured over them, creating a steam bath much like our own modern Turkish affair. This cast out devils and evil spirits, and, of course, much poison. The person treated emerged weak but clean, and with a little care and building up, was soon well again.

My education was coming along in leaps and bounds, so I decided to ask them about the craters that are mute signs of what was once a tremendous geyser. Looking down into them one knows that from the rock and vegetable life, they have been like this for years on end.

My Indian friends had no knowledge of anything but great holes, even in the times of their fathers, for here they had come for generations, while they shunned Yellowstone Park, some fifty miles or more up the valley. Of course the explanation is simple. The river, dropping to lower levels, drained the waters from them, for even now these hot waters come down over rocks to join the river at its lower levels.

This whole country is full of wonders. It is here the geologist finds his heaven in the steep sides of the Shoshone Canyon, revealing in its stratas the story of the earth changes and ages.

Here on old Cedar Mountain, almost at the top, some thirty odd years ago, my husband, while chasing bobcats with a pack of dogs, found a great cavern that is known now as Mammoth Crystal Cave, but more commonly Frost Cave.³

Its story has been told many times and the government has taken it over, nothing being done, however, largely on account of the irrigation project which has just completed a tunnel through Cedar Mountain, connected by flume to a tunnel through Rattlesnake Mountain to the waiting ditches of the Hart Mountain project.

Before the opening of the cave was a flat rock or altar on which were traces of old fires with some burnt bones that fell to ash when disturbed. Mr. Frost has always felt that he had

3. On September 21, 1909, this was established as the Shoshone Cavern National Monument.

stumbled on the sacrificial altar of the people known as the Sheep Eaters.⁴ This is located more than two-thirds of the way up the mountain, away from water, for Cedar Mountain has no springs or creeks.

Early this spring when one of the new ditches on Rattlesnake Mountain developed a sink rather than a carrier, the engineer found that what was first supposed to be a crack was in reality a fissure which let down into a subterraneous chamber in the bowels of Rattlesnake and which took tons of concrete to close.

It may well be that this is an outlet to another cave, and that these two great mountains have much to offer with a bit of exploring.

4. A great deal of controversy exists over the origin, life and passing of the Sheep Eaters. Little is actually known, though investigations have been made. Two schools of thought are presented here:

A. G. Clayton in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, October, 1926, pages 277-8, says the Sheep Eaters were of no particular race, but were renegades from various tribes. He mentions them as living in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, the location of the Medicine Wheel in the Big Horn Mountains. Their name came from the fact that the mountain sheep was one of their principal items of food, and because they had become expert in trapping them. He states that "Several theories are advanced as to the final disappearance of the Sheep Eater. One is that diseases of various sorts entered their ranks; another that tribal Indians destroyed them; but it appears that the most likely one is the coming of the white man, who, in subduing their enemies, the lowland Indians, made it possible for them to return to their former homes and take up the life of the normal Indian."

General W. A. Allen, Indian War Veteran, in his book, *The Sheep Eaters*, takes a different view. He states that "The Shoshones seem to be a branch of the Sheep Eaters who afterwards intermarried with the Mountain Crows, a tall race of people who gave to the Shoshones a taller and better physique." In 1877 he took a picture of a squaw believed to be the last of her race, the rest having died, she said, as a result of a plague some fifty years before. He believes the Medicine Wheel was built as a shrine by these "pygmy" Indians.

The report of Mr. P. W. Norris, Superintendent of Yellowstone Park, 1880, to the Secretary of the Interior places the Sheep Eaters in the Yellowstone vicinity also. He wrote: "The feeble and harmless Sheep-eater Indians were the aboriginal owners and formerly the only permanent occupants of the Park, and being somewhat allied to their Shoshone and Bannock neighbors, these latter were occasional ramblers therein. Excepting Washakie's band of Shoshones on Wind River, they are all now united in the agency at Ross Fork of Snake River, in Idaho. Having faithfully adhered to the obligations of their treaty of cession, made in Washington during last winter, as well as to their promises made to me at their agency in the Ruby Valley in the spring, no trouble has arisen with them in the Park during the past season, nor is any looked for in the future; and with the adoption of the measures mentioned above, there need be little fear of Indian depredations hereafter within its confines." Executive Documents of the House of Representatives for the Third Session of the Forty-sixth Congress, 1880-81.

On this same bench, some ten miles down the river to the east, reaching up into the eastern sky stand McCullough Peaks, the entrance to a bit of bad land, arid, dry and beautiful in its lights and shadows. Here is the grave of things that are gone. Here in these pits, great men have dug and hunted, bringing to light many fossils that date back before man. Here, awaiting time and money, lie many pages of earth's history, waiting as they have waited for years without count. May they soon come into their own and be preserved for posterity in Wyoming.

THE MEDICINE WHEEL

By Lorna Kooi Simpson*

(Published in *Cody Enterprise*, March 11, 1936)

On the top of Medicine Mountain at an altitude of 12,000 feet in the midst of the rugged grandeur of the massive Big Horns, stands a mystifying circle of rocks called the Medicine Wheel. Its origin and history seem to be lost in obscurity.

Not far distant are the phenomena of two giant horseshoes, one set firmly about half way up a mountain side, and the second near the top. They are approximately the same size, and the open ends of both face down the slope. Indian legend has it that the prints were made when the first great Medicine man mounted his big horse and stepped over the mountain many, many moons ago.

The horseshoes are undoubtedly a peculiar natural formation, but the Medicine Wheel is plainly the work of man. However, Indian legend is even more vague about the Wheel than it is about the hoof prints of the Medicine Man's horse.

The Crow Indians, according to H. H. Thompson, former editor of the "Tepee Book," called it the "Big Tepee" or the "Sun Tepee," and their legend is that the great Sun God dropped it from the sky and placed it on the mountain top as a guide for the building of their tepees. The oldest of the Crows are certain it was there before they came to the country. The first of their tribe to see the structure was said to have been "Kills with His Brother." To them in the early

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Lorna Kooi Simpson is the daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Peter Kooi of Sheridan, Wyoming. She attended Castle School on the Hudson and the University of Illinois. A talented musician, she composed the official football song of the University of Wyoming, "Come on, Wyoming." In June, 1929, she was married to Milward L. Simpson of Cody, Wyoming. They have two sons, Peter K. and Alan K.

days, it was a hallowed spot, and enemies who visited it were spared. Investigation among the Blackfeet tribe brought only one statement of certainty, that the wheel was there before they came. This is also true of the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes.

The circle of stones is roughly built of unhewed pieces of limestone rock. Twenty-eight spokes radiate at slightly varying intervals from a stone mound or hut in the center to the rim. Around the rim are six smaller mounds placed at uneven intervals. All of these have openings, none of them facing the same direction. There is a break in the rim on the east. Surely such a formation was carefully and purposefully planned by someone sometime.¹

The few scientific men who have investigated the structure seem to have offered no explanation or possible solution of its origin. Of the old timers in the surrounding country who visited the spot in the early days, Mr. George Griffin of Sheridan is said to have seen the wheel in 1887 and reported that the central hut at that time was a small house large enough to admit at least one man. When he visited the wheel later in 1894, the hut had been damaged and knocked down. It is said that at one time some pieces of wood were found as a part of the structure. If such wood was found, it is unfortunate that it was not saved, as it might have been possible to ascertain the approximate age of the wood and valuable information might have been obtained. A Mr. W. A. Allen in a pamphlet, "The Sheep Eaters" says that the Medicine Wheel was built by the Sheep Eater Indians, (a tribe now extinct) as a sort of a shrine.² There however is no proof offered.

Nothing but supposition can suggest the origin of the wheel. But, knowing as a fact that it was here before the Crows, Shoshones, Blackfeet and Arapahoes ever came to this country, it cannot seem illogical to suppose that a race of people antedating those tribes, constructed the wheel. Numerous characteristics seem to link it up with prehistoric work.

1. There is some disagreement as to the diameter of the wheel.

2. "The great wheel, or shrine, of this people is eighty feet across the face, and has twenty-eight spokes, representing the twenty-eight tribes of their race. At the center or hub there is a house of stone, where Red Eagle held the position of chief or leader of all the tribes. Facing the northeast was the house of the god of plenty, and on the southeast faced the house of the goddess of beauty; and due west was the beautifully built granite cave dedicated to the sun god, and from this position the services were supposed to be directed by him. Standing along the twenty-eight spokes were the worshippers, chanting their songs of praise to the heavens, while their sun dial on earth was a true copy of the sun." Mr. Allen received much of his information from an old squaw who claimed to be the last of the Sheep Eaters.



THE MEDICINE WHEEL

Perhaps the break in the rim meant that if it had been some shrine of worship, it was oriented, as not only the chief ancient temples of Egypt and Babylonia, but also Stonehenge, the most famous megalittic rim in the world, and the prehistoric stone circles of Europe are oriented. According to Sir Norman Lockyer, noted student of orientation, great annual festivals were observed when the first rays of the rising sun would strike through the opening onto the central altar. Observation of the position of the sun, moon and stars in relation to this opening and the central hub might have meant development of astronomical ideas and the rudiments of the reckoning of time. Along this line it is interesting to note that according to an 1895 edition of *Field and Stream* which is undoubtedly the earliest mention of the wheel in print, it is said that the Medicine Wheel shows a marked resemblance to the calendar stone of Mexico. This stone bears the engravings of a circle marked with six wedges and numerous symbols and figures which have not yet been entirely deciphered. The latter is believed to be the work of ancient inhabitants of Mexico.

Some of the ruins in New Mexico that are quite definitely acknowledged prehistoric, show a marked resemblance to the Medicine Wheel formation. There are stone circles with numerous small huts around the rim and one central larger hut, a shrine of worship, in the center. According to the statement of travelers recently returned from there, well preserved ruins in the Frijoles canyon and several other places have this formation. The central hut is usually larger than that of the wheel, but there is evidence to show that the central hut of the wheel has been broken down. The huts along the rim are similar to those of the wheel although they are more numerous.

In assuming that a race of people antedating our American Indians was responsible for the Medicine Wheel, it is interesting to delve a bit into ancient history and see whether or not we might find grounds for such an assumption. As nearly as some modern historians can estimate, some time between 12,000 and 1,000 B. C. Neolithic "culture" was undoubtedly spreading around the world, advancing over land and drifting aimlessly across wide expanses of water. That earliest civilization was probably coming across the island stepping stones to America long after it had passed on to other developments in its land of origin. Landing at about what is now Central America in favorable climatic conditions it undoubtedly set about establishing its own civilization. It is known that men were using boats at that time and being by nature daring and inquisitive, they probably started out onto the great ocean. Drifting over warm seas in their crude canoes, having rain

water supplied by the many showers and eating raw fish, they probably had no more difficulty than the natives of the Pacific islands now have in traversing great distances between islands in their crude outrigger canoes. H. G. Wells states: "It is to be noted as evidence of the canoe born origin of America's culture that elephant headed figures are found in Central American drawings."

The second or Siberian route to America probably came centuries later when later Neolithic man came from Asia to this continent by way of Bering Strait. It is surmised by some that there was land where the strait is now, and so travel was simple and natural in the steady push of warring tribes escaping from their enemies. Even if the strait had been as it is now, it probably would not have been very difficult for those adventurous people to make the crossing, undoubtedly being urged on by the actual sight of a dim, distant land across the water. A great proportion of these people would naturally proceed southward because of more favorable climatic conditions, more fertile country and a profusion of wild game. According to N. B. Wood, authority on Indian history, the customs, appearance and legend of our American Indians all seem to give support to the theory that they are descendants of this Asiatic people coming from the north.

At some time finally, the southward drift of American Indians must have met the northbound, older civilization. The canoe borne group must have spread out, carrying on their customs, worship, mound building and stone work. They have left an indelible mark in Central America and on up north into New Mexico and the Mississippi Valley.

To quote from Baldwin, the fact that the settlements and works of these people "extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande indicates very plainly their connection with the people of Mexico . . . the connection of settlements by way of Texas appears to have been unbroken from Mexico to Ohio." Why should we suppose they did not find this remarkable country of ours, a paradise abounding in game, and settle for a time in such a spot as the top of the Big Horns with a great expanse of their world at their feet, and herds and possible enemies visible for hundreds of miles. The further advance was probably stopped by the invading force of the Mongoloid barbarians from the north, who through the years had finally pushed their way south to meet and conquer the former civilization and send the people who escaped death back to the southern country from whence they came.

Time that has obliterated the origin of the mysterious Medicine Wheel, will undoubtedly prove a solution of the mys-

tery when archeologists in our country in future years, will spend their time and energy in trying to uncover ruins here instead of traversing thousands of miles of land and sea to delve into the ruins in other lands. Already Wyoming is proving to be of world wide interest because of the finding of some of the most remarkable fossil remains of giant prehistoric animals ever found on this continent, some of vast importance being found near Greybull and Shell, only a few miles from Cody. More thorough investigation of such ruins as the Medicine Wheel may add further historical treasure to the vast natural wealth of oil, mineral and scenic beauty in this grand state of ours.

INTERESTING STATISTICS ON DEFENSE ACTIVITIES IN WYOMING WORLD WAR I

Book Campaigns, 1917-1918

"Thanks for the largest single 'overseas' shipment ever received at this office. Signed: Asa Don Dickinson, Commanding Officer, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey."

So read the card received by Miss Agnes Wright,¹ Wyoming State Librarian and State Director of the American Library Association Book Drive for the soldiers and sailors of the United States armed forces in France, following the shipment of one hundred and thirty boxes containing approximately 8,000 books in June of 1918.

Preceding this shipment there had been months of hard work on the big Book Drive held March 18-25, 1918. Miss Wright, assisted by Martha Post,² had organized Wyoming for the drive. By the first of April shipments of books began to arrive at the State Library. The County Librarians had collected, boxed and sent the books to the State Headquarters at Cheyenne.

One large basement room of the capitol was used exclusively for the war service work. Here the books were sorted, labeled, carded, made ready for circulation, and then packed for "overseas" shipment. Volunteer helpers from the Capitol and from the city of Cheyenne spent long hours in this work, until by June the large collection was ready for shipment.

1. Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring. For biography see ANNALS OF WYOMING, October, 1941, page 237.

2. Miss Post later became Mrs. George Hoffman who was recently voted an outstanding saleswoman for a large law book publishing house in Chicago.

A complete report of the towns contributing books, the number and directors of each is presented here:

Book Drive for the Soldiers and Sailors, March 18-25, 1918

Town	Director	Number of Books
Afton.....	Della Morrell	295
Aladdin.....	Mrs. Harry Tracy.....	145
Basin.....	Mrs. Van Devender.....	906
Alva.....	Mrs. George Cooke.....	250
Buelah.....	Miss McEnaney	35
Buffalo.....	Mrs. Clara W. Bond.....	763
Burlington.....	Irene Little	23
Casper.....	Mrs. Sarah Place	300
Cheyenne.....	Mrs. James Speer, assisted by Mrs. Louella Moore.....	3,000
Cody.....	Irma Dew	500
Cokeville.....	Mr. Frank Mau.....	302
Cowley.....	Mrs. Welch	125
Dayton.....	Mr. George W. Perry.....	
	(Sent to Sheridan)	
Deaver.....	Mrs. C. M. Davis.....	30
Douglas.....	Lucy I. Kellogg.....	1,293
Dover.....	Mrs. Maude Simmerlee.....	30
Elk Mountain.....	Helen R. Wright.....	50
Encampment.....	F. H. Healey.....	21
Evanston.....	Bessie Blackham	227
Farrell.....	Mrs. C. J. Brown.....	12
Fort Bridger.....	Mr. W. A. Carter.....	28
Frontier.....	R. H. Turner.....	
	(Sent to Kemmerer)	
Germania ³	Myrtle Baird	4
Gillette.....	John A. Osborne	
	Dr. T. K. Cassidy.....	203
Glenrock.....	Lucy Kellogg	
	J. W. Harp.....	204
Green River.....	Elizabeth Moriarty	325
Greybull.....	Mr. M. E. McCarty.....	113
Guernsey.....	Mrs. C. B. Berry.....	101
Hama.....	Mr. A. D. Burford.....	514
Hyattville.....	Mrs. L. C. Diehl.....	
Kemmerer.....	Mrs. Embree	317
Kooi.....	Doris Kooi	61
Lander.....	Erdean McCloud	502

3. Emblem, Wyoming. The name was changed during World War I.

Laramie.....	W. S. Ingham.....	2,000
Lost Springs.....	Vera Onyon	24
Lovell.....	Mrs. L. V. Stryker.....	50
Lusk.....	Mrs. Fowler	220
Lyman.....	Eveline Brough	121
Manderson.....	Mrs. L. O. Gray.....	39
Medicine Bow.....	Mrs. W. F. Shields.....	100
Moorcroft.....	Mrs. C. S. Smith.....	117
Newcastle.....	Mrs. Anna C. Miller.....	200
Orin and Shawnee.....	May Haas	39
Pine Bluffs.....	Thomas Keenan	151
(Some to troop train)		
Rawlins.....	Clarence Brimmer	575
Riverton.....	L. E. McLaughlin	40
Rock Springs.....	Mrs. Mary A. Clark.....	350
Saratoga.....	Mrs. Fannie Lee, Mr. J. E. Kozin, and Mr. J. E. Delaney.....	210
Shell.....	Maud King	66
Sheridan.....	Louise Portz	1,780
St. Joe.....	Edwin Thayer	
Sundance.....	Herbert M. Brown.....	91
Sunrise.....	Mrs. C. T. Sherbno.....	121
Superior.....	W. R. Matthews.....	160
Thermopolis.....	Mrs. Florence Richards (Shipments made through Red Cross)	
Torrington.....	Erle H. Reid (No response)	
Upton.....	Mrs. Alma Harmon	75
Van Tassell.....	John H. Pendray	200
Wheatland.....	Mrs. E. C. Etheridge.....	150
Worland.....	Mary L. Thompson.....	75
Tie Siding.....	Miss Ida Maxwell.....	25
Laramie.....	Dr. Hebard	100
Laramie.....	Mrs. Turner	80
Total.....		17,838
Miss Blackham of Evanston: Books to Ft. Doug- las, Utah		500
Additional books supplied to Ft. Russell by Chey- enne		700
Books supplied to Troop Trains and Red Cross.....		1,500
Grand Total.....		20,538

Previous to the Book Drive of 1918 efforts had been made to supply the soldiers with reading material. In July of 1917

the American Library Association had been asked to assume the responsibility of providing adequate library facilities in the cantonments and training camps. Efforts to collect as many gift books as possible for the soldiers were started in August. The Army, however, was anxious to obtain certain technical and desirable books which were not being received as gifts, and to speed up the establishment of larger and better libraries in camps, therefore the collecting of books was suspended in September, 1917, to assist with the Million Dollar War Fund or Soldiers' Book Fund Campaign which was conducted throughout the nation during the week of September 24, 1917. Such a short time was given in which to organize that only a part of the state was represented by contributions. Though Wyoming's actual quota was \$2,000.00, the sum of \$1,463.44 was raised, and according to the report of J. F. Jennings, Division Director of the Northwest Territory, the states of Wyoming, Oregon and Washington exceeded their minimum quotas by 100 per cent.

Following the finance drive, the earlier task of collecting gift books was resumed. Denver, Colorado, was named as the collection center to which all books collected in Wyoming were to be shipped. Several hundred books and numerous magazines were sent to Denver or given to troop trains leaving and passing through Wyoming. In answer to a call for books at Fort D. A. Russell,⁴ Wyoming, the Carnegie Library of Cheyenne supplied several hundred gift books, and the State Library loaned a Branch Library of about eight hundred volumes, which were cared for by the Y. M. C. A. This work continued until the Book Drive of 1918, which made possible the big "overseas" shipment in June.

Women Raise Over Three Million in Victory Liberty Loan

The sum of more than three million dollars was raised by women of Wyoming in the Victory Liberty loan campaign in the summer of 1918, as revealed by the *Wyoming State Tribune* of June 12, 1919, on file in the State Historical Department.

Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro of Rock Springs, state chairman of the women's committee, submitted her final report on that day, which showed a total of \$3,388,450.00.

The amounts secured in each county, together with the names of the county chairman, follow:

4. Camp F. E. Warren. The name was changed in 1930 when the post was renamed in honor of the late Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming.

"Laramie, Mrs. Charles D. Carey.....	\$906,850.00
Natrona, Mrs. Oliver G. Johnson.....	452,000.00
Carbon, Miss Mazie Doty.....	404,200.00
Albany, Mrs. E. H. Knight.....	329,600.00
Sweetwater, Mrs. Cora B. Wanamaker.....	239,900.00
Lincoln, Mrs. P. J. Quealy.....	207,500.00
Converse, Mrs. J. P. Keller.....	114,850.00
Sheridan, Mrs. Horatio Burns.....	95,550.00
Big Horn, Mrs. L. V. Stryker.....	95,250.00
Park, Mrs. R. I. Volckmer.....	86,450.00
Platte, Mrs. C. W. Crouter.....	63,100.00
Fremont, Mrs. Mary D. Jackson.....	61,250.00
Crook, Mrs. C. S. Smith.....	58,050.00
Washakie, Mrs. C. F. Robertson.....	51,550.00
Uinta, Mrs. F. A. Gray.....	41,500.00
Goshen, Mrs. G. E. Gannon.....	41,350.00
Weston, Mrs. E. C. Raymond.....	40,400.00
Hot Springs, Mrs. T. B. Hood.....	40,000.00
Niobrara, Mrs. James E. Mayes.....	34,050.00
Campbell, Mrs. George Gibson.....	17,500.00
Johnson, Mrs. J. C. Van Dyke.....	7,550.00"

"Wyoming Bought \$32,810,600 Liberty Bonds

"It has not been a great many years since the assessed valuation of Wyoming was \$30,000,000. We have many residents who remember that time.

"During the war, however, Wyoming was asked to raise \$25,000,000 in government bond sales and actually sold nearly \$33,000,000. The following was the quota in the various issues:

First Liberty Bond issue.....	\$ 1,567,550
Second Liberty Bond issue.....	3,936,000
Third Liberty Bond issue.....	5,025,900
Fourth Liberty Bond issue.....	7,977,500
Fifth (Victory) Bond issue.....	6,414,550

TOTAL	\$24,921,500
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"And these were the sales:

First Liberty Bond issue.....	\$ 2,063,900
Second Liberty Bond issue.....	5,692,200
Third Liberty Bond issue.....	7,330,550
Fourth Liberty Bond issue.....	10,525,500
Fifth (Victory) Bond issue.....	7,198,450

TOTAL	\$32,810,600
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"That is one reason we speak of Wyoming as the wealthiest state per capita in the union."

HISTORY OF WYOMING, WRITTEN BY C. G. COUTANT, PIONEER HISTORIAN, AND HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Chapter XX

Laramie County*

Cheyenne Continued—Another Newspaper Established, 1876—News of Custer Tragedy Is Heard—James Hunton Killed by Indians—Other Depredations in the Chug Section, Making Extremely Troublesome Days—Time for Holding Elections Changed by the 1876 Legislature from the First Tuesday in September to the same day in November Each Year.

A history should be something more than a mere record of facts and isolated incidents. They should be so interwoven and connected as to form links in a chain which should reach from the beginning to the end. Yet all history cannot be *philosophy* of history. The crimes committed in this world, and the wars which sometimes afflict nations seem not to be a part of the Omnipotent plan for the government of the world—they are mere incidents to the best plan that could have been desired, and while anything beyond a passing observation would be out of place here, it may be said that since the occurrence of startling events in the year 1876 in the northern portion of Wyoming and Laramie county, a more peaceful state of affairs has existed, and new counties have been created out of territory through which prior to that time white men rarely ventured.

The year 1876 opened in Cheyenne quite uneventful, and so continued for a number of months. On the . . .¹ day of . . . the *Cheyenne Daily and Weekly Sun*² made its first appearance in the Magic City—a newspaper which was destined to exert a great influence, not only in the city but

NOTE.—This original manuscript which is known as part of the "Coutant Notes" has been transcribed and published verbatim in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, beginning with the January, 1940, issue.—Ed.

*"Holt's New Map of Wyoming," published in 1887, may be found in the State Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming. The map shows the location of the ranches in Laramie County mentioned in this Coutant material and may be studied with a great deal of interest in connection with it.—Ed.

1. Periods, . . ., indicate either that a word was omitted by Mr. Coutant or is not legible.

2. "The *Cheyenne Daily Sun* rises on Monday next. It is not yet decided whether it is to be a morning or evening Sun. It would seem inappropriate, however, to have a Sun-rise in the evening. Speaking of Suns reminds us that this will be the third paper of that name published in Cheyenne. Old timers will remember that the first two had but brief lease of life, and left no monument, save the unpaid bills of their publishers."—*Cheyenne Daily Leader*, Friday, March 3, 1876.

throughout the territory. Its proprietor, E. A. Slack, had been for some time conducting the *Laramie Independent* at Laramie City, but in the spring of '76 he moved to Cheyenne, bought the *Cheyenne Daily News*, and consolidating that with the *Independent* commenced the publication of his paper under this new name.

On the 4th of July, 1876, the citizens of Cheyenne held a grand centennial celebration—the exercise of the day taking place on the shores of Lake Minnehaha. Speeches were made by E. P. Johnson, Esq., Chief Justice J. W. Fisher, and Judge W. H. Miller. An original poem entitled “The Magic City of the Plains” was read by W. P. Carroll, and Judge J. R. Whitehead read a very interesting historical essay on early times in Wyoming. The entire city turned out, and there was great enthusiasm, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks on the shores of the lake. In less than forty-eight hours the city was plunged into the deepest gloom.

On the night of the 5th of July the news reached Cheyenne that General Geo. A. Custer and 300 men of the 7th U. S. cavalry had been massacred by the Sioux Indians in the northern portion of the territory while endeavoring to strike a blow in behalf of civilization against the inveterate foes of the border land. The announcement was received with profound sorrow by all classes of people. General Custer was well known personally by many in Cheyenne, and all knew him by reputation to be a steadfast friend of the pioneers who had taken their lives into their own hands for the purpose of making of the Far West a home and a refuge for the millions who will eventually come. This peace commission consisted of Senator W. B. Allison of Iowa, Charles James Foulkner of West Virginia, Ex-Governor William Beach Lawrence of Rhode Island, and General Alfred H. Terry. These commissioners came to Cheyenne, and after remaining a day or two started for the agency.

A good joke happened in connection with the departure of these commissioners. After traveling many miles toward the north they were met by a cowboy who was coming toward Cheyenne, who heard one of the commissioners tell one of the others that he had lost a little book somewhere on the road after starting from Cheyenne. The cowboy who somehow learned who they were concluded to look for that little book as he was going in to Cheyenne over the same road. Before he had ridden two miles he discovered the book lying in the middle of the road. Getting off his horse he picked it up. The book proved to be Fennimore Cooper's “Last of the Mohicans” and the supposition was that the illustrious “Indian commissioner” was posting himself up on the character of the aver-

age North American Indian, and an inquisitive individual eventually ascertained where he purchased the book in Cheyenne. The "commissioners" accomplished nothing at their conference, and returned to Cheyenne where they met President Grant, who with General John M. Thayer (who had succeeded John A. Campbell as Governor of Wyoming) was returning from a trip to Salt Lake.

The commissioners were disgusted at what they had done, and Grant was disgusted at what they had *not* done, and intimated as much to the commissioners themselves. It has always been a problem whether the failure to effect a treaty with the Sioux on that occasion was not due to the loss of the Fennimore Cooper book as that is standard authority on the Indian character—at least among eastern people.

However, the government adopted stern measures with the agency Indians before the season was over, taking their ponies from them, and sent many hundreds of them to Fort Laramie where they were sold at auction in October, 1876. The effect of this was to scatter the Indians out all over the northern region, their purpose being to re-capture their ponies, and they had enough animals left which were not seized to ride around fully expeditiously on this mission. As early as the month of May even, they began their depredations. On the 4th day of May, 1876, James Hunton, a brother of John Hunton, rode out from the well known "Hunton Ranch" in the direction of Box Elder creek for the purpose of looking up missing stock. While riding along near a deep ravine he was fired at and wounded in the left side by Indians concealed in the bushes and sagebrush near by below him. Turning to escape, his horse stumbled and fell in some rocks near the brow of the hill over which he was riding at the time. Finding that he could not regain his horse, Hunton fled on foot to a "pocket" in the ravine where, pulling off the glove from his right hand and drawing a six-shooter which he had with him at the time, he prepared to defend himself. The Indians attacked, and he fired all the shots from his revolver wounding one of the Indians in the face, but he was finally killed, and when his body was found the next day there were five bullet and three knife wounds to show how effectual had been the work of the savages. His horse which the Indians were unable to catch made its appearance near the ranch next morning. Nearly every portion of the country north of Pole Creek and south of the North Platte river was raided by the Indians during the summer and fall, and wherever they could catch a white man alone, or even when there were more of them, a hostile demonstration was sure to result. In September the Indians several times

made their appearance near Joe Armijo's ranch between Little Bear and the Chug³, but made no attack.

In the latter part of September Daniel McIlvaine and David McFarland had a desperate encounter with several Indians some miles west of Hunton's ranch on the Chug. They went out together from the ranch of the former to look after stock, and suddenly rode into close proximity with a party of Indians. The latter charged upon them at once, but the two men dismounting from their horses shot and disabled two of the horses ridden by their would be murderers, or captors, before they could reach them. This cooled them down a little, but a fight was kept up for several miles, until finally McIlvaine's and McFarland's horses were shot. One of the two would stand firm and keep the savages at bay while the other would fall back a few hundred feet. They maintained the fight in this way until at length McFarland was wounded in the shoulder. The Indians had intervened between the two men and McIlvaine's ranch, and finding they were cut off they then endeavored to make good their escape to Hunton's, which they did. After the running fight was over the Indians rode back to McIlvaine's ranch and ran off several head of horses.

Len Ashenfelter was at the ranch at the time, and saw what was going on and knew they were Indians. An old lady who was at the ranch at the time also saw the horses running away and wanted Ashenfelter to go out and see what "those men" were doing. Ashenfelter, not wishing to alarm the old lady, said he would attend to that and mounted his horse. Observing that the Indians had come from the direction taken by McIlvaine, and fearing that something had happened to them, he waited until there was no danger of the Indians returning to attack the ranch, and then rode safely away in quest of the two men. He did not find them, but found their dead horses, and correctly surmising how the affair had terminated, Ashenfelter rode on to Hunton's where he found them.

At that time there were a few soldiers stationed at Hunton's and taking a sergeant and ten soldiers, Ashenfelter struck out, hoping to intercept the Indians and re-capture the horses. The Indians were encountered near a deep ravine where a fight ensued which lasted for more than two hours without decisive results. Finally the sergeant was killed, and at about the same time the Indians drew off. It was not known whether any of the Indians were slain.

Several times near the last of October the Indians made their appearance upon and near the Fort Laramie road between Armijos' ranch on the Chug. On the 20th two parties

3. Chugwater River.

were going from Fort Laramie south, and on the evening of that day thirty Indians were seen near the road some miles south of the Chug, and at about that time T. Jeff Carr and Louis Loeb of Cheyenne who had been "up the country" on a political mission, were fired at by the Indians, who were, however, some distance away. Several cowboys were chased about this time, and another party was pursued for two miles by thirteen of the hostiles, but escaped to a freighting outfit.

October 23d Major Upton with five companies of cavalry passed southward from the Chug toward Cheyenne. The Indians who were constantly hovering in sight of the road probably construed this into a retreat and acted accordingly. When the troops passed I. N. Bard's ranch on the Little Bear, W. P. Carroll, who had also been "up the country" on a political mission, and who had followed in the rear of the cavalry from the Chug, stopped while the cavalry went on to Horse Creek. There were then at the ranch Judge Bard, Mrs. Bard, a little girl, and two men who were employed on the ranch. There are high bluffs near the house and Bard mounted a horse and rode to the top of them to look for his cows. As he did so several Indians rose out of the sagebrush, and three shots were fired; one of them by Bard. The two men at the ranch grasped their guns and scaled the bluff to assist Bard, while in compliance with the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Bard who was much alarmed, Carroll mounted his horse and rode rapidly to Fagan's ranch, four and one-half miles away, to bring back a squad of cavalry. When he arrived there Major Upton, who had ordered his troops into camp, declined to send back any of his men as he did not believe the Indians would "attack the ranch." Calling in vain then for volunteers among quite a number of ranchmen, who in those days used to gather in at Fagan's at night as being a more secure place than their own ranches, the messenger, against their earnest protests, rode back through the darkness to Bard's to render what assistance he could in case it was necessary. All of the guns at the ranch, six in number, were put in order for better safety, Mrs. Bard with the little girl placed down cellar from which there was an underground channel leading out to the banks of the creek, and all other necessary preparations made to resist a night attack. Although the Indians could be heard signalling to each other during the night (this mode of communicating being a coyote bark) no hostile demonstration was made. The next morning Mrs. Bard and the little girl were sent in to Cheyenne.

Shortly after the passage of the troops southward from Fort Laramie under Major Upton as before related, the Indians appeared several times in considerable numbers in the vicinity of Phillip's and Maxwell's ranches on the Chug, but

committed no depredations beyond the running off of a few head of cattle and horses. About the last of October a Geo. Harris was set upon some miles west of Fort Laramie and pursued to the post, several shots being fired at him which he returned, and on the same day a party of three who were riding in a carriage toward Fort Laramie discovered a party of seven Indians about four miles south of the Chug. They did not wait for the Indians to make any hostile demonstrations, but one of the three, Fred Bath of Laramie City, fired a shot at them with his rifle, while another of the party discharged a revolver in the same direction. The Indians fired one shot in return, mounted their ponies and disappeared. Somewhat early in the season a cowboy who went by the name of "Fatty," his right name being Stewart, started from Walker's ranch to go to Fort Laramie after the mail. He did not return, and on search being made for him it was found where his horse had been shot, and tracks were found close by which indicated the former presence of perhaps a dozen Indians. The cowboy, however was not found, but later in the season in the vicinity where the tracks were discovered, a pair of spurs, part of a pair of boots, and some articles of clothing were found close to where there had been a large fire, and all of the indications pointed to the fact that the cowboy had actually been burned at the stake. Whether this was the fact or not, certain it is that the cowboy has never been seen or heard of since.

Many other instances might be cited to illustrate the exceedingly troublesome and warlike character of the Sioux in 1876, but the foregoing must suffice upon this point with the single remark that whether all of this was necessary or not in order that tranquility might reign within our borders, since the year 1876, there has been but little difficulty with the Indians anywhere within the present boundaries of Laramie county, though farther north in what is now Crook county the case has been somewhat different.

By an act of the Legislature the time of holding the fall election for county officers in Wyoming had been changed from the first Tuesday in September to the same day in November of each year, and by law the election of delegate in congress was to occur on the same day also, consequently the election in 1876 did not take place until November.

The following figures show the result in the county:

For Delegate in Congress.....	W. W. Corlett.....	1245
	W. R. Steel.....	940
Sheriff.....	T. Jeff Carr.....	1106
	N. J. O'Brien.....	1067

Judge of Probate and treasurer.....	Chas. F. Miller.....	1334
	Oscar Sharpless.....	825
County Clerk.....	Louis Loeb.....	1130
	G. B. Stinson.....	1034
County Attorney.....	W. H. Miller.....	
	E. P. Johnson.....	1054
Superintendent of schools.....	J. G. Cowhick.....	1335
	Rev. C. M. Sanders.....	831
Assessor.....	W. G. Provines.....	1339
	Geo. R. Thomas.....	896
Coroner.....	Geo. P. Goldacker.....	1191
	A. E. Howe.....	944
County commissioners.....	A. H. Swan.....	1346
	John Sparks.....	1331
	E. Nagle.....	1191
	Fred Landau.....	908
	John Talbot.....	864
	D. K. Smith.....	784

Of the officers elected all were Democrats except Swan and Nagle. Elections for Justices of the Peace and constables since 1875 have been held only in the precincts for which they are chosen. The result in Cheyenne at the 1876 election was as follows: T. M. Fisher, 947; John Slaughter, 815; Daniel Fallon, 757; S. H. Wood, 437; A. S. Emery, 169; the latter an independent candidate.

For constables the vote stood R. H. Kipp, 843; T. F. Talbot, 823; Thomas Cahill, 774; J. P. Julian, 675.

The congressional election in the fall of 1876 was an exciting one, especially in Laramie county, and there was much enthusiasm manifested in Cheyenne.

The result in the entire territory is here given:

County	Corlett	Steele
Albany	1010	533
Carbon	529	407
Laramie	1242	940
Sweetwater	496	423
Uinta	587	457
Total vote	3864	2760
Majority for Corlett.....		1104

(Here in the manuscript was space and paragraph in skeleton form for results of city election, never completed by the author.)

Chapter XXI

Laramie County

Cheyenne Continued—Gamblers Albert H. Harrison and James Leary in Tragic Combat—Beautiful Jennie Martin Murdered—Lives of Citizens Endangered—Temperance Pledge Signed at Revival Meetings by Thirteen Hundred—Broken Water Spout Floods City, 1877—More Newspapers Launched—“Road Agents” Molest Travelers on Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Line—Young Slaughter Killed—Daring Robbery Led by Fonce Reins—Other Tragedies of the Stage Route.

Let us now consider some of the more important events of the year 1877. There were many of them, but only a few can be mentioned.

On the 9th day of March there occurred on Eddy Street in Cheyenne one of the most desperate encounters between two men whose business for some years had been the conducting of and engaging in games of chance, and in card playing, etc., for money. Their names were Albert H. Harrison and James Leary. In the afternoon of that day these two men met at a saloon on Sixteenth Street, not far from the Inter Ocean Hotel. Connected with the saloon was a gaming room in which various games of chance, etc., were habitually played. The two men engaged in a game of “poker” with each other, and both of them won and lost at times. Finally a dispute arose between them over \$12.50 which one claimed that he had won while the other denied it. Harrison was the man who it was claimed had lost that amount, and finally he told Leary that if he (Leary) got the money he would have to fight for it, and Leary replied that he had a mind to do that. The quarrel went on until Harrison said something about Irishmen (Leary being one) which added fuel to the flames. Leary had a “gun” (six shooter) with him, but at this time Harrison was unarmed. Finally, S. L. Moyer got the two men apart and stopped the quarrel for the time being. Shortly after they both left the place, and walked up toward Eddy Street together. When they arrived near the northeast corner of Eddy and Sixteenth Streets the subject of the quarrel was broached again. Both men were willing to fight as the sequel showed. When Leary turned to go into the saloon on the corner alluded to—kept by Charles Storms—Harrison said that he disliked to be shot in the back, but that as he was unarmed he would go to Dyer’s Hotel and get his “gun” and then he would be ready for a fight. Harrison furthermore said to Leary that the latter might go a short distance up Sixteenth Street to where he saw a certain large sign which he pointed out, and that after he (Harrison) got his revolver and came back to the corner opposite Storm’s place, “to turn loose” and he would be prepared

to do the same. Having said this, Harrison went after his "gun," and procuring it started back down Eddy Street toward the corner before indicated.

In the meantime Leary went into Storm's place, and the proprietor appears to have assumed a sort of guardianship over him, and not only gave him a larger revolver, but volunteered some suggestions which were acted upon by Leary, for when Harrison was making his way down Eddy Street, Leary made his appearance from a side door nearby in the rear of the saloon, and opened fire just as Harrison arrived, at a point a few feet south of S. L. Moyer's place. Harrison was hit and fell, but at about the same time fired also, his bullet passing through the west side of the Storm's saloon. Leary continued to fire, and gave Harrison his mortal wound after the latter had fallen. Five shots were fired in all, three by Leary, and two by Harrison. One of the shots from Leary's revolver went through the window and lodged in the door of a large ice safe and narrowly missed hitting the barkeeper and another man standing near by. Before the last shot was fired people began to rush to the spot, and in less than five minutes there were hundreds on the ground. Harrison was picked up and taken to Dyer's Hotel where he died on the 22nd. Leary was arrested, but gave bail. He was afterwards indicted and tried on the charge of manslaughter, but was acquitted. Leary went to Deadwood, Dakota, and eventually to Arizona, where he was shot and killed in very much the same (way) that he killed Harrison. Storms also went to Arizona, and in an affray at Tombstone in that territory he was shot through the heart and killed, but strange to say succeeded in pointing his revolver at his assailant after he had fallen to the ground.

This affair caused much excitement in Cheyenne, and the indignation of the people was aroused because these two men should arrogate to themselves the right to put the lives of other people in jeopardy in settling a quarrel between the two principal actors in this bloody drama.

Shortly before dark on the evening of . . . 1876, Miss Jennie Martin, an exceedingly beautiful and estimable young lady of seventeen, was shot through the head and instantly killed on the sidewalk a few feet north of what at this time (1886) is known as the McGregor corner,⁴ while walking along with another young lady—Miss Minnie Montgomery—and, although the terrible affair was investigated for days by the coroner's jury, and afterwards by the grand jury before whom no less than 66 witnesses appeared and testified, the

4. McGregor Corner, 400 West 17th Street, Cheyenne.

perpetrator of the foul deed was never ascertained, although people were not wanting who asserted that they could point out the man. As Miss Martin did not have an enemy in the world so far as known, it was always supposed that she was mistaken for someone else, and that the shot was not intended for her.

On the 18th day of July, 1877, Thomas J. Street died, and his funeral occurred two days later. Mr. Street, who for several years had served as city attorney, was one of widest known and ablest lawyers in the territory. The bar held a meeting, adopted resolutions, etc., and attended the funeral in a body. His funeral was the largest and most numerously attended one that ever occurred in the territory, or city, up to that time. The entire fire department, of which Mr. Street was a member, attended in a body, and with several secret and other societies marched in the procession to the city cemetery where the remains were interred. The procession moved via Eddy⁵ and Seventeenth Streets to the place of burial, and when the head of the procession entered the cemetery gate the rear of it was passing the Carey Block in the heart of the city. Mr. Street had a dog named "Don" which for years had followed him nearly everywhere, and when the funeral took place, the poor animal trudged along near or under the hearse to the place of burial. When the mourners and others were returning to the city the dog went back to the cemetery, and was found the next morning lying beside his late master's grave, and it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to leave it.

After the death of Mr. Street, James M. Irwin, Esq., was appointed city attorney, but held the office but a short time when W. P. Carroll was tendered and accepted the position.

During the latter part of the summer a temperance revival of stupendous proportions occurred in Cheyenne. A preacher named Guy Allen from Colorado—a former resident of Wyoming, however—appeared in Cheyenne and held a series of meetings at the M. E. Church, and for more than four weeks this truly able and eloquent temperance exhorter spoke every evening at that place to crowded houses. More than 1300 people who had been addicted to the habit of drinking—some to excess, and others moderately—signed the temperance pledge. Open air meetings were also held every Sunday. Such a marked effect did this temperance revival have that even business in the police courts was almost suspended. There were at that time sixty-six places in the city where liquor was sold at wholesale or retail, and in a few months there were not

5. Now Pioneer Avenue.

to exceed one-half that number due in part to this great temperance revival.

There was much building done in the city during the season of 1877, but it was mostly confined to the erection of private residences. About the middle of August a water spout broke on the plains just north of the city, and while the fall of rain in the city itself was not large, yet in a short space of time the principal streets resembled rushing rivers of water. Many basements in the city were filled with water, and a large amount of damage was done. On this occasion the water was nearly eighteen inches in depth in front of the Carey Block on Seventeenth Street, and although it was hoped that a similar flood would never visit the city again, two or three times within the succeeding four years the same thing happened again until by ditches, etc., excavated out on the plains north of the city a safeguard was provided.

During the summer, the *Cheyenne Gazette*, a daily paper, was started in Cheyenne by Messrs. C. W. Bramel, Esq., A. R. Johnson, and a Mr. Webster, the former being the editor. This paper was conducted successfully for a number of months when it was removed to Deadwood, D. T., by Messrs. Webster and Johnson.

The Hornet, a very small but sprightly daily paper, also made its appearance about the same time, its editor and proprietor being Willie Crook (now Dr. Crook), a mere boy, but an unusually gifted one, and a son of Dr. J. J. Crook then a resident of Cheyenne. Following this came *The Spur*, its editor and proprietor being J. Wilde Harding, which was also a daily paper. Neither of these two papers were published very long. This was the first time in the history of Cheyenne that five daily papers were published at the same time.

J. Wilde Harding was a singular character, and possessed many commendable traits of character. He came to Cheyenne in the capacity of "telegraph editor" of the *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, and was much given to dress. Not holding his position very long on the *Leader*, and as he could get nothing else to do, he fitted up a chair at the "Tivoli" and embarked in business as a boot black. People who had theretofore positively disliked the young man at once began to respect him, and he very soon had many influential friends. It was by this means that he was enabled to start *The Hornet*, but being of a naturally roving disposition he soon discontinued the publication of *The Hornet* and went to Colorado, where he died in about two years.

The election for members of the legislature occurred in September again in 1877. Notwithstanding the fact that the time for holding the election for county officers had been by

an act of the legislature in 1875 fixed for the first Tuesday in November on each recurring "general election" year; the date of holding the legislative election had been left as formerly. (By an act of the legislature of '79, and which took effect the following year, the delegate in congress, county officers, and members of the legislature are now elected on the same day.) Under this arrangement legislative members elected in the fall of 1880 did not convene until January, 1882. Those elected in the fall of 1882 did not meet until January, 1884, and those elected at the general election in November of that year did not assemble until January 12, 1886.

The result of the legislative election in September, 1877, was as follows:

Council.....	J. H. Keller.....	1395 votes
	T. Dyer.....	1129
	Herman Haas.....	1085
	A. H. Swan.....	1081
	L. Murrin.....	1042
	J. S. Taylor.....	868
	S. M. Presshaw.....	813
	G. W. Corey.....	760
House of Representatives.....	J. E. Davis.....	1820
	Peter Hamma.....	1671
	D. C. Tracy.....	1431
	Andrew Ryan.....	1117
	R. F. Glover.....	1089
	Peter McKay.....	1077
	H. H. Helphenstine.....	948
	G. D. Fogelsing.....	904
	P. J. McNamara.....	894
	H. Conley.....	870
	Charles Hecht.....	835
	H. Kimme.....	828
	J. H. Bowman.....	739
	L. C. Stevens.....	703
	N. Weeks.....	571
	J. P. C. Poulton.....	502
	John F. Coad.....	474
	J. V. Swift.....	473

The legislature (the 5th) which convened in Bon's Block on Sixteenth Street early in November enacted a new lien law⁶ for Laramie county at the instigation of the working men's organization, which subsequently proved to be the best law of the kind ever enacted in Wyoming. Hons. A. H. Swan and

6. Session Laws of Wyoming, 1877, Mechanic's Lien, pages 77-82.

J. N. Keller in the Council, and Hon. Peter Hamma in the house of representatives, were the chief engineers of the bill in their respective branches of the legislature. Some new and much needed legislation on the subject of the "protection, care and herding of stock"⁷ was obtained.

This legislature also passed an act granting a new charter to the City of Cheyenne which will be mentioned in the next chapter as well as several matters pertaining to the first election held thereunder.

Attention must now be turned to other portions of the county where stirring events happened during the spring, summer and fall of 1877. A consideration of these matters involves an account of the exploits of the "road agents" (highway robbers) which began in the spring of 1877, and as their operations continued until and during the season of 1878, these also will be referred to before passing to other matters, though it takes the reader a little out of the regular order, and down to a period of time in the history of events not as yet considered in a general way.

Rich quartz and placer gold mines having been discovered and opened in the year 1876 at Deadwood and elsewhere in the Black Hills country, a most flourishing mining camp was started at the above mentioned place, which fact induced the formation of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Company of which Mr. Luke Voorhees, now of Cheyenne, became the very efficient superintendent, and at once a line of coaches was put upon the route between Cheyenne and Deadwood.

In due time the shipment of gold from Deadwood to Cheyenne began, and with this the "road agents" made their appearance and began their depredations principally along through what in those days was known as the "Cheyenne river country." It could not reasonably be expected that within the space allotted specific mention can be made of everything of interest which transpired during the "road agent days." Only the most important events can be mentioned.

The road agents first began their depredations in May, 1877, and within a few weeks robbed the passengers and coaches several times between the Cheyenne river and Deadwood. Their operations were mostly confined to attacks on the "treasure coach."

The "agents" would have advisers in Deadwood who would speedily inform them when a shipment of gold or other valuables was to be made, and being forewarned they could, of course, make no mistake in regard to the right one. While the treasure coach was the object of this especial solicitude at first, later on in the "campaign" they would attack nearly

7. *Ibid.* Stock, pages 124-127.

everything that carried passengers. The leader of the agents for a number of months was "Dunk" Blackburn, who before that time resided for a year or two in Cheyenne and was considered to be a hard working, honest, straightforward man. But he fell into bad company while in Deadwood, and being at first induced to assist in stealing ponies from the Indians, he at last went a step farther and became a road agent and eventually the leader of the gang.

One of the first deeds of violence committed by the road agents was the killing of "Johnnie" Slaughter, a son of J. N. Slaughter, then of Cheyenne. He was one of the stage drivers, and while going into Deadwood on March 25, 1877, and when but two miles from that place, he was shot and instantly killed, the horses running away and not stopping until they arrived in the town. The agents got nothing on this occasion, but had expected to intercept Hon. M. E. Post with a large amount of money. Someone composed some verses which were set to music on the death of young Slaughter, and they were frequently sung in the Variety Theatres in Cheyenne and Deadwood for some months. May 15, 1877, the passenger coach was attacked by a band of "agents" at a point appropriately termed "Robbers Roost" between Lightning Creek and the Cheyenne river. The robbers had the best of the situation, and the passengers, among whom were two gentlemen by the name of Smith from New York, a merchant from Chicago whose name has not been remembered, Daniel Finn, Mrs. E. L. Boughton of Cheyenne, and two or three others. The passengers, with the exception of Mrs. Boughton, were made to (get) out of the coach and form in line with their hands up, while some of the robbers stood by with guns or revolvers pointed at the passengers; others passed along the line and took everything of value which they had with them. While this was going on Dan Finn, having a revolver in his pocket, drew it and fired quite badly, wounding one of the agents named Brown in the head. This was the signal for a general melee, and as many as fifteen shots were fired altogether. Finn was badly wounded in the face, the Chicago merchant was slightly wounded in the arm, and G. S. Smith (one of the two brothers) so badly wounded that he died in a few days after reaching his home. In the meantime the horses attached to the coach took fright, ran away and did not stop until they reached the station at Cheyenne river, more than four miles away. A fellow called "Lengthy" Johnson was the leader of the agents on this occasion and fired the shot which took effect on Finn. He was afterwards arrested and tried in the district court at Cheyenne but was acquitted.

On the 4th day of August the southern bound coach was stopped and the passengers robbed between the head of Beaver creek and Jenny's Stockade by three men who were afterwards alleged to be James Wirdom, C. H. Webb, and John Connor, who were subsequently captured in Deadwood and brought to Cheyenne for trial. When captured in Deadwood, a shooting match between Boone May (one of the stage messengers, and who was aboard of the coach when the robbery occurred) in which Webb was quite badly wounded. When the trial took place in Cheyenne, the jury disagreed three times, and they were finally released from custody. Several other robberies took place during the summer and fall of 1877, nearly all of them in the vicinity of Lightning creek and the Cheyenne river. "Dunk" Blackburn, who by this time associated with himself in his leadership of the road agents a man named Wall, had become so notorious that large rewards were offered for his capture by the stage company, and the country in which he had been operating became too warm for him. Such being the case, he and Wall resolved to get out of the country to Arizona as soon as possible. They struck across the country in the direction of Green River, Wyoming, but were followed by Scott Davis, one of the most daring and fearless of the messengers then in the service of the company. Davis followed them for nearly four hundred miles, night and day, and finally overhauled them in the night within about ten miles of Green River. They were asleep under a haystack when found, and Davis, to make sure of their capture, went into Green River and obtained assistance. Returning with two officers they undertook to capture the two agents, and did capture Wall. "Dunk," however, escaped, but without his boots on. Although it was then winter weather, he succeeded in making his way to one of the railroad stations, having torn up an under garment and tied the remnants around his feet. He was subsequently captured, however, brought to Cheyenne, tried and convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. Wall's sentence was two years less.

In October a young man named Fonce Reins (usually called Fonce Ryan) who had served two short terms in the penitentiary, stole a horse from L. R. Bresnahan in Cheyenne and went north for the purpose of joining the road agents. He fell in with a man named Babcock above Fort Laramie and pressed him into service, at first tying Babcock's feet together so that he could not get off his horse. Babcock, however, soon got bravely over his aversion to turning road agent, and the two stopped the coach but a few miles from Fort Laramie and robbed the passengers, among whom was Col. W. F. Swezey, then U. S. Marshal for Wyoming. This was the most daring

robbery that had occurred up to that time, and a squad of cavalry was sent out from Fort Laramie under the command of Lieut. Chase, who overhauled and captured the two near the "Government farm" (so called from the fact that in early years the military authorities at Fort Laramie had used it for a hay ranch, etc.). They were brought to Cheyenne and tried on several charges (for this was not the only robbery the two committed). Fonce being sent to the penitentiary for seventeen and Babcock for ten years.

Although the stage company, under the able management of Superintendent Luke Voorhees, did all that was possible to do to put a stop to these depredations, even having men out scouring the country and camping out as did the agents themselves, yet, in spite of all the efforts made to suppress and put a stop to this kind of work, the depredations were repeated in 1878.

July 16, 1878, the stage was stopped near the Cheyenne river, and the passengers Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snow and a brother of Mrs. Snow were robbed of their valuables. Capt. E. S. Smith, one of the company's messengers, was aboard of the coach on this occasion, and he also was robbed, but recovered nearly everything taken from him later on.

July 25th the treasure coach which was going toward Deadwood, and to which the passengers on the regular coach had been transferred at Lance creek, encountered six road agents, Captain E. S. Smith, one of the daring messengers of the company, being with the coach, but riding on his horse a short distance ahead. The robbers were behind a clump of bushes when discovered, and although the coach passed in safety, the bandits opened fire on Smith. About eighty shots in all were fired, Smith's horse being killed, and his body afterwards used by the messengers as a breastwork. One of the robbers was hit, but not seriously injured. Finally the road agents desisted, and the coach with its brave defender passed on.

The following from the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* of July 27, 1878, will explain the affair more fully:

(Special Telegram to the *Leader*)

"Deadwood, D. T., July 26, 1878.

Passengers on the coach that arrived from Cheyenne tonight report that Capt. E. S. Smith, the messenger accompanying the coach, engaged single handed in a contest with six road agents, and after a fight of about half an hour, and the discharge of fifty shots on the part of the road agents, and about thirty by Smith, the road agents left without molesting the coach. Smith's horse was shot under him at the commencement of the firing. The passengers are profuse in their commendations of the Captain's bravery and courage."

September 26, 1878, the treasure coach was attacked also near the Cheyenne River, and after a brush with the agents in which messengers Smith and Hill were both slightly wounded, the coach was taken possession of and robbed of \$27,000, part of which was subsequently recovered, and still later in the season a band of road agents came in at the stage station known as "Cold Spring" and by some as "Spring on the Hill," and concealing themselves in the barn opened fire on the treasure coach when it came in from the direction of Deadwood, and a telegraph operator who was accompanying it was killed. Scott Davis, the captor of "Dunk" Blackburn was with this coach, and it seems that they mistook Campbell for him, as they had all taken a solemn oath to kill Davis at the first opportunity. Davis fought them as best he could, but was finally compelled to abandon the coach to them. They ran the coach away into the timber, and after a vast amount of trouble succeeded in forcing open the treasure box, but obtained very little of value. Other depredations were committed during the fall of 1878, some of them nearly as far south on the road as Hat creek (War Bonnet being the Indian name), but eventually the treasure coach was withdrawn from the route, and placed on the Sidney line to Deadwood.

Many of these desperadoes were eventually caught, and scarcely one escaped paying a penalty of some kind. In addition to several who were captured, tried and convicted at the November, 1877, term of court in Cheyenne, and which have not been mentioned, several others were arrested, brought to Cheyenne and tried in the fall of 1878, among whom was Al. Spears who certified to having been with the road agents on the occasion when Campbell was killed. He pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Two other incidents will be mentioned after which the subject of road agents will be dropped. In December, 1878, three road agents who had been arrested in the Black Hills were brought to Cheyenne for trial, and it having been ascertained that their crime was committed in Dakota Territory, they were sent from Cheyenne under a strong guard back on the road to Deadwood, but when a short distance beyond Fort Laramie a gang of masked men took them from the coach in which they were being transported, and hung them to a tree by the roadside. At about the same time Boone May, one of the stage company's most efficient messengers, came to Cheyenne and claimed the reward of \$250.00 which had been offered by the Laramie county commissioners for the capture of certain road agents "dead or alive" and explained that in one of the

encounters with the road agents he had killed one, and had buried him beside the road. The commissioners declined to allow his claim for a reward until he produced further proof of the killing. Boone said nothing, but returned to the hills. In a few days he came back to Cheyenne, and left a gunny sack containing something at the "Revolution" store kept by Hon. Henry Harrington, now president of the Cheyenne city council. In a few days it was noticed that the gunny sack did not smell very sweet, but nothing was said. When the board of commissioners met again Boone took the gunny sack to the court house, and there exhibited to the astonished gaze of the members of the board the head of the road agent whom he had killed. He got the reward this time without any difficulty.

(To be Continued)

ACCESSIONS
to the
WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
October 1, 1941 to January 1, 1942

Miscellaneous Gifts

- Smith, Governor Nels H., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Framed sheet of Wyoming Commemorative stamps on the Fiftieth Anniversary of Statehood.
- Henderson, Harry B., Sr., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Collection of three hundred twenty-nine Capitol Avenue Theater Programs collected from November, 1911, to January, 1923, by the late Mrs. Henderson. One copy of *The Lariat*, 1909, one Woman's Club of Cheyenne Program, 1915-1916, and five pictures of Indians in color.
- Goossens, John, Chicago, Illinois—Autographed copy of song "Frontier Days in Gay Cheyenne" written in 1910 by Mr. Goossens.
- Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Massachusetts—Receipt roll of clothing issued to enlisted men of the Hospital Corps, U. S. Army, by Louis Brechemin, Assisting Surgeon, U. S. Army, at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, 1888.
- Wyoming Board of Supplies, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Penitentiary Commissioners Seal for Wyoming Territory.
- Taylor, Ed P., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Fire Chief's helmet presented to Mr. Taylor about 1912.
- Gereke, A. J., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Notary Commission from Governor Bryant B. Brooks to F. W. Munn, August 23, 1908.
- Newton, L. L., Lander, Wyoming—One copy each: *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, July 2, 1892; *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, August 31, 1894.

Pictures—Gifts

- Farlow, E. J., Lander, Wyoming—Photograph of the skull of Harvey Morgan, killed in 1870 near Lander, Wyoming, showing wagon hammer driven into skull.
- Newton, L. L., Lander, Wyoming—Five pictures of the ceremony at the dedication of the Sacajawea marker near Fort Washakie, Wyoming, September 15, 1941.
- Johnson, Mrs. Jessamine Spear, Kirby, Montana—Picture of the Medicine Wheel, Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming.
- Hiscock, F. J., Cody, Wyoming—Fourteen photographs: five photographs of the Tepee Rings, Cody, Wyoming; five photographs at the De Maris Springs, Cody, Wyoming, one showing Colonel W. F. Cody and party; four pictures of the Frost Cave, Shoshone National Monument, two of these showing Colonel Cody escorting the first ladies to visit and enter the cave.

Haynes, Jack Ellis, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming—Seventeen photographs: one map of route taken by President Arthur's party to Yellowstone Park, 1883; President Arthur and party; twelve pictures of the camp sites and country traversed; one picture of Fort Washakie in 1883; two pictures of Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians, Fort Washakie, 1883.

Books—Gifts

University of Wyoming, Sponsor, Wyoming Archaeological Project—Works Project Administration. Archaeological Quarterly Reports in two typewritten volumes, January through June, 1939.

Sowers, Ted C., Supervisor, Wyoming Archaeological Project—Works Project Administration. The Wyoming Archaeological Survey. 1941.

Author—Union Pacific Railroad. Intermountain Industrial Properties of the Union Pacific Railroad in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado. 1941.

Books—Purchased

Allen, William A.—The Sheep Eaters. 1913.

Brewerton, George Douglas—Overland with Kit Carson. 1941.

Chaffin, Lorah B.—Sons of the West. 1941.

Frackelton, Dr. Will—Sagebrush Dentist. 1941.

Hill, J. L.—The End of the Cattle Trail. 1941.

Holman, Albert M.—Pioneering in the Northwest. 1941.

Loekley, Fred—Across the Plains by Prairie Schooner. 1941.

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Peters, Dewitt C.—Kit Carson's Life and Adventures. 1941.

Seymour, Silas—Incidents of a Trip Through the Great Platte Valley. 1941.

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No. 2

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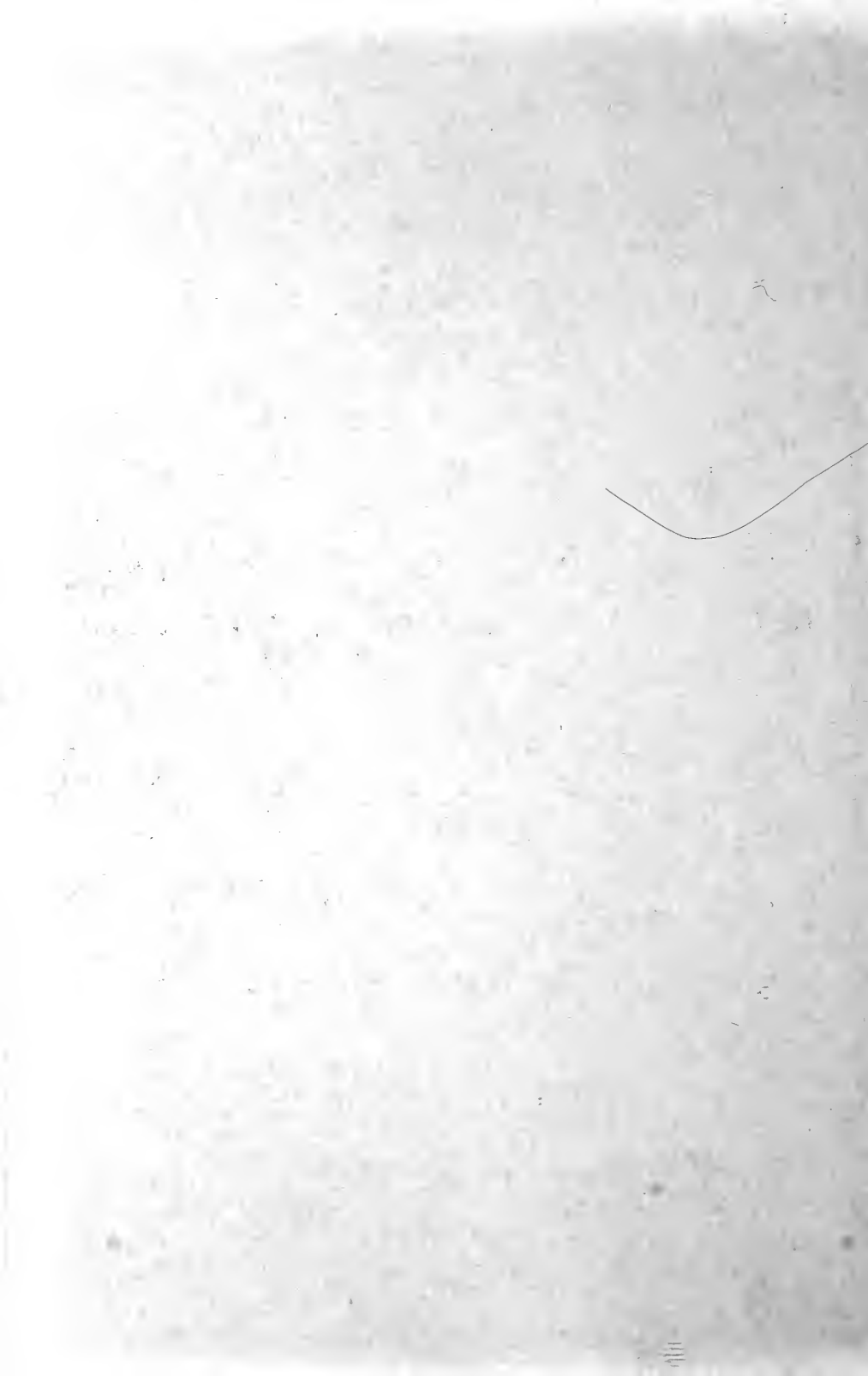
Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

NORRIS HOTEL FROM GIBBON RIVER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
January, 1887. Photo by Frank Jay Haynes. See page 9.

Published Quarterly

By

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
Cheyenne, Wyoming



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The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

In all ways the Department strives to present to the people of Wyoming and the Nation a true picture of the State. The historical magazine, ANNALS OF WYOMING, is one medium through which the Department seeks to gain this objective. All communications concerning the ANNALS should be addressed to Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, Wyoming Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE,
January, 1887. Photo by F. Jay Haynes.

The First Winter Trip Through Yellowstone National Park

By Jack Ellis Haynes*

The exceptionally severe winter of 1886-7 which raised havoc with cattle and other livestock, railroad communications and settlers on the windswept plains of Wyoming and Montana Territories, so ably described by Alfred Larson,¹ found a little party of skiers laboriously traveling through the mountainous Yellowstone National Park, taking midwinter photographs.

The January, 1887, meteorological observations,² which have to do with this story, reveal that at Mammoth Hot Springs it snowed on twenty-three days during that month, with a total snowfall of seventy-seven inches; depth at the close of the month, eighteen inches; the lowest temperature being twenty-one degrees below zero; the greatest wind velocity a "gale", which is usually interpreted as twenty-five to seventy-five miles per hour. Mammoth is at a relatively low elevation. It is common knowledge that at higher elevations in the Park, the amount of snowfall and the force of the wind are usually greater, and the temperature lower than observations at Mammoth show.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka (1849-1892), famous for his Arctic undertakings, was the first leader of the Yellowstone Winter Expedition of 1887, which was under the auspices of the *New York World*, for which paper he was to write a story. Schwatka encountered extremely cold weather in the Arctic regions, seventy degrees below zero,³ but the Park holds the record of sixty-six below zero in the continental United States, which was indicated on an official U. S. Weather Bureau thermometer at Riverside Station at an elevation of approximately 6,667 feet.⁴ On the same day at Mammoth Hot Springs, at an

*NOTE: Jack Ellis Haynes is a photographer with studios in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, and St. Paul, Minnesota. For further biographical data see the ANNALS OF WYOMING, January, 1942, page 31.

All pictures accompanying this article have been furnished through the courtesy of Mr. Haynes and were taken by his father, Frank Jay Haynes, January, 1887.—Ed.

1. Larson, Alfred, Ph. D., "The Winter of 1886-87 in Wyoming", ANNALS OF WYOMING, January, 1942, p. 5.

2. Harris, Captain Moses, Acting Superintendent, *Report of Yellowstone Park*, August 20, 1887.

3. "Polar Regions," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1911, Vol. 21, p. 949.

4. U. S. Weather Bureau Records, Yellowstone Park, on February 9, 1933.



PARTY AT OBSIDIAN CLIFF.
January, 1887. Photo by F. Jay Haynes.

Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

elevation of 6,239 feet, thirty-nine and six-tenths degrees below zero was recorded, the lowest temperature on record there.

Two or three of the eastern friends of Schwatka turned back at Livingston, Montana Territory, where Frank Jay Haynes,⁵ who had left Fargo, Dakota Territory, by train at 4:00 a. m. December 30, 1886,⁶ joined the party. Between there and Cinnabar, the southern terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad's "Park Branch", which was three miles from Gardiner at the northern boundary of the Park, large snowdrifts which blocked the route had to be shoveled.

The start of the winter tour was made from Mammoth Hot Springs on January 2, 1887, by a party of eight men who, it was soon learned, were far too elaborately equipped. The outfit included Arctic sleeping bags, knapsacks, fur coats, provisions, cooking utensils, astronomical instruments, thermometers, photographic cameras, holders, glass plates, changing bag, tripods, Norwegian skis, poles, Canadian web snowshoes, and man-drawn toboggans on which to transport the dunnage.

Skis, which proved to be the best means of transportation, need little description for present day readers, but the specifications have historical significance. The skis used by Haynes⁷ measure nine feet nine inches in length, and the pair weighs thirteen pounds; they are made of ash, three and five-eighths inches wide, and the part under the foot is one inch thick. Each is fitted with a looped thong or strap into which the foot is slipped, and the underside has a groove from tip to heel; like modern skis they have plenty of camber. The pole used in 1887 was a round, strong stick with no disc, six to eight feet long; it was used to maintain balance and as a brake to check the speed when descending steep, dangerous slopes. In ascending, a tacking process served the purpose except in making steeper climbs, when the skier wound a small rope around the left ski to prevent backsliding; abrupt rises were negotiated by the corduroy step, side-stepping.

"The difficulties of snow-shoe (ski) travel in the Park," wrote Captain Harris,⁸ "are such, however, that it is not to be recommended as a winter diversion." Referring to the winter ski trips of 1887 and 1894, Captain Chittenden wrote, ". . . difficult and hazardous nature of these undertakings,"⁹ and

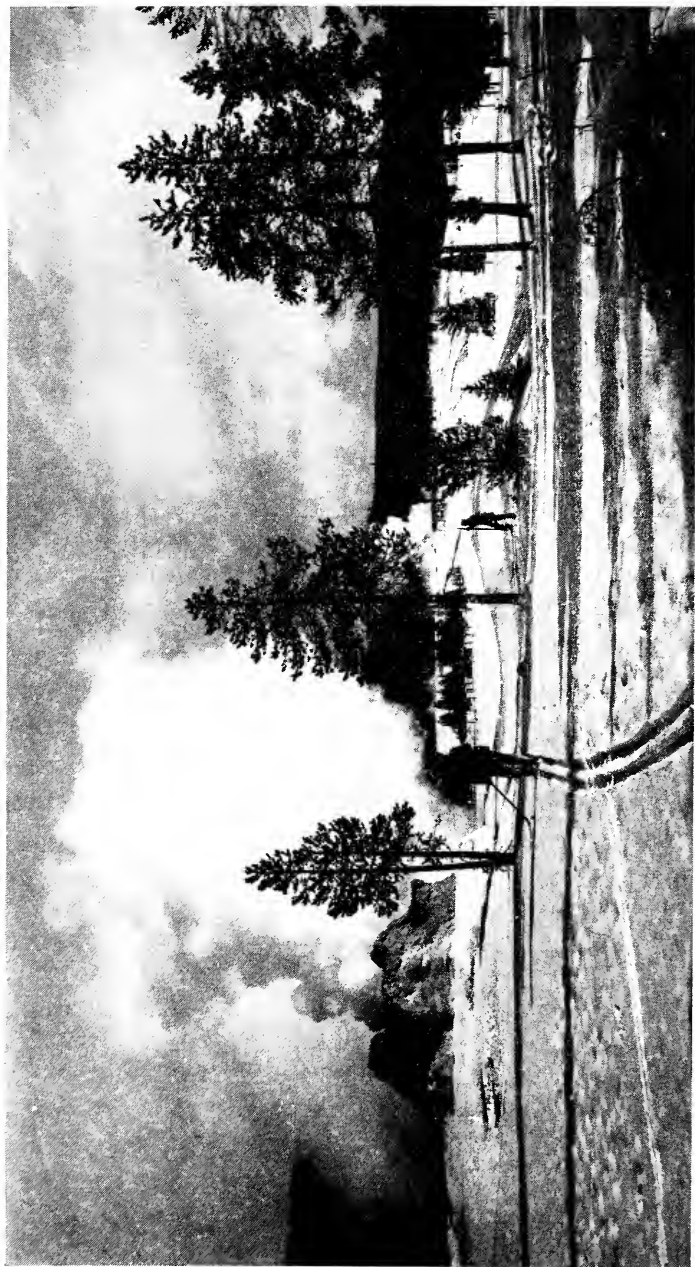
5. Photographer with studios in Yellowstone National Park and Fargo, Dakota Territory.

6. Diary of Loa V. Snyder, sister of Mrs. F. J. Haynes, December 30, 1886.

7. Skis used by F. J. Haynes in 1887 are now in Haynes' collection.

8. *Report of Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park*, August 20, 1887, p. 4.

9. Chittenden, Captain H. M., *Yellowstone National Park*, 1895, p. 108.



UPPER GEYSER BASIN FROM CASTLE GEYSER

(Old Faithful steaming in distance). January, 1887. Photo by Frank Jay Haynes.

Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

"The art of traveling by snow-shoe (ski) is about the most difficult method of travel known and is rarely resorted to except from sheer necessity."¹⁰

Since Schwatka, the writer of the party, negotiated only twenty miles of the journey, the facts related in this story are drawn from other sources including early Haynes' guidebooks¹¹ and the present writer's recollections of details related by his father.

When the party started the thousand-foot climb to Kingman Pass (elevation 7,256 feet), the temperature at Mammoth was only slightly below freezing, but as the day wore on it grew steadily colder, and when nightfall found these men encamped at Indian Creek in Gardiner's Hole, eight miles from Mammoth, the cold was almost unbearable. That night it reached thirty-seven degrees below zero.

The second day out, January third, saw little progress made. The light snow, about four inches deep, lay on the harder layers below and made dragging the toboggans next to impossible. Camp was established near Obsidian Cliff; only four miles that day, four miles practically level.

The morning of January fourth broke clear, and a photograph was taken of the party with Obsidian Cliff as a background. By nightfall Norris Hotel¹² near Norris Geyser Basin was reached. It was across the Gibbon River from the Soldier Station, which had been abandoned for the winter. The party moved into the hotel, started fires and enjoyed the first comfortable night since leaving Mammoth. Twenty hard miles had been traveled in three full days!

Schwatka's spirit was broken. On top of it all he was ill and discouraged. He had seen enough of the Park in mid-winter to enable him to write its story. But photographer Haynes had to go to the geyser basins, to the Canyon; he could not turn back! Scout Wilson, too, was eager to complete the trip as originally planned. Many photographs were taken in the vicinity of Norris. Two men, stouthearted westerners, were released by Schwatka and employed to continue the trip with Haynes and Wilson. Schwatka and the other three turned back.

Abandoning everything they considered unessential, and with one camera and their provisions and sleeping bags strapped to their backs, the party of four, under the leadership of Frank J. Haynes, stepped into their skis and poled on to Norris Geyser

10. *Ibid.*, p. 194.

11. Guptill, A. B., *Guide to Yellowstone Park*, 1890, p. 112-117. Guptill, A. B., *All About Yellowstone Park*, 1892, p. 101-108. *Haynes Guide to Yellowstone Park*, 1896, p. 109-119.

12. The Yellowstone Park Association built this hotel in 1886. It was completely destroyed by fire July 14, 1887, and was replaced by a temporary "camp hotel" consisting of tents.



CANYON HOTEL,
January, 1887. Photo by F. Jay Haynes.

Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

Basin. It was a gorgeous sight. Craters unnoticed in summer steamed copiously along with the large ones, presenting a display resembling a large manufacturing city. Trees heavily laden with ice, near the steam vents and geysers, produced in glittering brightness all of the fantastic forms possible to the imagination.

The usual route was followed across Elk Park and Gibbon Meadows, down Gibbon Canyon and across the mesa to Lower Geyser Basin. From here they could see great columns of steam rising through the cold atmosphere from hundreds of vents, not only in the Lower Basin¹³ but also in the Midway Geyser Basin, then known as Hell's Half Acre, and in the distant Upper Geyser Basin,¹⁴ ten miles southward.

For five days at Upper Geyser Basin the party was snow-bound by a blinding blizzard. Although the president of the Yellowstone Park Association had granted them the use of the hotels, they learned that kindling a fire in the primitive one at Upper Basin brought in drafts from the outside which rendered the place uninhabitable, so they obtained a tent from the store-room, pitched it on the warm ground near Old Faithful Geyser, and were quite comfortable.

A most unusual sight was revealed the first clear morning after the storm—Old Faithful Geyser, Giantess Geyser and Grand Geyser, three of the largest in the Park, erupted simultaneously. Haynes photographed the first two, but the Grand subsided before he could reach a place close enough to show it adequately.

The great amount of vapor rising in majestic columns more than a thousand feet high when the geysers were in eruption, and from innumerable openings throughout the basin, produced an unforgettable scene. The foliage surrounding each geyser was most beautifully ornamented with ice, frozen vapor and spray.

Twenty-one eight by ten inch photographs were taken at Upper Geyser Basin before the party decided to proceed to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The unusually heavy fall of snow throughout the Park, fully eight feet in depth, gave an aspect to the scenery which was quite different from anything the members of the party had previously seen. The tips of trees looked like bushes; fallen trees, bushes and boulders were entirely buried. Drifts of tremendous depth were encountered.

Snow drifted over the top of the Canyon Hotel, as Haynes' camera revealed, and the two winter keepers there had to shovel tunnels to the doors. The primitive hotel was situated south of Canyon Junction where the Canyon Ranger Station is now located (1942). Of the Lower Falls and the Grand Canyon of

13. Lower Geyser Basin is the site of Firehole Lake.

14. Old Faithful is located in the Upper Geyser Basin.

the Yellowstone and the hotel, seven pictures were taken before overcast skies and storms prevented further photography there.

The beautifully colored walls of the canyon were buried under masses of pure white. The Lower Falls presented a spectacle that was strange indeed. Its north half was frozen solid and ornamented with huge icicles two hundred feet long. Its brink was frozen over and hidden by an arch of ice about twelve feet thick; and at its base, rising to the top of the spray line, was an ice bridge fully a hundred feet in height.

A little more than twenty miles northward was their next stopping place—Yancey's,¹⁵ where Uncle John would be their host, after which the last eighteen miles would bring them back to Mammoth, the end of the journey. From the Grand Canyon (7,734 feet) the trail led to Dunraven Pass (8,860 feet); between Mount Washburn (10,317 feet) and Dunraven Peak, thence down the northern slopes to Yancey's cabin in Pleasant Valley (elevation approximately 6,200 feet).

By now the travelers were thoroughly seasoned; they would need only a snack for luncheon. It would not be difficult to reach Yancey's by night, so all they carried in the line of provisions was some sweet chocolate. As the climb progressed the weather grew more and more severe—numbing cold, a driving blizzard, darkness, and many miles yet to go.

"A fearful blizzard overtook them," wrote John L. Stoddard. "The cold and wind seemed unendurable, even for an hour, but they endured them for three days. A sharp sleet cut their faces like a rain of needles, and made it perilous to look ahead. Almost dead from sheer exhaustion, they were unable to lie down for fear of freezing; chilled to the bone, they could make no fire; and, although fainting, they had not a mouthful for seventy-two hours. What a terrific chapter for any man to add to the mysterious volume we call life!"¹⁶

It was reported that during one of these nights the temperature fell to fifty-two degrees below zero. One man nearly succumbed. He began to see visions of bread and had to be lifted to his feet and forced to keep going after he had collapsed on his skis. The weather cleared just in time for the party to regain its bearings and reach Yancey's. Uncle John quickly helped them to beds and fed them a weak broth despite their threats to kill him if he did not give them food—lots of it! Yancey knew what to do. It was not the first time he had helped to keep the thin thread of a human life from snapping.

15. In 1882 "Uncle" John Yancey was permitted to erect a small mail station in Pleasant Valley and to use it to accommodate teamsters, fishermen, and other visitors. *Haynes Guide to Yellowstone National Park*, 1936, p. 147-8.

16. Stoddard, John L., *Stoddard's Lectures*, 1898, Vol. X, p. 291-2.

After fully recuperating at Yancey's, the party made ready to ski the last eighteen miles. The picture taken at Yancey's shows photographer Haynes (left and his three companions who, with him, had shared both the hardships and pleasures of the trip, the first one ever attempted in the Park in winter.

On February fifth, Haynes reached Fargo and soon thereafter published a printed leaflet dated February 25, 1887, bearing the signature, "F. JAY HAYNES, Official Photographer N.P.R.R.," which listed thirty-five photographs with this statement, "I have just completed the only series of 'Mid-Winter Views of Wonderland' ever made . . . the interesting and beautiful results of several weeks' perilous work, during January last, in that wonderful region, making the entire circuit of the Park (nearly two hundred miles) on snowshoes."



Courtesy of Jack Ellis Haynes

PARTY AT YANCEY CABIN, PLEASANT VALLEY,
January, 1887. F. Jay Haynes (left).

THE SPEARS OF SHERIDAN COUNTY

The Life Story of One of Wyoming's Pioneer Couples

Willis Spear, usually called "Uncle Willis" by his circle of friends, rode the range of northern Wyoming and southern Montana for over sixty years. He was identified with every phase of the cattle business in Wyoming, experiencing every degree of its will-o'-the-wisp fortune from "going broke" to enjoying prosperity—a cowman first, last, and all the time by habit; State Senator by popular demand; a dude rancher by choice, and host extraordinary by nature.

To fully understand the character of the man, a brief review of his ancestry is revealing. His father, Willis Bradford Spear, Sr., was born in Chautauqua County, New York, and his mother, Jane Ferguson Spear, in Ohio. The Spears were descendents of the Clarks who came over on the Mayflower and of Governor William Bradford of New England. They were pioneers in Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, California, Iowa and Missouri. The roving spirit was in the blood of Willis, Sr., and his early experiences took him to various sections of the country—as a soldier in the Mexican War and later an emigrant to the California gold fields, where he remained a number of years. Spear Street in San Francisco was named for him.

Returning from the West, Willis Spear, Sr., and Jane Ferguson were married at Niles, Michigan, on October 17, 1853, after which they settled in northern Missouri. On August 2, 1862, at their home near Rockport, Willis Spear, Jr., was born.

In the spring of 1874, as soon as the territory was settled, Mr. Spear, with his family of eight, emigrated in a covered wagon to Wyoming, a new frontier. When they left Lincoln, Nebraska, there were pioneers in seventeen wagons, traveling together for protection. They traveled along the Union Pacific, as they dared not go far from the railroad for fear of encountering Indians.

One of their first stops on this westward trek was at the spot where Big Springs, Nebraska, is now located. During the two-day sojourn, the twelve year old Willis and one of the men, William Sickler, went hunting, and while chasing a magnificent antelope, its hind legs were broken by a shot from Sickler's gun, giving Willis an opportunity to display his fine marksmanship

*NOTE—Material on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Willis M. Spear has been gathered over a period of years by their daughters, Mrs. Jessamine Spear Johnson of Big Horn, Wyoming, and Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron of Sheridan, Wyoming. Additional information was gathered by Mrs. Byron's daughter, Virginia, now Mrs. F. L. Fernandez of Alamosa, Colorado. It is through their cooperation that this biography has been made possible.—Ed.

by firing the bullet that killed the animal. Sickler left Willis to watch the antelope while he rode the five miles back to camp to get a pack horse. It was now dark; the hooting of the owls, the howling of the coyotes, and the ghostly noises of the night were so frightening that the young boy, not being able to stand it, deserted his vigil and hurried toward camp; meeting Mr. Sickler, who was returning with five assistants, Willis guided them back to the antelope. In recalling the incident, it was evident that Mr. Spear's boyish appetite had made the outstanding impression on his memory, as he remarked that he could not remember ever having smelled anything quite so good as that antelope steak frying over the campfire that evening.



MRS. WILLIS M. SPEAR
(1863 - 1930)



WILLIS M. SPEAR
(1862 - 1936)

Pioneering in Western Montana—1875-1883

The winter of 1874-75 was spent at Evanston, Wyoming. In the spring the family left for Montana, going to Bear Lake and Soda Springs in Idaho, ferrying Bear River, and crossing the Snake River on the Eagle Rock Bridge. From there they went north to Dillon, Montana, and down the Beaver Head to Deer Lodge City. They visited New Chicago¹ and then spent the winter in Philipsburg.

Of this trip Mr. Spear recalled, "In crossing Bear River on the ferry boat, one of our mules was killed when he went off the side of the boat and ran a snag in his side, so that we had to buy a horse to take his place upon our arrival at Philipsburg, Montana. Father had just enough money left to buy meat for dinner—so we all had to get out and do what we could to help things along."

The gold rush to Montana had followed a strike by James and Granville Stewart on Gold Creek in 1858. Constant discoveries followed, and when metalliferous quartz, containing both gold and silver, was discovered at Philipsburg, that place became especially prosperous along in the '70's and until the decline of silver values forced many mines to close. Therefore, when the Spear family arrived at Philipsburg in 1875, Willis Spear, Sr., secured employment by helping to build the gold stamping mill, then called Trout Mill.

Recalling these mining days, Mr. Spear said, "The shipments of silver from the Hope Mine at Philipsburg were carried in one hundred pound bars in a leather bag with leather handles. This silver was ninety-seven per cent pure. In New Chicago, Montana, the boullion was dropped on the sidewalk in front of an express office where it would lay until the stage came through from Missoula about midnight. It was then picked up and taken on to Ogden for delivery to the Union Pacific Railroad. This reckless manner had been followed from the time the Hope Mine had been started, about 1870, until the year '79 or '80 when one bag came up missing. At the time I left there in 1883 it still had not been found."

Later the family settled at New Chicago where Mrs. Spear's brother, William Ferguson, had a hotel, which she managed for several years.

In the winter of 1875-76, as a boy of thirteen, Willis carried the mail three times a week on a mule from Philipsburg to Georgetown Lake. He made the round trip in one day, returning in time to help care for the stage horses of the man who held the contract for carrying the mail from New Chicago to Philipsburg

1. New Chicago was located about twenty-five miles north of Philipsburg.

and Georgetown Lake. It was a lonely twenty-eight mile ride for this black-haired, ninety-six pound son of the plains, through the many blizzards he encountered on the trail that led along the foot of the mountains above the valley. The last four or five miles this trail wound through a canyon and up a steep mountain.

"When I finished with this job," said Mr. Spear, "I went to work for the Widow Coberley at Philipsburg. Formerly she had lived on the west side of Flint Creek, about one-half mile west of New Chicago, where she ran a road ranch and store. In the early days she used to go away and leave her store open, and when persons came during her absence to purchase things, they would get what they wanted and leave the money, which was mostly gold dust at that time.

"When I went to work for her, she had a milk ranch. One day when she was pouring cream, which was very thick, into the churn, I said, 'My, that is the thickest cream I have ever seen.' She answered, 'Your mother is like all Missouri women, she skims a lot of milk in her cream.' This I resented more than any criticism she could have made of my work.

"The next morning she asked me if I liked pancakes and I said I did. She made some sugar syrup and mixed up some batter. She started to bake them on a little bit of a griddle, a tablespoon of batter in each cake. It was no trouble for me to eat them faster than she could bake them. When the batter was all gone, and I was still waiting for more pancakes, she said, 'It is no wonder that your pa was poor if the other children eat as much as you do.'

"One day when the stage stopped at Widow Coberley's ranch a guest bragged about the coffee. When he had finished his meal he pulled out a notebook and asked Mrs. Coberley if she would tell him how she made that coffee. She answered, 'Yes, I put in a lot of coffee and put it on the stove and boiled hell out of it.' He said he could remember that without writing it down!

"I could not do anything fast enough for her or satisfy her, except picket the calves out and deliver the milk and butter around town. I could saw enough wood in an hour to last us several days, but when I would start sawing she would watch me a minute, come and take the bucksaw away from me, and saw two sticks to my one. She complained that I drove the cows and rode the pony too fast to suit her, and that I ate too much.

"After working for the Widow Coberley for a while I got a job herding sheep for a butcher. I told her I was quitting and she said, 'All right; you ain't worth your board anyhow.'

Journey to Sheridan, Wyoming, Recounted in Diary

In 1883 the family moved to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. The two months' journey of three hundred and fifty miles is recounted in a diary by Willis Spear, on a pad of the Chicago House² stationery, fastened together with carpet tacks. Though monotonous at times, the trip was filled with dangers and hardships. The diary unfolds a vivid account of the journey across unbroken wilderness and wide-open prairies; how the cattle became footsore and lagged behind; how some of the horses became sick or strayed; how several of the party suffered accidents, and of the difficulties encountered in fording the stock across rivers. Willis, then a boy of twenty-one, with the aid of his sister, Emma, drove the livestock.

The diary³ of the trip, from start to finish, follows:

AUGUST 2: This is my twenty-first birthday. We left our home in New Chicago, Montana, for Tongue river in Wyoming. Our train is composed of three families. There are 24 people, five wagons, three buggies, 100 head of horses, and 80 head of cattle. We traveled 10 miles today and corralled our horses in Wallace's corral tonight so we would not have to herd them.

AUGUST 3: Camped today noon on Deer Lodge river. About 3 o'clock one of the wagon covers caught on fire, from a Chinaman's pipe. He had asked to ride away. In putting out the fire, Frank Venleven cut off two fingers on a scythe, which was hanging on the side of the wagon. Camped on Little Blackfoot. Some of the men who had business to attend to went on to Deer Lodge.

AUGUST 4: The folks got back so late today from Deer Lodge that we only moved five miles. We camped on Meed creek, where we found plenty of wild raspberries and gooseberries.

AUGUST 5: Moved 15 miles and camped on Milk creek. Killed a number of grouse which were splendid eating.

AUGUST 6: Camped at noon at French Woman's ranch, so called because a French woman was killed there about 15 years ago. Nobody knew who did the deed until a few years ago when her husband died after confessing that he had killed her. Frank's hand pained him so that he went on to Helena to have a doctor dress it. Camped at the mouth of the tunnel that goes through the top of the Rocky mountains.

AUGUST 7: Night herding was a cold job last night. We crossed the Rockies in the forenoon and came to the eastern end of the Northern Pacific railway. There is about a hundred miles

2. The Chicago House was the hotel managed by Willis Spear's mother in New Chicago.

3. The diary, now in the possession of Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron of Sheridan, Wyoming, has been transcribed and copied verbatim.—Ed.

yet to build before the two ends meet. The cars stampeded the horses but none were lost. Camped five miles west of Helena. Frank came back, and he had had to have some of his third finger cut off, so as to dress it properly.

AUGUST 8: Some of the horses got away from the night herder, but were soon found. We did not move today. Did some trading, had the horses shod and did some washing.

AUGUST 9: Frank got on the cars at Helena and started for his home in the states. Moved 10 miles and camped on Prickly Pear creek. Quite a number of young ladies came over to visit our camp.

AUGUST 10: Moved 15 miles and camped on Beaver creek four miles from the Missouri river. It rained quite hard in the afternoon but was clear in the evening.

AUGUST 11: Crossed the Missouri river at Edmonson's ferry. As the ferry boat could not carry loose horses and cattle we had to make them swim. The horses swam across without much trouble. Several gave out a little way from shore, but all got across except a yearling colt of Pa's, which was drowned. We were three hours crossing the cattle. They would swim out a little and then go to milling around. We had to take some of the calves across in the ferry boat, and then succeeded in getting the cattle to cross. Took the wagon across on the ferry and then moved four miles to the foot of the mountains and camped on Confederate creek.

AUGUST 12: As it was Sunday, we did not move, but amused ourselves by riding wild horses.

AUGUST 13: Some of the horses got away in the night and could not be found until noon. Traveled up Confederate gulch and passed through Diamond City. It was once a flourishing mining camp with several thousand inhabitants. Now there are only a few hundred. It used to be the richest mining camp in that territory, but is all worked out excepting in a few places. Camped on the divide between the Missouri and Smith rivers.

AUGUST 14: Passed through old Fort Logan at noon, where we sold two horses which were lame. The fort has been abandoned for several years. We camped on Smith river. A short time after making camp we received a note from a man to move on, as we were on his land. As everybody is supposed to fence his land, and his wasn't fenced, we did not move.

AUGUST 15: Passed through White Sulphur Springs and camped two miles east of Deep creek. We moved too far for the cattle, so we left them back a few miles.

AUGUST 16: The cattle were so footsore that we decided to rest here a few days. Most of us went to town to do some trading and try the baths.

AUGUST 17: Nothing happened worth writing about.

AUGUST 18: Mr. Scrueachfield, who had only horses and no cattle, concluded to go ahead, as the cattle traveled so slow.

AUGUST 19: Moved 15 miles to Copperopolis, a stage station. Saw several bands of antelope, but they were too wild to kill any. Mr. Gruell bought 60 head of Oregon cayuses for \$21 a head. People have said all along the road we had the finest herd of horses that they had ever seen in this country, but they won't say that any more.

AUGUST 20: Crossed the divide between Smith river and the Musselshell. Gruell bought 20 head more of Oregon horses, for which he paid \$40 a head.

AUGUST 21: On account of it raining and being so cold, we only moved a few miles. Camped at Martinsdale, on the south fork of the Musselshell.

AUGUST 22: We traveled now down the Musselshell for 60 miles, which is said to be the finest cattle range in the territory. Mr. Newman left us at noon. He will go north to Fort Maginnis, where some of his relatives live. This leaves only two of us to drive the horses and night herd. Gruell herds the forepart of the night and I the last part.

AUGUST 23: While watching some wild horses this morning, one struck Mr. Gruell above the right eye and cut quite a gash. A pilgrim came up while one of the horses was bucking, and said, "Well, that thing hops the highest of anything I ever saw." Little Robert Gruell was running after the cattle when his horse stepped in a gopher hole and broke one of the forelegs.

AUGUST 24: The horse with the broken leg followed us a ways this morning till we met a fellow and sold him for \$5. Camped in a sage brush bottom, where we killed quite a number of sage hens. These are the first we have killed on the road.

AUGUST 25: Some of the horses ate some poison weed last night and one of them was so sick at noon that we had to leave it.

AUGUST 26: Left the Musselshell valley at Olden's ranch at noon. Started south through the hills to Billings. Camped at Painted Robe Springs, which is the best camping place we have had on the road.

AUGUST 27: Moved 10 miles to Bull Mountain Springs in the forenoon. As it was 12 miles to the next water, we camped here.

AUGUST 28: Oscar Gruell was running his horse this morning when he fell and threw Oscar off. It hurt his back and head so that he has been having fits all day. He was senseless for over two hours, but is all right this evening. Camped at Antelope Springs.

AUGUST 29: After the teams had started we missed five head of Mr. Gruell's horses. Two men came in and said they had seen them at a lake basin about five miles away. I hunted

till noon and then came back. Took the horses to where the wagons had camped at Whisky Bill's station. Mr. Gruell came on in the evening, but no horses.

AUGUST 30: Gruell and I started out again this morning to hunt the horses. We went on one side of the lake basin, where the horses were last seen, which is about 12 miles wide and 30 miles long and is covered with small lakes. I took the other side and rode about 50 miles. Saw no horses but saw several bands of antelope. I came back to camp but Gruell stayed out hunting. Mary and Charley⁴ had to come to Billings to meet us and we had not got there yet. Charley came out to our camp at noon. Ma, Pa and Emma went on to Billings with him.

AUGUST 31: Gruell got back at noon, but didn't hear anything of his horses. We think they must have got with the wild horses on Bull Mountain.

SEPTEMBER 1: Moved on into Billings this forenoon but too late to see Charley and the others as they had to go back to tend their work.

SEPTEMBER 2: Ma and Emma went with Mary to Junction.⁵ Some of our cattle got in with a drove of cattle that are taking our back track, so we had to follow them 12 miles before we overtook them.

SEPTEMBER 3: Moved 10 miles down the Yellowstone, to Bakers battleground and camped there.

SEPTEMBER 4: Pa went after ma and Emma, and Mr. Gruell went back to Martinsdale. We expect to have to lay over here three or four days.

SEPTEMBER 10: Nothing happened since the fourth worth writing about. Ma and Emma came up from Junction on the train.

SEPTEMBER 11: Gruell came back this morning so we hitched up and moved a mile down the river to Huntley. We crossed the wagons first on Haskins and Maguires ferry boat, without any accident. People say this (the Yellowstone) is the most treacherous river in the west. It is not only swift but has an undercurrent which sucks everything down. There has been about 20 men drowned at this ferry while trying to swim their stock. We started the horses across and swam alright until they got to the center, when the leaders turned and started back. Then they all began to mill around and for about five minutes every horse was trying to get on top of another one, then they separated and such a sight I never want to see again. Some went to the other side but most of them came back while others that had got strangled seemed to be crazy and did not know

4. Sister and brother of Willis Spear.

5. Located at the confluence of the Big Horn and Yellowstone Rivers and no longer in existence.

which way to go. They would swim around awhile and then turn on their backs and disappear, never to be seen any more. Twenty-one head of old horses were drowned besides five colts. Seven of them were ours and the rest were Gruell's. We let the horses that came back rest awhile, then cut them out in small bunches and swam them across without any loss. This is the way we should have done it in the first place. We then started the cattle in and they would swim out away and then mill around. They wouldn't make the first attempt to go across so we took the calves across and tied them on the bank. Will let them be till in the morning.

SEPTEMBER 12: Tried all forenoon to swim the cattle across but the more we tried the worse they got, so we had to put them on the ferry boat. I was swimming below the cattle this morning when they began to circle around me and came near getting all around me, so after that I stayed behind. We are now on the Crow reservation. We have to keep a close watch on the horses as the Indians will stampede them if they get a chance. Moved 20 miles down the river to the old stage station, near Pompey's Pillar.

SEPTEMBER 14: It rained so hard last night that we could not move the wagons today. Dock and Robert Gruell took a pack horse and the cattle and went on ahead. Most of us have been engraving our names on Pompey's Pillar. That was named by W. Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and we saw his name engraved on it when he was through here, July 25, 1806. It is covered now with an iron screen, so as to keep it from being spoiled. Pompey's Pillar is a huge column of rock standing by itself, on the south side of the river. It is about two hundred feet high and covers about an acre of ground.

SEPTEMBER 15: I went on ahead at noon and got into Junction City in the evening. Charley and Mary were surprised to see me as we intended to take another road. Missed it so we had to come this way.

SEPTEMBER 16: The wagons came on at noon and stayed until evening. This evening we moved five miles and camped on the Big Horn river.

SEPTEMBER 17: We are now in sight of the Big Horn mountains, which are 75 miles away in Wyoming. Camped nine miles below Fort Custer on the Big Horn river tonight.

SEPTEMBER 18: Crossed the Big Horn river at Fort Custer, crossing the wagons on the ferry boat and the stock all forded it, except a few. They got below the riffle and had to swim. A noon some pilgrim soldiers that had just arrived from St. Louis came to our camp. One of them said he could ride any horse in our band so I lassoed a wild one. Two of us got ahold of it and blindfolded it so he could not see, then the soldier got on. He

fastened both hands in his mane and then we pulled the blind off and let him go without so much as a halter. At first the horse was so scared he didn't know what to do, then he put his head between his forelegs and went up in the air. The third buck the soldier came off, landed on his right shoulder slid on his ear a ways, and got up and exclaimed, "Well that horse hopped the highest of anything I ever saw." We camped four miles below Fort Custer tonight on the Little Big Horn river.

SEPTEMBER 19: Some of the cattle strayed into the brush in the night, so two of us stayed back to hunt for them. Found them all finally in the evening. We got into camp a short time before midnight. We are four miles from Custer's battleground. Can see his monument from the camp.

SEPTEMBER 20: We passed where they are building the new Crow Indian agency. The superintendent of the reservation came up and made us pay 10 cents a head for loose stock, which is the toll they charge for crossing the reservation. Spent the forenoon visiting the Custer battlefield. The monument is erected near where he fell and the bones of the private soldiers were buried under the monument. Three days after the fight in 1876, seven years ago, the officers were buried in separate shallow graves and the soldiers were put in shallow trenches, and some that lay away from where the main fight took place were covered only with sage brush. All of the dead were not found at this time, for out of the 224 men with Custer, only 204 were buried. The body of Kellogg, the newspaper correspondent, was discovered some time later, lying near the head of a gulch, about a mile away from the battlefield.⁶ In '77 the officers were removed from the battlefield, and it was found that coyotes had dug up a great number of the soldiers' bones and scattered them around. Their bones are still lying scattered in every direction and we picked up lots of cartridges and some pieces of the monument, which had been chipped off, when setting it up. We camped 10 miles above on the Little Horn.

SEPTEMBER 21: Moved 15 miles, crossed Lodge Grass creek and camped on Pass creek. They both help form the Little Horn.

SEPTEMBER 22: Traveled all day up Pass creek. Found plenty of wild plums and some of the folks got too many for their health!

6. In the files of the Historical Department is a copy of the *Tribune Extra*, published in Bismarek, D. T., (sic), July 6, 1876, which gives the "First account of the Custer Massacre" on the Little Big Horn River, June 25th of that year. In the article the writer states that Kellogg's last words to him were: "We leave the Rosebud tomorrow and by the time this reaches you we will have MET AND FOUGHT the red devils, with what result remains to be seen. I go with Custer and will be at the death."

SEPTEMBER 23: Camped at the foot of the Big Horn mountains on Tongue river, after moving 15 miles today.

SEPTEMBER 24: Moved about 20 miles today, to Sheridan, Wyo., which is situated at the junction of the Little and Big Goose creeks. Our journey ends here.

After the family was settled, Willis returned to Junction City to spend the winter of 1883-84 with his sister, Mary, and to work for her husband, Paul McCormick, who had a store and trading post and ran cattle on the Crow Indian Reservation. His brother, Charles Spear, had entered the employ of Paul McCormick two years earlier.

Virginia Belle Benton, Later Mrs. Willis M. Spear

On November 18, 1885, Willis Spear was married to Virginia Belle Benton, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. George W. Benton. Her father was the first Protestant minister in northern Wyoming, bringing his family into what was then Johnson County in 1881.

Mr. Benton was a descendent of Roger Williams, the first Baptist minister and founder of the state of Rhode Island. He was a medical missionary, and Mrs. Spear's early childhood memories were of their life in Illinois and the migrations to Kansas and later to Wyoming.

In 1850 her parents came from West Sutton, Massachusetts, to Illinois where they resided, except for a few months spent in Wisconsin, until 1871. During their short sojourn at Berlin, Wisconsin, Virginia Belle was born on December 6, 1863.

In the fall of 1871 the family started west in covered wagons and spent the winter at Tyson Mills, Iowa. In the spring they continued their journey and took up a homestead in Smith County, Kansas, where their nearest neighbor was five miles away. After nine years in Kansas, the family decided to move on to a new frontier in northern Wyoming. The story of this journey is vividly given in the diary⁷ of Virginia Belle, age seventeen.

Diary—Journey from Kansas to Wyoming—1881

WED. JUNE 15, 1881: We left home about eleven o'clock and after eating dinner with one of our neighbors we traveled about ten miles to our nearest town of Riverton, Nebraska, when we camped on the banks of the Republican river until the 18th.

Several of our friends came to see us there and to see how we liked camping. Saturday was a very busy day but we finally

7. The diary, now in the possession of Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron of Sheridan, Wyoming, has been transcribed and copied verbatim.—Ed.

finished the business that kept us there and left sometime in the afternoon and camped near a sod house which was built on the prairie, miles away from every other home and when the men went to the house to see about milk and water they found a notice on the door, saying the well had gone dry and the drought had taken the corn and vegetables and they were going back where there was more rain. So we had to take our water keg some distance away to a small stream and also take the teams there to be watered. We had no intention of traveling on Sunday but with such a scarcity of water and no milk we decided to move on, which we did and as it rained we only went far enough to be able to procure milk, water and wood.

MON. JUNE 20: We traveled all day and camped at night just as a heavy rain storm came on and continued half the night.

JUNE 21: We reached Kearney and camped on the west side of the city.

JUNE 23: We camped west of Elm Creek Station.

JUNE 24: We reached Plum Creek Station and as it rained again we were sheltered by a merchant in rooms above his store.

JUNE 25: We crossed to the south side of the Platte river and camped that night in the sand near the home of a minister, with whom Father was acquainted. Another severe rain, hail, and wind storm came up and tore our tent and blew it over but luckily we could sleep inside the wagons as the fleas were intolerably thick here and would have eaten us alive if given half a chance.

JUNE 27: We stayed there over Sunday and Mon. We only traveled about 20 miles as the rains had made the roads too muddy and where there was no mud it was sandy and the thermometer stood at 92 in the shade.

JUNE 28: We traveled another 20 miles and reached the abandoned Ft. McPherson and as a terrible wind storm came up we were given permission to camp in one of the vacant buildings which we were very glad to do as we could not have stretched our tent. That day our dogs saw a band of sheep for the first time and killed one before we could reach them so we bought the one they killed and enjoyed eating fresh mutton.

JUNE 29: We took the opportunity of washing and afterwards we went to visit the National Cemetery (which was taken care of by an old Irish gentleman and his son) which looked so very pretty and green that we thought of an oasis in the desert. We were invited to spend that evening with a family living there, and enjoyed the music which we unitedly produced without stopping to consider whether our voices were cultivated or not.

JUNE 30: We stopped at noon near the home of a Swede who presented us with new potatoes and some fresh mutton and we entertained two guests at dinner that evening. We camped

near North Platte city and Mr. Nickham and his daughter (who were our guests at noon) gave out an appointment for religious services in the Baptist church there and Father preached to the few who could be notified in such a short time.

JULY 1: We stopped on our way through North Platte and ate ice cream. (A great luxury)

JULY 3: We traveled about 25 or 30 miles and camped near the river again over Sunday, which proved to be a hot windy day. Two cowboys, Black and John Meyers, and a Doctor camped there also.

JULY 4: Was very cool and chilly in the morning, scorching hot afternoon. We traveled as far as Brule Station and camped.

JULY 5: We only came about five miles this side of Big Springs as we had another storm from every direction. A little boy wanted to come with us to Cheyenne. He had come from Chicago.

JULY 6: A "Dr. Powell" came along with a blanket on that someone had given him, and as we thought him queer we were glad he was not going our way. We ate dinner at Denver Junction and passed thru Julesburg and camped on Lodgepole Creek. We ate dinner at Lodgepole station and camped for the night about two miles from Colton Station, where several families were camped who were on their way from Texas to Oregon.

JULY 8: We reached Sidney in time to see the soldiers on drill with their horses. We received several letters here, had our teams shod, and traveled nine miles farther before camping for the night.

JULY 9: We traveled 17 miles and camped beside a spring where thistle roses, rock lilies, primroses and other flowers were growing.

JULY 10: Sunday again—we wrote letters.

JULY 11: Traveled 25 miles and camped near Bushnell station. Showers again. Dr. Powell reappeared and ate supper and breakfast with us.

JULY 12: We ate dinner near Pine Bluffs, Wyoming Territory. Passed Egbert Station and Widow Brown's sheep ranch and camped where the swallows had built their nests in the cliffs.

JULY 13: We came five miles up on the prairie and could see the mountains like a great bank of clouds in the distance. We traveled 26 miles and camped near Cheyenne—east of town near the lake. Cheyenne is 13 years old and the houses are low on account of the wind. We all received letters here. Prayer meeting night so Father and sister went to church and met the Whipples.

JULY 14: Mrs. Whipple came to visit us in camp today and took me home with her for awhile. This afternoon we

passed through Cheyenne and our road led us out past the Fair Grounds and Ft. Russell. We camped near Whitcomb's⁸ sheep ranch and Father and sister drove down to get milk for the children. The housekeeper told them the romantic history of Whitcomb's marriage to a descendant of a Sioux Indian princess, and showed them the oil paintings of the daughters who were away at boarding school.

JULY 15: Traveled about 21 miles—stopping at the foot of the mountains for dinner and camping in an open park on top of the mountains, which we were told were the Laramie Mts.

JULY 16: Our first morning in the mountains, so far from every human being but ourselves and such a silence and hush over everything. Not even a bird call could be heard. Delightfully cool and fresh after the rain. I wanted to walk and examine every boulder and every plant by the way. We saw a mountain looking like a fortress, and another place like a graveyard with headstones, a pulpit, seats, a bar and a platform. We ate our dinner where we could see the Tower of Babel in the distance.

It rained in the afternoon and we passed a rock that looked like a square tombstone with two rosebushes beside it. We had a very, very steep hill to ascend, where there were three springs and then a gradual descent of 12 miles thru the Cheyenne Pass⁹ where the road was just wide enough for one wagon at a time. One place was so slanting that my left hind wheel was moving in space for one breathless second, but luckily the wagon did not tip over, and we reached the valley safely. Camped about one mile east of Laramie City. We had another downpour of rain which made us sad and sloppy.

JULY 17: Father, John and Gazelle went to the Baptist Church to Sunday School (Pastor away) and were invited to dinner by one of the Deacons, so accepted the invitation. Another storm. John and Gazelle came back to camp but Pa stayed and held services in the evening and stayed all night.

JULY 18: Rained again and we were invited to move into the vestry of the church, which we were glad to do and have a dry spot to sleep in.

JULY 19: Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn called on us. Father and John went to Cummins¹⁰ about 30 miles away in the Rocky Mts. to see if it would be a good place to camp while we were waiting word from Frank, who had gone on to Oregon and

8. E. W. Whitcomb. The family home in Cheyenne was located at the corner of Carey Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where the Branen Food Market now stands.

9. Cheyenne Pass was located a little south and east of Laramie at the head of Lodge Pole Creek in the Laramie Mountains. An old, immigrant and freight road lay through the pass.

10. Cummins City was located just north of the Colorado-Wyoming border and directly south of the present site of Woods Landing.

Washington. Gazelle and I attended Young Peoples' meeting in the evening. Rainy again.

JULY 20: Mother returned Mrs. Blackburn's call and I stayed all night with Mrs. B. as Mr. B. was away, and she was nervous about staying alone.

JULY 21: I read "Bitter Sweet" from Mrs. Blackburn's library. Pa and John returned. I stayed with Mrs. B. again and read part of "Stepping Heavenward."

JULY 22: Finished reading and went back to church. We packed up and started for Cummins in the afternoon—camped about 7 miles from town.

JULY 23: We traveled about 23 miles and passed thru the little mining town of Cummins—camped about 2 miles beyond, beside a spring on the mountainside. Father bought some wild raspberries from some small boys and we had a feast.

JULY 24: Father, John and I went to Sunday School in Cummins at 3 o'clock, 24 persons present. In the evening Pa, Mat and I went to church service; Mr. Nixon preached.

JULY 26: Gazelle and I picked some raspberries and made jam.

JULY 28: I went berry picking with some ladies from Cummins—when I came back to camp found Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, daughter and niece, Mrs. Wyman and Mrs. Kelly, calling on Mother. They all went to gather berries afterwards. Yesterday was Mother's 58th birthday.

JULY 29: John and Mat began hauling lumber to Laramie. Pa and I went to the Betsy Jane Mine and called on Mrs. Blackburn. Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. Kelly and Dr. Watson with his sister Mary went with us to the Quartz mill.

JULY 30: Pa, Gazelle and I went to gather berries and Mother had another caller, Mrs. Pollock, who knew John's wife in Wisconsin.

JULY 31: Wrote letters in the A. M. Afternoon, Father, Mother, John and I went to Sunday School. Father preached in the evening. Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Watkins, Miss Watkins and I were the only ladies there.

AUGUST 1: Mat took a load of lumber to Laramie. Pa and John went down to Cummins to help him and came across Mat Derley of Hennepin, Ill. He is a relative of Martha's (John's wife). The men went hunting—started for Tie Park—came back before dark.

AUGUST 2: Sue (the mule) was sick so Mat did not return till after dark. Pa and John engaged to get 10 cords of wood—8 ft. long for \$25.00.

AUGUST 3: John and Mat chopped and hauled two loads of wood to the quartz mill and Father hauled a load of lumber to Cummins for Beard & Thomas.

AUGUST 4: John and Mat hauled three loads of wood and Pa hauled one load of lumber. A balloon passed over about sunset.

AUGUST 6: They took the wood to Cummins and broke a reach so did not get back until noon. Pa went down town on horseback and took supper at the Betsy Jane. Mr. Wyman and his little girl came for medicine for the baby. The people in Cummins had a fracas with Milo Kendall—the Constable—and drove him away.

AUGUST 7: Father and I went to meeting in the morning and heard Mr. Sanders read his sermon. Six of us went to Sunday School in the afternoon and Mr. Derley came home with us and stayed all night. He and Father went hunting up to Tie Park on the 8th and John and Mat took two loads of lumber to Cummins. I read "The Fishers of Derby Haven." Rained very hard.

AUGUST 9: J. and M. went to Laramie with lumber. It rained in sheets and comforters in the afternoon and we sat in the tent and listened to Mr. Derley telling how he found the thieves on the Kankakee River—where he was acting as a detective a good many years ago.

AUGUST 11: John's team strayed away Tuesday night and the boys had to hunt for them. Pa was so worried that he started to Laramie to look for the boys. Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Edmunds and several boys passed on their way to the berry patch. It stormed. I started down to Hardings and met Bacon, Mr. Derley and Gazelle coming up—rode back with them.

AUGUST 12: Very foggy. No man in camp so G. and I had to hunt up Kitty and Kizer, the little mules—which we succeeded in doing after a great deal of tramping. The men came back and brought letters.

AUGUST 13: Mrs. Harding and I went berrying. John hunted for Kitty and Kizer and found them helping themselves to pie in Mrs. Watkins' kitchen window.

AUGUST 14: Father, John, Gazelle and I went to the school house and Father preached. About 50 people present. It rained. Mr. Peabody and Mr. Banks addressed the S. S. A Bible reading was given in the evening.

AUGUST 15: Mr. Linn came to our camp and told us about the route up to the northern part of Wyoming and about the fish, game, lovely water and tillable lands on Goose Creek—as he had seen it in passing thru. Mr. Banks and Miss Forbes came and borrowed my side saddle. Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Watkins came for a few minutes. John and Mat put their wagon boxes back on the running gears.

AUGUST 16: We packed the wagons. Mr. Peabody, wife and two boys, Mr. Banks, Mr. Sales, Elder Watson (of Laramie).

Mrs. Cook and Mr. Blackburn came to make us a farewell call. We started while it was raining and passed thru Cummins. Camped that night about eight miles from there beside an irrigating ditch.

AUGUST 17: We stopped at Sodogreen's to get some good water to drink and stopped near Hutton's ranche to get our dinner. It stormed but we finished our journey to Laramie and camped on the West side of the river. Father and mother went to stay all night at Blackburn's.

AUGUST 18: We went shopping at Wagner's and I bought a pair of shoes \$2.50, a porte monnai 50c, gloves \$1.00, 3 hdkfs. 50c, and then went to Mrs. Blackburn's and she gave me 4 chromos. We went to the ticket office to see a huge stuffed bear and in the evening went to prayer meeting at the Baptist Church. Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. Bannon, Mrs. Wilmot, Mrs. Riggs, Elva Bunker and some other ladies were there.

AUGUST 19: We left Laramie and traveled thru red earth and sand for 18 miles and camped by the Lewis Ranch all night. Came down the Laramie River.

AUGUST 20: The mules had strayed, so while the men were hunting them, Mrs. Lewis and her sister came and visited with us and then we went to the house and visited them. We started as soon as the mules were found and crossed the river at Little's ranche and came up Cooper Lake station, past the steam construction for forcing the water to the R. R. tank, then thru green brush and swamps to a road on the north side of the R. R. and to the head of a lake near a snowshed, where we camped for the night.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21: The mules were all gone to the Laramie River so the men had to go after them. Pa shot an antelope, 2 miles from camp and Gazelle helped him bring it up before breakfast. Mr. Clark and wife from Cedarville, Kansas, passed us and went to Lookout station to camp. As it was a better camp and they were going to northern Wyoming too, we moved camp to Lookout station for the night.

AUGUST 22: We traveled thru sand and cobblestones to Rock Creek station and camped there. Father found that the Mr. Thayer who owned the store there was a cousin of his first wife (Maria Morse). Mr. Thayer's two fine looking sons came to camp to call on us and Mr. John Thayer came and spent the evening. He has been a U. S. Senator from Nebraska, and Governor of Wyoming. J. W. Austin and family were camped at this place also with some young people of their party and we enjoyed hearing them sing in the evening. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and "My Pretty Quardoon" were especially sweet to hear in the open air.

AUGUST 23: We came nine miles up into the hills and stopped for dinner. There was neither wood, water or grass but rocks all around and sand and red earth. In the afternoon we reached the 22 mile ranche and camped—no wood, poor grass but very good water. Mrs. Evans who lived there invited us in to have some music in the evening.

AUGUST 24: We traveled over a rocky sandy road to Yankee's ranche—camped for dinner and found to our surprise that they had a piano there. Afternoon we passed Mountain Home ranche—entered La Bonte Canyon and camped beside the stream in a beautiful spot with the wooded cliffs towering above us. The ruins of an old stage station were there and the grave of a murdered man (Ed Hewitt—July 15, 1878) himself a murderer. A lonely place but with the Clark and Austin party and some soldiers who were camped there we became a little village of white tents.

AUGUST 25: We passed Hall's ranche and stopped at Point of Rocks Station at noon, then at Point of Rocks filled our keg with water and came over the mountains. Camped beside the LaParele creek in the canyon. Found Mr. Austin's kitten.

AUGUST 26: We passed Slaymaker's ranche and got some water at Mason's cut off, came within 15 miles of Ft. Fetterman and stopped for dinner, where there was a ranche. Came 12 miles to Spring Canyon ranche and a half mile farther we camped beside the La Parele again.

AUGUST 27: We passed Ft. Fetterman and crossed the North Platte bridge thru sand 15 mile to Sage Creek station and camped. We went to the Clark and Austin camp and had a good time singing again.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28: The Clarks and Austins went on to Brown's Springs. A Texas Ranger got his breakfast with us and told us stories of his adventures. A Dutchman, Winters, came after dark and got a cup of tea. Mr. Winters and Mr. Fifield ate breakfast with us. We came 12 miles to Brown's Springs and stopped for dinner. In the afternoon we passed Dry Cheyenne station. 9 miles from there we reached Stinking Water creek and 4 miles farther to Sand Creek where we camped for the night. We first saw sage hens this afternoon and killed several.

AUGUST 30: We found the water tasted of sage and our sage hens tasted of sage and when Mother sent me after whole pepper and told me to grind it in the coffee mill, I got cuble berries instead—so our breakfast was very spicy. Five miles from there we passed Antelope ranche and when Father went to the door to make inquiries there were 8 men, one Mr. Fifield, gambling, which so horrified him that we hurried away and drove two miles farther thru sandbeds and stopped for dinner

in a dry creek bed. After dinner we came about 14 miles and struck a roundup. They gave us some meat. It was dark but we kept on until we reached Hathaway's old ranche or 17 Mile R. and camped beside Mr. Clark's outfit.

AUGUST 31: We traveled 17 miles to Hathaway's new ranche, crossed Powder R. and camped near old Ft. Reno. Pa saw two Englishmen who were going to the "Big 'Orn." Some of the cowboys and Mr. Fifield came down and Pa preached to them. John was sick. Mr. Clark was very much excited as he considers all cowboys desperate characters. He drew all his canvas down tight around his wagon, crawled inside and kept his hand on his gun until they all left camp.

SEPTEMBER 1: We left old Ft. McKinney depot—stopped at Steve Farwell's store for some supplies and came on to the Nine Mile Hole where we camped for dinner. It was so warm and windy we could scarcely keep our eyes open to drive so we decided to stay here until tomorrow as there is a prospect of getting some antelope. Pa and a ranchman went hunting but they failed to find any antelope. An old man who looks as if he and beer were boon companions camped beside us this evening and he informed us that he is Colonel McConihe.

SEPTEMBER 2: Mr. Lambert and McConihe ate breakfast with us. We came 18 miles to Crazy Woman's Fork and Harris's ranche, and ate dinner—then six miles farther and camped for the night. Weather very cold. Mr. McConihe ate supper with us.

SEPTEMBER 3: McC. ate breakfast with us and the Englishmen with Mr. Scrithers came along just as we started. We came by the Nine and Six Mile ranches and stopped on Clear Creek near Ft. McKinney. Father went over to the fort and made an appointment to preach in the Company quarters at 3 o'clock on Sunday. Mr. Lenney came back with him.

SEPTEMBER 4: Father and I went to meeting in one of the buildings used for the telegraph office. Mr. Lang was usher, and the house was crowded. As we were returning to camp it began to blow and storm—exceedingly cold to us for this time of year. Emily Fordice came to camp and visited a long time. Rained tonight.

SEPTEMBER 5: Pa got some fresh vegetables—3 cabbages, 5 cucumbers, 2 beets and some turnips and onions—which taste good to us. The Clear Creek water is so delicious that we can hardly get enough of it after all the alkali and sage flavored water we have been forced to drink on our way up here. This evening Mr. Sparks, Co. A. cornet player, and Mr. Ackerman, the trumpeter of Co. G. 9th Cav., came over and spent the evening.

SEPTEMBER 6: We woke up to find the ground covered with snow. Got our letters and papers so read them.

SEPTEMBER 7: We started out again—came thru Buffalo and about 4 miles from Snyder's to Rock Creek—stopped for dinner. Mr. Fifield went by on horseback. We came on past Lake DeSmet to Sturgis ranche (Buttermilk Sturgis) on Shell Creek and camped. While we were spending the evening with the Sturgis family, Miss Lida Davis, Miss Burgess and Mr. Babcock came to ask Miss Sturgis to go to a dance at Sonnesbergers.

SEPTEMBER 8: Mr. Sturgis, Father and John went to Big Piney to look for a ranche. I read "Milbank."

SEPTEMBER 9: It rained. Pa and John went to Piney again but came back without finding one.

SEPTEMBER 10: Miss Davis, Miss Burgess, Mr. Snider and another man rode past, on their way to Big Horn. Pa and John went to Goose Creek. I read "Marian Grey" (consider it slush)—Kept the mules from straying and killed a rattlesnake.

SEPTEMBER 11, SUNDAY: I read "Work or Christie's Experience" over again. Sid Sturgis, prospective Sheriff James, Mr. Fifield, and Oliver Hanna called at Sturgis. Mr. Hersey and Mr. Carns came by. A theatre troupe went by, going to Ft. McKinney.

SEPTEMBER 12: Miss Wright and her brother stopped here on their way home from Sonnesbergers. Mr. Canning and some other folks, from the fort, went by a fishing. Mr. C. stopped to buy some sugar.

SEPTEMBER 13: Father and John came back and Mr. Wolfe came with them to see the harness, wagon, and the white mules "Sam and Sue" which father is trading for 160 acres on Little Goose Creek, 1½ miles above Big Horn.

SEPTEMBER 14: We left Shell Creek and ate our dinner near Mr. Terrill's ranche, where Mr. Wright is living. Came by way of Meade's cut-off to Little Goose Creek and saw our new home in all the glory of autumn tints in the leaves of the wild plum and choke cherries, cottonwood, quaking asp, birch and willow. We are content with the two room cabin for a haven of rest after three months of camping, although doorways and window openings have to be covered with blankets and sheets. Doors and windows cannot be gotten short of Cheyenne or Laramie.

SEPTEMBER 15: They set the stakes around the claim. We ate breakfast with Mr. Wolfe. Gazelle got a small pail full of plums. I saw three snakes. We put up John's stove. Mr. Clark came over a few moments.

SEPTEMBER 16: Gazelle and I went berrying and got some plums, black and yellow currants and chokecherries. Mr. Thomp-

son came and borrowed the buggy to take Tillie to Mrs. Sturgis'. A Tennessean was around here looking for land. Pa went to the P. O. and Mr. Martin (or Buckskin) wanted him to go and see a man 82 years old who had broken his leg.

SEPTEMBER 17: Pa went to see Mr. Brennan and got back while we were eating dinner. A soldier was here looking for horses and Mr. Jackson's boy came by to show some trout he had caught.

SEPTEMBER 18, SUNDAY: Mr. Clark came over and John went home with him and stayed to dinner. Mrs. Wagner and her son, Harry Burgess, went by on horseback. At 3 o'clock Pa preached at Mr. Thompson's. Mrs. Clark came down, and all went to meeting but Mother, Nora, Emily and I. It blowed a gale from the southwest, at night.

SEPTEMBER 19: They took the hind axletrees and wheels off from Frank's wagon to put on Mr. Wolfe's wagon. Gazelle got her machine out and set it up. I cut out Mother's dress. Pa went to the P. O. Mr. Thompson brought the buggy back in the morning. We stretched the tent over the roof of the south room and moved in.

SEPTEMBER 20: They finished putting the roof on the north room and went after lime. I washed in the forenoon and afternoon made the flounce on Mother's dress. Mrs. Jackson came on horseback and called on us.

SEPTEMBER 21: We found some bear tracks. Pa finished the table before breakfast. John filled up the cracks on one side of the roof.

SEPTEMBER 22: I went to the P. O. and the stage had gone. They filled up some of the cracks and put a lot of dirt on the roof. I fixed my velvet sacque and felt hat.

SEPTEMBER 23: Gazelle and I gathered some more plums. Father cut the door thru the partition into the north room. Mrs. Wolfe and I went up to Davis' on horseback for some onions. May Davis came down horseback. It rained.

SEPTEMBER 24: Cold and windy. They muddied up the sides of the north room. We ironed. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe and Mr. Benefil came over and spent the evening.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25: Last night a skunk got into the kitchen under the stove and Pa lighted him out with a torch. It rained and snowed all day. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. F. Benefil came over—stayed all day and ate dinner with us. In the evening we had some singing. They heard some one screaming down the creek—and a horse trotting around—got out their guns and had a great excitement going.

SEPTEMBER 26: I fixed my waterproof skirt. A wagon load of soldiers and their wives with Mrs. Thompson went up the creek and came back thru here.

SEPTEMBER 27: Pa went to the P. O. and back by Thompson's and then up to Davis' and got some elk meat. Mr. Wolfe and family moved to their new house.

SEPTEMBER 28: Pa and Ma went up to Mr. Davis' and stayed till about 2 or 3 o'clock, came back by Mr. Weatherwax's and saw Mrs. Clark. They heard that Mr. Lambert was murdered a few days after we were there (Sept. 2) by a couple of cowboys.

SEPTEMBER 29: Cold and rainy. Mr. Wolfe and Fillmore Benefil came over to dig potatoes. John and Pa killed 20 ducks, and John took three over to Mrs. Wolfe. They sold a cow and calf to John for \$35.00.

SEPTEMBER 30: Ducky ducky doodle. Mr. W. and F. over to dig potatoes. We bought 900 pounds of potatoes at 3 cents per lb. amounting to \$27.00. Pa killed 4 ducks. Ma washed. I trimmed my black straw. John went to the P. O.

OCTOBER 1: Mr. Wolfe came to borrow 15 lbs. of flour. Mr. Willits and another man came over to get John to go to Cheyenne, with his two span of mules. John went to see Mr. Clark about his wagon. Mr. Wolfe came to get the wagon to haul hay. School meeting day.

OCTOBER 2: Sunday forenoon Pa went over to Mr. Wolfe's and borrowed a paper containing an account of President Garfield's death and Arthur's inauguration. Afternoon, Father, Mother, John and I went to meeting at Mr. Thompson's. Mr. Wolfe and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Willets and 2 children, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Davis with May and Lida, Gale Grinnell and brother, and several others I did not know were there. Mr. and Mrs. C stopped here on their way home and borrowed Rose Thorpe's "Ambition."

OCTOBER 3: Mr. Willets hired man was here, also Mr. Willets. Pa went to the P. O. John went to see Mr. Clark and then went to Olstein and Hills.

OCTOBER 4: Mr. Willets came over to change the program and just take the mules. Fillmore came to dig potatoes and borrowed my saddle. Cold and misty.

OCTOBER 5: Pa went to hunt the little mules—went into Mr. Hurlbut's a few moments. Mr. Welch came to sell us some meat. We bought 25 lbs. \$1.00. A man came to get John to go to Thompson's and help thresh and he went. Pa went too.

OCTOBER 6: Pa fixed his buggy and John helped him. Gazelle and Ma made some Chapparel berry pies and cookies.

OCTOBER 7: Cool and windy. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe and 2 boys came over in the morning. At 1 o'clock Pa and I started and went to Mr. Stanley's. Miss Ella Peyton was there. From there we went to Mr. Sturgis' and stayed all night.

OCTOBER 8: We went to Mr. Snider's and took dinner. From there to Buffalo where Thomas was having his trial for killing Jack Lambert. We went to the fort, to Conrad's house where we ate supper and stayed all night.

OCTOBER 9; SUNDAY: They had dress parade and 13 cannons in honor of Pres. Garfield and firing of the cannons every half hour. Mr. Ackerman came over at twelve for us to go to Mr. Zentler's and we ate dinner there. We went to the dining room of Co. H and held meeting. Mat came down and we got our team and things. Left and went to Snider's put out the team and walked to the court-house. I was introduced to Mrs. Erhart and Nellie by Mr. James. Pa preached and went home with Snider and I stayed with Nellie.

OCTOBER 10: Pa came to town—went to Ft. McK. then came back to Erhart's and took dinner. From there we went to Snider's then on to Sturgis's and stayed all night.

OCTOBER 11: We came up to Stanley's and ate dinner. Mrs. S. lent Mark Twain's "Roughing It" to me. Stormy and misty. We came home. A letter from Frank had come, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark had been down.

OCTOBER 12: Mr. Wolfe came and had a tooth pulled. Snowy. Mr. Thompson came over. Mr. Mock came to get Father to preach a funeral sermon for Mrs. Mock on Tongue River. He ate dinner with us.

OCTOBER 13: Pa went to Tongue R. Frank and Mr. Tom Adams came. Mr. Wolfe was over. Cool but pleasant.

OCTOBER 14: John and Frank went to Willits and Clarks. Lindsay King came.

Willis Spear Becomes a Rancher

Just before their marriage, Willis Spear bought the homestead of Virginia's father which joined that of his own father, Willis Bradford Spear, Sr. The agreement¹¹ which concluded the transaction is now in the possession of a daughter, Elsa Spear Byron, and reads:

"George W. Benton agrees to give up his Rancho to Willis Spear Nove 8th 1885 on the following conditions to wit:

Willis Spear gives Geo. W. Benton 2 mares & their colts, 2 two year old colts and one year old colt.

Also one hundred dollars on demand, part in lunches & part in money as Geo. W. Benton shall wish.

Also Willis Spear shall give to Geo. W. Benton his note signed by his father also for \$120.00 payable in one year at 12 per cent interest. Willis Spear agrees to give Gazelle Stephenson¹² a written agreement that she can remain with her family and have and possess her own family house and stable and one acre of land fenced by her just as long as she pleases."

11. The agreement has been copied verbatim.—Ed.

12. Sister of Virginia Belle Benton Spear.

In the spring of 1885, the owner of the Wrench Ranch near Sheridan bought and sowed five hundred pounds of alfalfa seed, which he hired Willis to thresh that fall, giving him ten pounds of seed in return for threshing the fifty acres of alfalfa—the first crop of alfalfa in this section of the country. The next year he secured additional seed for his services, and in three years he had one hundred and fifty acres of his own in alfalfa. During the hard winter of '88, when the snow was two feet deep on the level ground from Massacre Hill to Powder River, most people were forced to sell their cattle for lack of feed. Willis, who now had two hundred and fifty tons of hay put up, bought one hundred and fifty head of cattle at ten dollars per head and wintered them.

Career as Stockman Begins

A drought followed this hard winter, and stockmen shipped their cattle to Omaha. Willis went down there and bought at one to three cents a pound four hundred head of calves, which he wintered. The next spring he sold the steer calves at a price varying from six to eighteen dollars, enabling him to pay off his debts and still have one hundred and fifty yearling heifers in the clear.

In 1896 Willis and his brother "Doc"¹³ formed the Spear Brothers' Cattle Company, which they gradually built into one of the largest and best known outfits on the range. Around 1912 their range ran from the Wyoming line north to the Yellowstone River on the east side of the Crow Reservation and included over a million and a quarter acres. This lease was ninety miles long and over twenty miles wide. They ran thirty-two thousand head of cattle of their own and twenty-six thousand head belonging to other cattle companies.

In those days, before the advent of the automobile, it was a tremendous task to personally oversee such a huge enterprise. When it was necessary to cover the range, "Uncle Willis" used to hitch the "Billies," his matchless team, "Billy Donaldson" and "Billy Pickering," to the cart, and with a boy along to open gates, would drive through from the ranch at Big Horn to Powder River, ninety miles, in one day. And the horses were fresh enough to make the trip back the next day!

The start of such a drive was dramatic. One man stood at the horses' heads while a second hitched the traces. Mr. Spear sat in the cart with the lines in his hands. The minute the man let go the bits, straight into the air the team would leap and off they would go at a pace that ate up the miles. Mr. Spear frequently traveled the country between his ranches on the

13. William Hulett Spear, born October 22, 1866, in Rockport, Missouri.

Powder River and the Crow Reservation, where headquarters were maintained at what was known as the Forty-Mile Ranch, passing through the Clear Creek Valley where was located the Number Two Ranch.

When Mr. Spear launched into the cattle game in Wyoming and Montana, the Southwest was producing the famed Texas longhorns in uncounted thousands, but that country had neither sufficient market to absorb them nor late grass to feed them. In the North, on the other hand, were millions of acres of grassland that was both good and free, grown there by Mother Nature to feed the fast-disappearing buffalo. Someone started driving cattle—lured northward by the spring grass, league by league, over the thousand-mile-long Texas Trail to the plains and foothills east of the Big Horns, from the Platte River to the Yellowstone and beyond, where they took on weight and could be readily marketed at a profit—if everything went just right. From 1899 to 1914 Mr. Spear made a trip nearly every year to Texas and Old Mexico, buying longhorns and shipping them to his Wyoming ranches.

Winters of Montana and Wyoming, 1874-1929

Wyoming winters played an important part in the livestock industry. Mr. Spear often reviewed the weather from 1874 to 1929, a period of fifty-five years.

"The winter of 1898 and '99 was good until January seventeenth, when a wet snow started and about the twenty-first it turned cold. The lower wire of the fence went out of sight between Big Horn and Sheridan the twenty-third, and I never saw it again for sixty-seven days. Thirty-five degrees below was the warmest morning we had for two weeks. Fifty-four was the coldest. One day it was forty below at noon. We had a few warm days about March first. The rest of the time it was below freezing all day and below zero mornings. April first brought a blizzard that killed a great many cattle.

"The winters of '74, '75, '76, '77, '78, '79, '83-'84, 1910-'11, '17-'18, '21-'22 were all average or good winters and weren't very cold.

"During the winter of 1879 and 1880 the snow fell three feet deep and all the cattle had to be fed. There was no hay for the horses. They went high up on the south side of the mountain where the grass was good and the side steep so they could paw snow down the hill. I was in snowshoes for eleven days, as the only way I could get to them was by this means. I would get off my snowshoes and stand up against the snow where they were pawing, and the top of the snow would be even with the top of my overalls. We had no loss, but the ranchers whose horses

remained in level or rolling country suffered a loss of about twenty per cent.

"The winter of 1886 was a hard one. Very little hay was provided at that time for cattle, and from one-third to one-half of the cattle died and a great many droves of saddle horses that were driven up from Texas the summer before were lost. Graham Brothers started from Junction, Montana, with freight for Sheridan and Buffalo with ninety-four yoke of oxen. The first storm hit them near Lodge Grass. They pulled the wagons into a circle and stayed there all winter. The bullwhackers kept the oxen out on the ridges where the snow had blown off and they got along fairly well. About February first there came a blizzard that lasted several days. After it was over, they could only find thirty-five head of the oxen; the others were never found, dead or alive. The stage from Rock Creek, Wyoming, to Junction, had to stick bushes into the ground every fifty feet so the driver could follow the road. There were few lanes or worked roads those days.

"From the spring of 1893 until the winter of 1909, with the exception of '98-'99, the winters were fairly good. There was plenty of hay at the Dana¹⁴ ranches near Parkman, Wyoming, where we were feeding our cattle. We broke trails through the range with horses and followed up with four horse loads of hay. We had about three thousand cows and calves near the ranch and we gathered most of them. North of Miles City it never warmed up until about April first. Part of the time the Great Northern Railroad ran their trains through Sheridan. I had a friend who had ten thousand lambs forty miles north of Miles City. He got them into a sheltered cove thirteen miles from his ranch and started teams hauling hay. The wind blew continually and the lambs had to face it to get to the ranch. Several times he started to the ranch with them but the wind commenced blowing and drove him back, and each time he lost about five hundred of the flock. He had four thousand left alive out of the ten thousand when the storm subsided.

"The winter of 1911-'12 was a bad one. We had finished that fall receiving the Ed Dana cattle. Sixteen thousand head were received in 1909-'10-'11. We branded this year six thousand five hundred calves and started the winter with about thirty-two thousand cattle of our own. We were also ranging ten thousand for R. M. Faddis, five thousand southern steers for E. L. Dana,

14. Edwin L. Dana, stockgrower and ranchman, was born in California October 15, 1864; in 1866 he moved with his parents to Montana, and in 1885 to Sheridan County, Wyoming. For many years he ran one of the largest herds in the country in northern Wyoming and southern Montana and on the Crow Indian Reservation. Several years ago he sold these interests and now lives in Great Falls, Montana, and engages in ranching at Cascade, Montana.

three thousand five hundred for Jerome Magee, five thousand for J. B. Kendrick, two thousand five hundred for South Omaha Stockyards National Bank. We had seven or eight ranches of our own, besides all the M. H. Leiter ranches on Clear Creek and Crazy Woman Creek in Johnson County. It was so dry that no grass grew in the Powder River Valley, therefore the cattle were moved to the Crow Reservation and fed. About the last of March there came a cold wind with some snow that blew day and night for ten days. On the thirteenth of April, figuring the cold season was over, we quit feeding and turned the herds out on the range, when there came a blizzard that killed a lot of cattle. We estimated that we lost about ten thousand head that winter; the next year's calf branding was only two thousand two hundred head.

"In '16 the snow fell very deep along the Little Horn River. For sixty days snow lay on the river valley without a day warm enough to melt the snow on the north side of the houses.

"In the summer of 1919 there was very little rain and lots of grasshoppers. By September there was not a thing left for the cattle to eat. We started gathering and shipping all the cows, heifers, and young steers to Texas where they had an abundance of range. Part of these went to Lubbock, Texas, and part of them went to El Paso and then east to the Sierra Blanca Mountains. These wintered very well, and out of sixteen thousand five hundred shipped, all were brought back but one hundred and eighty-five head. The strongest cattle which were kept up here were wintered on sagebrush and cottonseed cakes. There was not much loss. The cattle that went to Texas cost about seventeen dollars per head for transportation to Texas and back and the pasture and expense while there. The cattle that were wintered and fed here cost about twenty-seven dollars per head.

"The summer of '21 was dry and the grasshoppers ate everything as they did in the summer of '19.

"The winter of '21 and '22 was about as severe as any we've ever had. We could not ship the cattle to Texas as there was a drouth there, and no feed, so we shipped in hay here from both east and west and wintered them through at a big loss, with approximately twenty dollars per head expense. From then on we had average winters. '28 and '29 was a long cold winter when the thermometer went to fifty degrees and more below zero—the coldest that I could recollect since '98 and '99."

Become Dude Ranchers

In 1915 the Spear Brothers dissolved partnership, and Willis Spear organized the Spear-Zimmerman Cattle Company, which later became the Spear-Faddis Company. In 1920-'21

Mr. Spear disposed of his interests in the Spear-Faddis outfit to Mr. Faddis.

In 1922 Mr. and Mrs. Spear launched into "dude" ranching at their Big Horn ranch. The well-groomed appearance of the landscaped grounds with four lakes, surrounded by clumps of flowering shrubbery, reminded one of Long Island Sound rather than "The Wild and Woolly West."

Since the ranch was sold in 1930 to Edward Moore, Sr., the "dude" ranching has been continued on top of the Big Horn Mountains at the Spear-O Wigwam. In 1924 Mr. Spear had a Council Lodge built as nearly like an Indian wigwam as possible. The Wigwam was built forty feet in diameter, eight-sided, with a cement floor, in the center of which was placed a large fire pit. The roof was left open at the peak for the smoke to rise in true tepee fashion. This building was and continues to be the center of attraction; nightly the crowds gather around the camp fire, singing and telling stories. The guests sleep to the music of rushing water in roomy cabins of peeled logs on the banks of the creek. The increasing popularity of the Wigwam recently made it necessary to increase the entertaining space. The completed building is in the form of a Spear-O. The shaft and head of the spear extend from the original Wigwam, which forms the O.

In 1925 Mr. Spear formed a partnership with P. J. Morgan of Cleveland, which was known as the Spear-Morgan Livestock Company. They bought the "Doc" Spear ranch on the head of Young's Creek in Montana. In addition to several thousand acres of deeded land, they leased nearly eighty thousand acres from the Crow Indians. This lease was part of the Reservation Pool¹⁵ Lease which was divided up when the Pool was disbanded.

Willis Spear Devotes Time to Public Service

Besides his large ranching interests, Mr. Spear found time to take an active part in Wyoming politics. At one time he served as County Commissioner of Sheridan County.

From 1918 until the Democratic landslide of 1932, he served as a Senator in the Wyoming State Legislature.

Mrs. Willis Spear Active in Community and State

Mrs. Spear was hardly less active than her energetic husband. She served as president of the W. C. T. U., and as a member of the First Baptist Church in Sheridan was a member of the choir, a church trustee and treasurer of the building fund for the church. She was secretary of the Old Settlers' Club for fifteen

15. In a pool lease a number of ranchers will lease a property together for grazing purposes and turn their cattle out together on the range.

years. In 1911 she became a member of the Sheridan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and served as its treasurer, historian and regent. She was elected State Registrar of the organization in 1918 and again in 1920. In 1922 she was elected State Treasurer and two years later Vice-Regent, succeeding to the office of State Regent of the D. A. R. in 1925, which office she held for four years. She was also a member of the Sheridan Woman's Club, the Book Review Club and the Sheridan Music Club.

During the World War she was captain of a group in selling Liberty Bonds and had charge of seven counties in raising funds for an ambulance to be sent from the Wyoming Daughters to France for the use of the soldiers.

Four children were born to Willis and Virginia Spear: Sylvia Jessamine, Willis Benton, Jr., Phillip Torrey, and Elsa. Willis and Phillip are prominent stockmen and Elsa and Jessamine are best known for their western pictures.

Mrs. Spear was a woman of high ideals, kind and charitable in her dealings with others. Her home was one where hospitality reigned and the door always had the latch string on the outside. She was a warm and loyal friend, a true and much loved wife and mother.

Mrs. Spear passed away in Sheridan, November 30, 1930, following a year's illness.

Closing Years

Willis Spear, now alone, moved the old house, which had been built in 1881 to the Young's Creek Ranch, which was north of Sheridan just over the Montana line, and rebuilt it into a nice five room home for himself. Here, with his sister, Mrs. Emily Spear DeWitt, to keep house for him he spent his last years.

And so the story of the youth who followed the path of the pioneer westward, the young man who rode herd on the uncharted plains, the energetic man of middle age, the ruler of a far-flung cattle empire, the stalwart citizen of Wyoming, who met life as it came, facing it unflinchingly, comes to a close. The last chapter of his life ended October 11, 1936, when he was struck down by a heart attack.

TO WILLIS M. SPEAR

By Emily Spear DeWitt

Who Never Let the Song go Out of His Life.
The streets were filled with music
And banners floated high
When at the head of the gay parade
A big black horse passed by.

On the horse was an empty saddle
His master had taken the trail
That leads to the land of the setting sun
Where the grass crops never fail.

Old cowmen had an ache in their throats
When the riderless horse passed by
And a hush fell over the happy crowd
And tears filled many an eye.

The rack with its empty saddle—
Does it still stand by the gate?
And his books there in the hall
And his chair by the open grate?

Do the pine trees of old Wyoming
Still listen for his call?
And the canyons still echo his love songs
That he sang for one and all?

He would sing "Pack Up Your Troubles"
And would bear down hard on the "Smile"
Then if there's a Lucifer to light your fag
Life was still worth while.

Fortune—that fickle maiden
Caught him in many a gale
But he was never too blue or discouraged
To sing "The Long, Long Trail."

He has reached the land of his dreams
And we know the trails are there
Through the mountains wild and canyons deep
And wild flowers everywhere.

He will be missed by the deer that ate out of his hand
And the buffalo on the hills
That surround the ranch—the old Bar V
The ranch with a thousand thrills.

In all his life on the western plains
He never carried a gun
He won all his battles with kindness
And had love for everyone.

He was always a gallant horseman
And he rode like a Knight of Old
And if there is a Celestial Campfire
He is there with tales to be told.

All hail! to a grand old hero
Whose deeds will ever be told
He was great in life and great in death
And his heart was a heart of gold.

NIOBRARA COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

By Helen Willson*

I believe the idea of an association for Niobrara County Pioneers had its inception in a cup of tea, so to speak. On July 11, 1936, while Lusk played hostess to rodeo visitors, the rodeo having been held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the town of Lusk, the daughters of early day residents sponsored a tea and "get-together" for pioneers of the community. The meeting was held at lovely Hotel Ranger. An interesting program was given and refreshments were served to well over one hundred persons. Never before in the history of the county had so large a number of early day residents gathered in one assemblage. One hundred and nine persons signed the register at this "Old Timers' Round-Up."

On Sunday, February 21, 1937, the Lusk Congregational Church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. All churches of the community were invited to take part in this celebration and about twelve hundred people attended the all day meeting. Following a sermon appropriate to the occasion, a carry-in dinner was held in the recreation room of the church. The afternoon program was held in the auditorium of the church. Interspersed through the church program were talks by our pioneers; an original poem by Mrs. Edith Hancock Johnson, daughter of the second minister of the Lusk Congregational Church, Reverend J. J. Hancock; excerpts from the early day files of the Lusk *Herald* were read by Reverend Hancock's granddaughter, Mrs. Helen Willson; and many early day incidents were recalled by the pioneers of the audience.

With hundreds of persons in attendance at all services and programs, the Lusk Congregational Church observed its fifty-first anniversary on Sunday, February 20, 1938. The celebration was one which brought together members of the church, a large group of old timers and many friends of the church. The following invitation had been published in the local papers:

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—A native of Wyoming and of Niobrara County, Helen Willson is the daughter of Albert E. and Mary Jane McFarlane, early Wyoming pioneers. She was born in Lusk in 1895 and has spent her entire life in or near there.

Mrs. Willson is Secretary of the Niobrara County Pioneer Association and an active member of Chapter I, Wyoming P.E.O. Sisterhood, being a past president of that organization. In 1927 she was married to Glen I. Willson of Lusk, and is the mother of two sons.

Old Timers, all, both far and near
Meet with us to recall memories dear

Of times that are long since past and gone,
But in our minds and hearts still linger on.

Meet with us on the twentieth of February
And we promise you will not grow weary

Of greeting old friends, singing old songs,
And other entertainment provided until the day is gone.

The following was the program for the day:

Meeting opens with services at 11 P. M.
Carry-in Dinner will be served in the Church Basement
following Morning Service

Old Timers' Program beginning at 2:00 P. M.
Reminiscences of By-Gone Days.

Fashion Parade of Clothes of By-Gone Days

Evening
Three Act Biblical Play
"Dream of Queen Esther"
By an All Adult Cast.

The afternoon program was one of entertainment and business, the latter being the organization of a permanent Old Timers' Association. Those of the pioneer group voted the selection of Reverend George D. Jenkins, whose idea it was to form a permanent organization, to appoint a committee for the purpose of organizing the old timers, and to formulate plans to bring the group together once or more a year in the future.

Reverend Jenkins gave much of his time and thought toward the organization of the old timers. He appointed the following as a committee to draw up a constitution and formulate plans for the organization: Messrs. E. M. Arnold, Thos. O. Miller and the Mesdames J. W. Christian, Ed Schroefel and Helen Willson.

A constitution was, after much deliberation, finally drawn up and plans were made to hold a picnic at which time the organization would take place. This picnic was held on July 31, 1938, at the Albion Lind place on the head of C R Creek. Hundreds of people attended and one hundred and twenty signed the register as charter members of the Niobrara County Pioneer Association, this being the name adopted for the organization at that time.

Article 7 of the constitution as adopted states that "There shall be two meetings held during the year, a business meeting to be held during the winter months and a picnic during the summer months, the dates and arrangements to be determined by the Board of Directors."

Since the Congregational Church sponsored the organization of the Association, Reverend Jenkins invited them to hold each winter meeting in conjunction with the observance of the church anniversary until such time that they had attained sufficient strength to "stand on their own feet" and wished to make other arrangements. This invitation they accepted with thanks.

The picnic meetings have been a decided success, hundreds of persons attending each year. At these meetings a picnic dinner is enjoyed after which a business meeting is held and the remainder of the afternoon devoted to a sports program.

Article 9 of the constitution provides for the nomination of officers at the picnic meeting, the election to take place by mail. The election resulting from the nominations made at the organization meeting resulted as follows: President, E. M. Arnold; Vice-President, Hans Gautschi; Secretary, Mrs. Helen Willson; Treasurer, Tom Miller; Historian, Mrs. Nellie Griffith. (Mrs. Griffith resigned and Mrs. Isabel Willson was appointed by the Executive Board to take her place until the following election.) These, then, were the first officers of the organization, to serve from September 1, 1938, to September 1, 1939.

On Sunday, February 19, 1939, the Congregational Church was to again observe their anniversary, the fifty-second, and again the Old Timers, or the Niobrara County Pioneer Association as we must now call them, were invited to combine their meeting with that of the church. The services started on this occasion with morning worship and with one of the early day ministers in the pulpit, Reverend D. J. Clark, now of Crawford, Nebraska, but formerly located north of Lusk. His sermon was in keeping with the occasion.

At noon a carry-in dinner was enjoyed by church members and friends and the pioneers and their families.

A program, the first to be held exclusively by the pioneers at a February meeting, was scheduled for two o'clock in the auditorium of the church. The crowd was much smaller on this occasion, approximately only seventy-five persons being present, due mainly to severe weather conditions. However, undaunted, the program was carried through and a pleasant time enjoyed. The program which followed the business meeting was as follows: song, "Wyoming," audience, led by Mrs. Agnes Taylor; prayer, Rev. D. J. Clark; song, "America," audience; talk on Lusk Museum, Hans Gautschi; address, "Early Days in Niobrara County," Rev. D. J. Clark; vocal solo, "Take Me Back to My Boots and Saddle," Mrs. Ihla Anderson accompanied by Mrs. H. J. Templeton; short talks were given by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Mashek, A. E. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Johnson, Arthur Thompson and Miss Amy

Christian on experiences of early days; solo, "Old Spinning Wheel," Mrs. J. B. Viers, accompanied by Miss Marjorie Hahn; old time music by Archie Sparks, violin, Roy McLain, piano, and M. A. Fosher, castinets; song, "America the Beautiful," audience. Other numbers had been scheduled but, due to weather conditions, those to take part were unable to be present.

In writing of the 1939 picnic meeting, held on Sunday, August 6th, I quote from one of the local papers, the *Lusk Free Lance*: "Pioneers of Niobrara County and surrounding areas, and a crowd of newer residents, numbering approximately twelve hundred, made their way to the picnic grounds at the Albion Lind ranch last Sunday for an outing far more successful than the affair held a year ago. It was the second annual picnic of the Niobrara County Pioneer Association, and this year's attendance more than doubled that of last year. To say it was a great success is passing over the occasion lightly.

"Much time had been devoted to staging this year's event, and a number of committees, headed by Mrs. Helen Willson, functioned perfectly in bringing about one of the finest get-together affairs ever held in the county. More than two hundred eighty cars were counted on the picnic grounds at one time during the celebration.

"Old timers—men and women whose careers in Wyoming date back to the days of the Indian and Buffalo, whose association with the early days has helped to make this one of the most historical spots in the nation—were there in large numbers. Younger generations were on hand to greet and visit with them; to enjoy their picnic dinners, the beautiful scenery of the Lind ranch; to participate in or witness the sports events; to taste the delicious barbecued beef; to hear the splendid addresses and other numbers on the program of entertainment.

"Featured for 'chuck' time was the barbecued beef. Two heifers had been donated for the occasion and many coming late had to do without or content themselves with but sample portions. Free lemonade and hot coffee were also available, as were many other dishes prepared by donors.

"Russell Thorp of Cheyenne, who is claimed by Niobrara old timers as one of their own, gave a most interesting address in the afternoon. His talk dwelt with the fine work done by the association since its organization less than two years ago, and urged its continuance in the future.

"Mrs. E. B. Willson, historian of the association, gave an exceptionally fine report of the life of the association, and interwove her report with some of the incidents of early days.

"A lively sports program was also a feature of the afternoon and the several events were participated in by large num-

bers of contestants. Many prizes were given the winners, these being donated by the business houses of the city.

"In the entertainment division, Frank Fero's 'Schnickle-fritz' band and George Gibson's 'Early Day Dandies,' quartet, created much amusement. Costumes appropriate to the days of long ago were worn by the band members and songsters(?). The band was accorded many compliments, both for costumes and for the music so ably rendered."

The business meeting was held at the close of the program and the nominations made at this time resulted in the election of the following officers for the term September 1, 1939, to September 1, 1940: President, A. A. Spaugh; Vice-President, Frank DeCastro; Secretary, Mrs. Helen Willson; Treasurer, J. P. "Pat" Costlow; Historian, Mrs. Isabel Willson.

Adding to the spirit of the occasion was the presence of Rev. and Mrs. George Jenkins and children. Rev. Jenkins, former pastor of the Congregational Church here, and who at that time held a pastorate in Chamberlain, South Dakota, was, as above stated, instrumental to a large degree in the formation of the association. Their many friends were glad of the opportunity to greet them again.

Sunday, February 18, 1940, saw another joint meeting of the Church and the Pioneers on the celebration of the Church's fifty-third anniversary. On this occasion also, Rev. D. J. Clark was guest minister for the morning worship hour. Following the morning worship services, a carry-in dinner was enjoyed in the recreation room and the afternoon filled with a short business meeting and a program of entertainment.

The program opened with the singing of "America" by the audience and led by Mrs. Agnes Taylor; Mrs. Oda Burkett, a resident of Manville for fifty-two years was introduced; song, "Wyoming" by the audience; a pep talk by Thomas Miller in the absence of Russell Thorp; an account of Indians' last fight in Niobrara County read by Lee Stoddard of Manville, from an old newspaper, the *Denver Daily News*, dated October 31, 1903. A skit portraying a mother's dreams was acted by Mrs. Frank DeCastro, the dreams being portrayed with the following songs, the singers encostume: "Little Old Lady," by Mrs. Joe Danaher; "Jeanie With Her Light Brown Hair" by Yvonne Vogel; "When You and I Were Young Maggie" by Donald Murphy and Patricia Taylor; "Sylvia" by Miss Margery Hahn; "Annie Laurie" by Patti Deuel; and "Memories" by Mrs. Joe Danaher. Mrs. Minnie Beard gave the following recitations: "To the Fellow Who Takes My Place," "If We Didn't Have to Work" and "Ready In a Minute." Rev. D. J. Clark related some of his early day experiences in the county; piano accordion solos were given by Leonard Larson, "Beau-

tiful Dreamer" and "Love's Old Sweet Song;" Miss Eva Lou Bonsell gave the recitation, "Our Minister's Sermon;" the program closed with "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again" by the audience.

In telling you of the July 14, 1940, picnic meeting, I again quote from one of the local papers, the *Lusk Herald*: "In the neighborhood of a thousand people, old and young alike, gathered at the 77 Ranch last Sunday, July 14th, for the annual summer picnic and program sponsored by the Niobrara County Pioneer Association.

"Early in the morning cars began making their way to the picnic grounds along the creek south of Vega Butte, south of the Manville-Lance Creek Highway, and bountiful picnic dinners spread with old friends joining in the repast in many instances.

"Immediately following the dinner hour the program under the direction of the committee members entertained the crowd, with John Charles Thompson, editor of the *Cheyenne Tribune* and a man long interested in early Wyoming history, giving a splendid talk on the history of the state in commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Statehood.

"While the public will generally agree that the 1940 picnic was a fine success in every way, it has been suggested by many that a permanent picnic ground be designated and one which might be improved from year to year as the event grows.

"The program of the afternoon follows: speech of welcome, A. A. Spaugh, President of N.C.P.A.; song, "America," by the crowd; "Somewhere in Old Wyoming" by the crowd; "There's a Home in Wyoming" by string trio composed of Lee Penn, Jake Irons and Fred Bryant; introduction of speaker, John Charles Thompson, by Hans Gautschi; "Wyoming History from Pre-Historic Times Up to the Present" by John Charles Thompson; "God Bless America" by the crowd. All community singing was led by Mrs. Louise Rasmussen and George Gibson, and was accompanied by the string trio."

Immediately following the program a business meeting was held at which time nominations were made for officers for the coming year. Officers elected from these nominations to serve for the year September 1, 1940, to September 1, 1941, were as follows: President, Frank DeCastro; Vice-President, J. P. "Pat" Costlow; Secretary, Mrs. Helen Willson; Treasurer, Wm. Mill; Historian, Mrs. Adele Black Smith.

The remainder of the afternoon was taken up with a splendid sports program, the prizes for the various events having been donated by the Lusk business houses.

The February 23, 1941, meeting of the Niobrara County Pioneer Association was held at the Lusk Congregational

Church, but not in conjunction with their anniversary meeting as heretofore. Again inclement weather held down the attendance, but those of "pioneer spirit" who braved the weather conditions and were present, enjoyed the "round-up" day. Rev. Millard H. Marshall, pastor of the church, delivered the morning sermon, the topic of which was "The Continuing Spirit of the Pioneers." Rev. D. J. Clark was present as guest minister and gave the pastoral prayer. Mesdames Mark Berkheimer, H. J. Templeton and Joe Danaher sang a special trio number.

The carry-in dinner always seems to "break the ice" and the crowd in no time has gathered in twos or groups and "I can remember the time when" is heard all along the tables.

At 1:30 o'clock all repaired to the church auditorium where a business meeting and program was held. The following was the program for the afternoon: songs by the audience led by Mrs. Agnes Taylor; song, "Sweet Genevieve," by the Lusk High School Boys' Octette; introduction of visitors by Thos. O. Miller, at which time the following pioneers responded with the relation of an incident of the past or just an acknowledgment: Frank DeCastro, Lusk; A. A. Spaugh, Manville; Mrs. Anna C. Gray, Lusk; A. E. McFarlane, Lusk; Ira Wilson, Lance Creek; Joe Leeling, Manville; Mrs. Grace Mashek, Lusk; Mrs. Emma Thrasher, Keeline; Mrs. Annie DeCastro, Lusk; Mrs. Kate Rice, Lusk; and Mrs. Mae Fields, Lusk. Mrs. Anna Townsend, a pioneer of South Dakota, was also presented. The program continued with "Songs My Mother Enjoyed" by the Lusk High School Girls' Octette; reading, "The Pioneer, George Wash," by Mrs. Mark Berkheimer; vocal solo, "Asleep In the Deep," by Donald Murphy; cornet solo by Mr. Beers; "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again" by the audience; and benediction by Rev. Marshall.

The picnic meeting of Sunday, July 27, 1941, although not attended by as many as in previous years, due, it is thought, to so many other activities taking place in the surrounding community on the same day, was an enjoyable and successful affair, and again brought many of the pioneers together. Through the kindness and cooperation of Wm. Rice, superintendent of the Continental Oil Company in the Lance Creek field, ideal picnic grounds were provided. The company's picnic grounds were an ideal spot, with plenty of water, shade, seats and all necessary facilities to give comfort and pleasure to those on such an outing. The picnic dinner started off the activities of the day, the picnickers bringing their own lunches, while coffee and lemonade were furnished by the Association. When the meal was finished, the crowd joined in singing "America," "God Bless America" and

“Home On the Range,” with George Gibson as song leader, singing through the amplifier provided by the Green Electric Company. The business meeting was then held and the remainder of the afternoon given over to the regular sports program.

The officers elected from the nominations made at this meeting were those now holding office, their terms being from September 1, 1941, to September 1, 1942: President, H. B. Card; Vice-President, Les McCarthy; Secretary, Mrs. Helen Willson; Treasurer, J. P. “Pat” Costlow; Historian, Mrs. Carl Baughn.

The organization is yet young and so perhaps has not yet accomplished much other than to give a bit of happiness to those pioneer relatives and friends who are still left to us. This alone, we feel, has made every effort worth while. We have, however, donated to the erection of the “Texas Trail” marker erected a few miles east of Lusk, on Highway 20, and have tabled a discussion as to the erection of a monument at the grave of a pioneer child buried near Hat Creek, and a monument dedicated to Niobrara County Pioneers. These matters will be decided upon at our next regular meeting in February.

As time goes by, we hope to do something definitely worthwhile in the perpetuating of historic interests of Niobrara County and Wyoming.

MEMBERSHIP OF NIOBRARA COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Copied from Records—March 9, 1942

Arnold, Edward M.	Boyd, Lula
Agnew, John W.	Bump, Mary
Alter, Bunt	Bump, R. O.
Alter, John	Burkett, Ida
Alter, Lucy	Brown, Matt D.
Anderson, Ihla Johnson	
Anderson, Andrew J.	Coleman, Helen
	Costlow, Anna
Baughn, Lugena (Deed.)	Costlow, J. P.
Baughn, Ray J.	Cook, Edmond M.
Baughn, Carl	Card, Harry B.
Baughn, Jessie	Card, Edith M.
Blagg, Vernice R.	Christian, Amy E.
Bonsell, Will	Christian, A. L.
Bradley, Russell	Christian, Jim
Boner, Jess	Christian, Nell
Brooks, Frank	Christian, J. H.
Brooks, George E.	Christian, Ray
Bruegger, Fred	Chamberlin, Mrs. A. D.
Bryant, Fred	Chambers, Frank W.
Boyd, S. W.	
Boyd, Bertha Mill	Dryer, Orval
Boyd, Fred A.	Dryer, E. A.

Dryer, Bertha
DeGering, A. E.
Dean, Fred
Dean, Mrs. Ella (Deed.)
DeCastro, Annie
DeCastro, Frank W.
Davis, George
Deuel, Floyd
Dern, Clint
Deetjen, Henry
Deetjen, Mrs. Harry

Eutsler, Leo R.
Eutsler, Hazel H.
Eddy, L. W.
Eddy, Winifred

Fields, Dudley
Fields, Mae Falconer
Fernau, Harry
Fernau, Mrs. Christina
Fosher, Harold A.

Guibault, A. E.
Grimes, Arthur
Grant, George H. (Deed.)
Gibson, Ethel Arnold
Griffith, Nellie S.
Gautschi, Hans
Gautschi, Jennie M.
Gray, Anna C.
Gagstetter, R. B.
Gamble, Mrs. Alice

Hill, Mrs. Norma
Hanson, Henrick
Hanson, Chas. N.
Hanson, Dan
Hanson, Anthon
Hanson, Gertrude
Hanson, Mrs. Catherine
Hanson, Sadie
Hamblin, Orian Mayes
Hartwell, N. E.
Hammond, George
Hogg, W. G. (Deed.)

Intveen, Wm.
Intveen, Amanda

Johnson, Mrs. Lawrence
Johnson, Lawrence
Jassman, John
Jassman, Emilia
Jassman, Chris
Jensen, Anna
Joss, Chris

Jordan, Dan
Jack, Wm. "Scotty"

Koontz, Edna Willson

Lind, Albion L.
Lorenzen, Clara
Lorenzen, John B.
Lorenzen, Beulah
Larson, Conrad
Leeling, Joe

Mill, W. J.
Mashek, Mrs. Grace
Mashek, Alexander (Deed.)
Mashek, Arthur
Mayes, Mrs. Elizabeth
Miller, Thomas O.
Miller, Wm. D.
Milburn, Will
Martin, George
Marigard, Nels L.
Manorgan, Lizzie
Manorgan, Arthur

McFarlane, A. E.
McCarthy, Carrie
McCarthy, Leslie
McLain, Roy
McCabe, Mrs. Catherine
McMasters, Mrs. A. N.

Norris, Ida E.
Nelson, Mrs. Cora Hahn

Olinger, Maggie Pfister
Ord, Mayme Agnew
Owens, A. L.
O'Shea, John

Pfister, John (Deed.)
Pfister, Edwin
Percival, Garth
Percival, Edna
Pfeifer, C. W.
Payne, Edna
Paisley, Hattie
Porter, Rolla

Quinn, Mrs. Frances

Root, A. H.
Root, Fred K.
Rogers, Foster R.
Roberts, Mary L. Storrie
Reinecke, Pearl
Rider, Frank

Reynolds, Lewis
 Reynolds, Estella L.
 Roberts, J. E.
 Ruffing, Christ
 Rice, Clair S.

 Spaugh, A. A.
 Stoddard, Fama
 Strube, Christina
 Strube, Helen
 Schroefel, E. H.
 Schroefel, Esther
 Sides, Mrs. Stewart
 Sides, Stewart
 Sides, Clarence
 Sullivan, Fred (Deed.)
 Storrie, Walter
 Senters, Effie Lorenzen
 Schmidt, John C.
 Starks, Mary Schmidt
 Smyth, W. H.
 Sparks, A. L.
 Seace, Charlie
 Smith, Adele Black
 Smith, D. N.

Taylor, Ethel

Taylor, Robert
 Thon, A. A. (Deed.)
 Thorp, Russell
 Townsend, Myron L.
 Townsend, Laura L.
 Thompson, Lewis
 Thompson, Arthur
 Turnbull, Mrs. Anna

 Willson, Grace (Mrs. D. F.)
 Willson, Isabel M.
 Willson, Fred B.
 Willson, Glen I.
 Willson, Eugene P.
 Willson, Helen McFarlane
 Willson, Annie R.
 Whipple, Ray
 Whelan, C.A.
 Whelan, Clara P.
 Wolfe, Alice C.
 Wolfe, Robert E.
 Wilson, Ira
 Wilson, Mrs. Iona

Zum Brunnen, Roy L.
 Zum Brunnen, Bama T.

HOW, WHEN AND WHY THE OLD BEARTOOTH STOCKADE?

By J. K. Rollinson*

In the northwest corner of Park County, just a few miles east of Yellowstone National Park and approximately ten miles south of the Montana-Wyoming boundary line, is the very high country known as the Beartooth Plateau. Until the new Red Lodge-Cooke City Highway was built some seven years ago, this was a little known country, traveled only by a few people. Here on this lofty plateau amidst the land of glaciers and almost nine months of snow at an altitude of about nine thousand feet are the remains of an old stockade. The name stockade has been given to the ruin because of its general appearance, it having circular walls of heavy logs with evidences of holes cut into them to serve as rifle ports or firing holes from which persons inside the fort-like stockade could command a view for some distance outside the enclosure and through which they could fire a rifle.

The stockade is near a lake which was known as Leg Lake,¹ about two and one-half miles north of Deep Lake. However, the many lakes on this plateau were not named at the beginning of this century, and what names might have been given at that time have no doubt been changed by now. This small lake and the stockade were close to the head of both Little Rock and Bennett Creeks, which empty into the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone after that river leaves its almost box-like canyon. It was on these two creeks that Colonel Nelson A. Miles² battle with the Bannock Indians occurred on September 4, 1878, and in which battle Captain Andrew S. Bennett³ and a friendly Crow Indian named Little Rock were killed.⁴ Thus the names of the two streams.

A few Cooke City miners, mountain men and trappers occasionally made their ways across the Beartooth Plateau, but no trail was officially laid out until, two military expeditions having failed to find their ways across this high and wild mountainous country, in the month of August, 1882, Lieutenant

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—John K. Rollinson was an early pioneer settler of Sunlight Basin in Park County, Wyoming. From 1906 to 1913 he was a United States ranger in charge of the Sunlight-Clarks Fork district. For further biographical data see ANNALS OF WYOMING, July, 1940, pp. 221-222.

1. Leg Lake is now known as Stockade Lake.

2. Of the Fifth Infantry, U.S.A.

3. *Ibid.*

4. Eleven Bannock Indians were also killed in this battle.—Author.

General P. H. Sheridan with his party of seventy-one officers, soldiers, guides, and civilians, with thirty-six packers, five Shoshone Indians and one squaw left Fort Yellowstone⁵ for Cooke City, Montana, which boom town they reached on August 24th. Leaving Cooke City, they spent seven days of arduous travel over this unexplored country before reaching the mouth of the Clarks Fork and Billings on August 31, 1882.

Afterwards this trail, blazed by General Sheridan, who marked trees when in timber and who piled up rock trail signs when there were no other means of trail marking, became known as "The Sheridan Trail" and was so marked on old maps of those years. General Sheridan and his party passed within three and one-half miles of the old stockade without having discovered it. The new Cooke City-Red Lodge Highway, now designated as Highway 22, follows quite closely the old trail as established by General Sheridan.

It was not until 1891 that a cowboy, Benjamin Greenough⁶ of Red Lodge, Montana, better known to his associates as "Pack Saddle Ben," by chance discovered the stockade. It was old and in a state of decay, even at that early date.

The logs had been cut for the most part with a small bitted ax or tomahawk and in all probability the work was done by squaws. There were, however, some indications of a standard bitted ax having been used, for the cut was clean and evidently the tree fell where it was intended to fall, whereas the trees cut by the squaws, or whoever used the hatchets or tomahawk, were hacked off as a beaver cuts, from all sides. There was evidence of stone fireplaces along one wall and of pole shelters which had probably been covered with bark or hides. No one appears to know the purpose of the stockade or when it was built.

My first visit to this interesting place was in the summer of 1907 when as a forest ranger I followed directions given me by my friend Ben Greenough. I was accompanied on this trip by Harry W. Thurston,⁷ then Supervisor of the Shoshone National Forest, the headquarters of which are now at Cody, Wyoming.

We made quite a search about the old ruin and found that many of the heavy lodgepole pine logs had been dragged quite a distance, so it was probable that whoever constructed the

5. Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, was Camp Sheridan until changed by General Orders No. 45 from the Adjutant General's Office on May 11, 1891. The fort was located on Beaver Creek, eight miles from Cinnabar, Montana, with the post office and telegraph station at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.—2921, H. R. Doe. 1, part 5, pp. 173; 550.

6. Mr. Greenough at this time is still living in Red Lodge.

7. Mr. Thurston is at present living near Wapiti, Wyoming.

stockade had ponies at the time. Much charcoal or burned wood indicated quite a long stay at this retreat as did the remains of many bones of game animals. It seemed to us that parts of the building, in which were not used the very heaviest of the logs, were built with a double wall of lighter logs with rocks used as a filler between the two walls, there being a space of four or five inches between them.

It was our belief that a party of white trappers accompanied by Indian women were trapping that plateau, which was a good trapping ground except that beaver were absent, and that they feared an attack from some hostile Indians. After building their stockade they might have sent their horses down to the lower country, perhaps to winter with the more friendly Crow tribe. At any rate the stockade was well placed for defensive purposes, as a spring of water was very close and old snow banks lasted in that altitude almost through the entire summer when the snowfall was normal.

To judge from the weathering of the cut stumps and what remaining logs we saw, I figured that the stockade would date back to perhaps 1860 or earlier, which would place its construction ahead of the building of the Bozeman Trail, when only a few white trappers were in what is now Wyoming and they were mostly in sheltered valleys. Perhaps some day history will unearth this present mystery of the how, when and why of the old stockade.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

During the Spanish American War, Wyoming was the first state to respond to the call for volunteers for active service with United States troops with a full quota? Wyoming's apportionment was two hundred thirty-one men, but three times this number volunteered during the course of the war. (Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present*, pp. 520-1.)

Laramie County was created on January 9, 1867, by the Dakota Legislature? This was the first organized county in what is now Wyoming. Carter County, later changed to Sweetwater County, was created December 27, 1867, by the Dakota Legislature. (Beard, p. 186; 189.)

A Portuguese trader, Antonio Mateo, erected the first trading post in Wyoming near the junction of the north and south forks of the Powder River? Historians do not know when the old houses were built. They were discovered by Jim Bridger and Captain W. F. Raynolds in 1859. (Bartlett, *History of Wyoming*, p. 107.)

HISTORY OF WYOMING, WRITTEN BY C. G. COUTANT, PIONEER HISTORIAN, AND HERTOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Chapter XXII

Laramie County

Cheyenne Continued—City Charter Changed—Exciting Election Held in 1878—Only Those Paying Poll Tax Could Vote—Results of Lawsuit Leave City Without Government for a Week.

A further reference to events which occurred in 1877 must be made, and the consideration of them will take us along until after the municipal election in January, 1878. They are important events in the history of the city, however, and must not be omitted.

The city had been jogging along (figuratively speaking) ever since 1867 under various different charters, and for a time without any charter at all, and the people of the city had begun to think that the city ought to obtain an enlargement of its municipal powers, and there "were other reasons" why a change was demanded. Dwight Fisk was then mayor, and he had some ideas regarding "internal improvements" which did not please everybody, and yet, later on, the city through its constituted authorities, and with the consent of all classes, adopted these same ideas, and gave practical effect to them. A partial system of water works for the city had been put in for which there seemed to be no authority under the old charter, and during the summer of 1877, \$5,000.00 or more was expended in the grading of streets—some concluding that this was all right, and others that it was all wrong.

For these various reasons, the controlling one, however, being of the belief that the city had outgrown the old charter and ought to have a new one with more extreme powers, a meeting was called and held in the city hall early in October, 1877, at which a committee, afterwards known as "The Committee of Fifteen," was appointed for the purpose of considering the question, and if deemed advisable to draft a bill for a new charter to be presented for legislative action at the session of the legislature soon to convene.

This committee of which Judge J. M. Carey was made chairman, and E. P. Johnson, Esq., held several meetings thereafter, and finally decided to apply to the legislature for a new charter. Mr. Johnson and others were appointed a committee to prepare a bill which it did in due time, and proved acceptable to the balance of the committee. It is not the purpose here to give a detailed history of this bill, but it is suffi-

cient to say that it was presented and introduced in the legislature, and in due time became a law, but without in express terms repealing the old one. This difficulty, however, was discovered and avoided by the introduction and passage of a separate bill on the last day of the session repealing in express terms the old charter.

The new charter provided that for the purposes of the first election an ordinance should be enacted by the outgoing board of trustees governing the manner, etc., of holding the same. This was done, and the city, in pursuance of the new charter, was divided into three wards. The first ward was to consist of all that portion of the city lying south of Sixteenth Street; the second, that portion lying north of Sixteenth and east of Ferguson Street; while the third ward constituted the remainder of the city, i.e., all north of Sixteenth and west of Ferguson Street. Under this special ordinance the election was to be held.

1878. Excitement ran high. There were two factions (political lines not being observed) and each had unpleasant things to say of the other among which was that one party already had, and the other wanted, to organize a "Tweed Ring." A citizens convention was called, and nominated L. R. Bresnahan as its candidate, while on the other hand the workmen's party nominated Dwight Fisk for mayor. The new charter provided that the councilmen should be elected in each ward, and each side nominated councilmen tickets.

On the day of the election the excitement ran very high indeed, and a large vote was polled, but not so large as it would have been had it not been provided in the new charter that every party voting must have paid a poll tax for the preceding year. The election resulted in the choice of L. R. Bresnahan for mayor, the vote of the city being Bresnahan,....., Fisk,....., majority for Bresnahan.

The election for councilmen resulted in the choice of some from each party, the citizens ticket men, however, being in the majority. Thus it was that a victory was claimed for "progressive and good government."

The members of the city council elected were⁸

We must now go back a few days prior to the election. The old board of trustees consisted of Dwight Fisk, mayor, and Messrs. W. P. Davis, George Leighton, Andrew Ryan, and August Gueck. W. P. Davis, the vice-president of the board was then superintendent of the mountain division of the Union

8. Here in the manuscript was space and skeleton paragraph for inserting results of the election, but was never completed by the author.—Ed.

Pacific, and as such, of course, had considerable regard for the interests of the railroad company which he represented, and such being the case he had therefore called the attention of the board to the fact that a portion of the land lying within the city limits, and south of the railroad track, was something which the company greatly desired, and broached the subject of a purchase from the city by the company. He also took the ground that the land still belonged to the Union Pacific. The land in question was far less valuable at that time than at present, and all things considered, the board—Mr. Ryan finally decided to sell it to the company for a consideration of \$500. W. P. Carroll was then city attorney, but he was not consulted in the matter further than that the question as to whether the city could sell this land unless at auction—or in other words, at private sale—was submitted to him by Mr. Davis.

That gentleman was informed that under the old charter this could not be done, and that the new charter, while less explicit, was to the same effect. Whether Mr. Davis obtained a legal opinion elsewhere which more nearly accorded with his views he did not explain, but the outcome of the matter was that a deed was prepared (not by or with the knowledge of the city attorney) and was ready to be signed and delivered when a temporary restraining order issued by Chief Justice Fisher, then the presiding judge of the First District, was served upon the board, which, of course, prevented the signing and delivery of the deed.

The bill of complaint upon which the order was obtained was brought by Henry Altman as one of the taxpayers of the city, and having an interest therein. The bill of complaint alleged that the land was worth several thousand dollars, and that it could not be sold except at auction, which had not been the case. He employed as his solicitors E. P. Johnson and C. N. Potter, then doing business under the firm name of Johnson and Potter. Col. W. R. Steele was the attorney for the railroad company at that time, but as the company were disposed to fight the matter and obtain the promised deed if possible, Judge J. M. Thurston, of Omaha, was sent for and arrived in Cheyenne on the day of the election for the purpose of assisting Col. Steele.

The question as to whether the temporary restraining order wasn't for hearing before Chief Justice J. F. Fisher on . . . day after the municipal election, and on that forenoon the city attorney was invited to a conference with Judge Thurston and Col. Steele. There was nothing to confer about, however, for the official referred to had made up his mind what to do, and in so doing, as the board of trustees had not conferred with him about getting the city into "a bad boat," he in turn

did not confer with that body in regard to getting the city out of the boat.

When the case was called before Judge Fisher, Messrs. Thurston and Steele were promptly on hand on behalf of the railroad company. Johnson and Potter were equally prompt in attendance. The members of the board of trustees were there, and Carroll, who appeared for the *city*, and not necessarily its board of trustees, did not delay his appearing, and at once filed and presented a motion to vacate and dissolve the temporary restraining order on the ground that the board of trustees no longer had authority to act for the city—in other words, that the city was without a government. A brief examination and discussion on the motion showed that the new charter provided that the newly elected mayor and board of councilmen should qualify and enter upon the discharge of their respective duties on the same day of the election. This, of course, was impracticable, but the provision in the new charter did have the unmistakable effect of terminating the official existence of the old board so that its members had no authority to act on behalf of the city after that day. The proceedings before the court were pending against “the board of trustees of the City of Cheyenne” and there was no such board. The motion to dissolve the temporary restraining order on that ground was promptly sustained, which decision deprived the city of a government until such time as had been fixed by ordinance for the assembling and qualifying of the newly elected mayor, and members of the city council.

The announcement that the court had decided that Cheyenne had no city government created much excitement as at first the matter was not fully understood—many understanding and believing that the court had pronounced the new charter invalid, or unconstitutional, etc. The city attorney was upbraided by some of the members of the old board of trustees, and others as having overturned the very thing which he ought to have defended, but the reply was that he was not the attorney for any mere board of trustees, but the attorney for the *city*. The injunction case, of course, was relegated to the pigeon holes in the clerk of the court’s office, and has never been heard of since, while the proposition to sell the land before-mentioned to the railroad company was effectually disposed of and defeated.

For more than a week the city was without a government, except what little authority the city attorney assumed to exercise, and City Marshal Slaughter, who, being advised by the first named official that while not an officer *de jure*, he was, nevertheless, a *de facto* officer. The four policemen, acting

under the marshal's orders, continued to discharge their duties as usual.

By the terms of the ordinance under which the first election was held the old board of trustees was made the board of canvassers to open and canvass the votes cast in the various wards, and declare the result. Some of the outgoing members, in view of the fact that they had been somewhat unceremoniously ejected from office, did not like to perform this duty, and there were those outside of the members of the old board who affected to believe that if the members of the old board should refuse to come together and canvass the votes, the new city government could not be inaugurated—at least for a considerable time. Had such been the case, the votes would, nevertheless, have been duly and legally canvassed. In regard to this, however, it must be said that none of the members of the old board had any intention or desire to refuse to canvass the votes.

In due time, and in pursuance of a call issued by the city attorney, and published in the daily papers, Mayor-elect Bresnahan, and the new members of the city council appeared at the city hall, and were sworn into office by Charles F. Miller, then Judge of Probate, so that finally, after many uncertainties and unlooked for contingencies had intervened, the city finally had a government in operation under the new charter, much to the gratification of the attorney who was responsible for overturning the last one under the old.

The members of the city council chosen at the first election under the new charter were as follows:

First Ward.....T. R. Reid, T. A. Caswell, J. Granger

Second Ward.....A. H. Reel, F. E. Addoms, M. Marks

Third Ward..J.W. Hammond, G. G. Masters, A. D. Butler

The officers appointed were: Marshal, J. N. Slaughter

Treasurer, Isaac Bergman

Clerk . . .

Attorney, C. N. Potter

Sexton . . .

Chapter XXIII

Laramie County

Cheyenne Continued—The Snow Storm of 1878—Firemen's Tournament in Cheyenne Brings Visitors—Hailstorm, August 17, 1878—Election Held for Delegate in Congress and County Officers—News of the "Thornburg Massacre" Reaches Cheyenne, September 15, 1879—Legislative Campaign of 1879—Death of Hon. Edward P. Johnson—Sixth Legislative Assembly—Bonds for Wyoming, Montana and Pacific Railway.

Through the years 1878 and 1879 we must now hasten—noticing only a few incidents and matters of importance.

The new municipal government started out auspiciously, and, of course, with the best wishes of all. Mayor Bresnahan and the city council did not agree in all things, but their differences of opinion had no detrimental effects on the affairs of the city, which ran along smoothly enough.

On the 7th day of March '78—or rather on the evening of that day there commenced in Cheyenne what proved to be one of the most terrible snow storms which had visited the eastern portion of Wyoming for several years. The storm raged for three days and nights with the utmost fury. The air was filled with driving snow, and so furious did the storm rage that for nearly forty-eight hours it was almost impossible to see across the streets, and it was actually unsafe to venture out ten feet from the door. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and to add to the general gloom and dangerous character of the situation many people in the city were nearly out of coal. On the second day of the storm "a relief committee" was organized, consisting of Marshal Slaughter, the policemen, and many citizens who volunteered their assistance, and many were the unfortunate ones whose houses were completely buried under the monstrous snow drifts who were relieved from their dangerous situation. When the storm was over the drifts of snow in the principal streets were nearly as high as some of the buildings themselves. Small boys who had somehow gotten upon the top of the Carey Block amused themselves by jumping off into the drifts of snow on Seventeenth Street below. A building then standing on Eddy Street just south of Ellis' Candy manufactory was crashed in by the weight of snow on the roof, and other buildings had to be propped up from the inside. In other parts of the country the storm was equally severe, and many people were frozen to death. Among the number was Jack Lindsey, who, with others, was sent out by A. H. Reed before the storm came on, to look after stock, and when the storm arose he got separated from the balance of the party which had undertaken to make its way to one of the

stations on the Union Pacific, east of Cheyenne, and perished among the snow drifts. On Bear Creek a party of thirty men returning from the north had no means of shelter but a large tent, which was put up. Several of the party started out to find their horses the second day of the storm, and two Mexicans were frozen to death, and another member of the party was never found. An aged couple living in the vicinity of the foot hills west of Cheyenne stayed close in their cabin until toward night of the second day when the old gentleman went out to look after his cattle in the barn, not more than sixty feet away. He did not return, and his aged wife stood at the door all night calling "John, John, come back to me." When the storm was over, he was found dead nearly half a mile from the cabin in the snow. The names of this couple have not been remembered, and the files of the Cheyenne papers fail to disclose them. The railroads were blockaded in every direction during this storm, and it was several days before communication was reopened. It has always been fashionable to say harsh things of the Union Pacific Railway Company, but during this storm, as has been already mentioned, many people were nearly out of coal, and entirely so before the storm was over. The railroad company had several cars loaded with coal standing on a side track in the U. P. yards. To these cars nearly everybody who could resorted for coal with the knowledge of the U. P. officials, but to this day not a word has been said about that coal, many tons of which was taken by poor people, and others during this great "blizzard."

On the 18th of March (1878) James M. Irwin, Esq., one of the leading members of the Cheyenne bar, died and was buried on the 20th. Mr. Irwin was a man of ability, and was at one time prior to his advent in Cheyenne chairman of the Democratic state central committee of Illinois. For a short time after coming to Cheyenne he held the office of city attorney. As in the case of Mr. Street who died just eight months before, a bar meeting was held, resolutions adopted, speeches made, and the members of the bar attended his funeral in a body.

The largest firemen's tournament ever held west of the Missouri River outside of Denver and Omaha, occurred in Cheyenne about the first of August of this year, "Con" Wold-raven being then chief of the department. Fire companies from Colorado, Nebraska, some from Iowa, and from nearly every town in the territory, were present, and participated.

There was another flood in the city during the summer in which many basements were again filled with water, and much damage done, and on the 17th day of August (1878) a terrible hailstorm occurred in the city during the prevalence of which \$10,000.00 damage was done in ten minutes.

The election held on the first Tuesday of November for delegate in congress, and county officers, was sharply contested and resulted throughout the county as follows:

For delegate in congress.....	S. W. Downey.....	1101 votes
	E. L. Pease.....	1142
Sheriff.....	Geo. A. Draper.....	1074
	H. H. Helphenstine.....	1068
Judge of Probate and		
Co. Treasurer.....	Chas. F. Miller.....	1313
	F. S. Whitney.....	1028
County Clerk.....	J. K. Jeffrey.....	1228
	H. Fogleseng.....	891
County Attorney.....	E. P. Johnson.....	1132
	W. H. Miller.....	1006
Supt. of Pub. Schools.....	Rev. J. G. Cowhick.....	1107
	W P. Carroll.....	1016
County Surveyor.....	W. G. Provines.....	1210
	A. M. Rogers.....	923
Assessor.....	J. T. Chaffin.....	1304
	Geo. Wilford, Sr.....	832
Coroner.....	W. F. Lee.....	1440
	Geo. P. Goldacker.....	883
County Commissioners.....	E. H. Leibey.....	1226
	Geo. L. Holt.....	1137
	Chas. Hecht.....	1089
	W. G. Bullock.....	1053
	John F. Coad.....	992
	John H. Durbin.....	904

Of the foregoing officers elected, all with the exception of Johnson, Jeffrey, Lee, Holt, and Hecht were democrats.

The result of the election of precinct officers in Cheyenne was as follows:

For Justices of the peace.....	T. M. Fisher.....	932 votes
	James A. Bean.....	786
	John Slaughter.....	738
	Jas. Talbot.....	686
For constables.....	R. H. Kipp.....	939
	T. F. Talbot.....	775
	B. H. Smalley.....	731
	John F. Curran.....	726

Fisher and Kipp were Republicans; Bean and Talbot, Democrats.

In this election the result was so close between Draper and Helphenstine for sheriff that a contest case was commenced in the courts, but was finally abandoned—the county officers for the ensuing year being left as above indicated.

The city election held in January following resulted in the re-election of Mayor Bresnahan without opposition, receiving 282 votes, and the new members of the city council elected were:¹

The establishment of direct communication by rail with Fort Collins, and other towns in northern Colorado, had a marked effect on business in Cheyenne, and resulted very beneficially to the people at both ends of the line. Not finding it profitable to operate this line (at least such was the explanation) the . . .

On the 15th of September, 1879, the news reached Cheyenne of the "Thornburg Massacre" as it was called, and General Wesley Merritt then in command at Fort D. A. Russell, took the field with nearly all the troops at the post, and others from various points. At that time the laws of the United States allowed the Secretary of the Territory to have an assistant, and J. C. Baird, Esq., was officiating in that capacity as assistant to A. Worth Spates, then the secretary.

The governor of the territory was away at that time, and Spates, who was acting governor, was away also, so that the only governor the territory had for about three days was Mr. Baird. For nearly two days he was kept busy answering telegrams. The first telegram he received was from James France at Rawlins announcing the massacre and saying "send us 200 stand of arms, and 10,000 rounds of ammunition." Baird looked around through the "Armory" and found two muskets, but plenty of ammunition. He telegraphed back "Can't send you any guns, but have 100,000 rounds of ammunition. Shall I send the ammunition?"

Up to the present time, 1886, Mr. Baird has received no answer to the telegram.

The Legislative campaign in Laramie county in the fall of 1879 was a novelty in a political way. The leaders (some of them self appointed) of both political parties conceived the idea of building a sort of a political "love feast," whereupon when the county conventions were held a union ticket was agreed upon and put forward for the voters to support. The ticket was composed of as good men as could have been selected (among the candidates for the house being Hon. W. J. Hardin, the widely known colored orator) but the manner in which it was put forward was not at all satisfactory to probably a majority of the people of the county (many of those supporting it not approving of the manner of its nomination), for before the election occurred (the first Tuesday in September)

1. Space was left here in the manuscript for insertion of names, but never completed by the author.—Ed.

a "workingmen's" ticket made its appearance, and as the sequel showed about one-half of it was elected as against both of the regular parties combined.

The result of the election was as follows:

For the council: M. E. Post, 1338; Herman Glafcke, 913; E. P. Johnson, 878; Thomas Swan, 868; Charles Hecht, 702; L. Murrin, 578; E. A. Slack, 547 (E. W. Whitcomb also received 46, although he was not a candidate on either ticket).

For the House of Representatives: S. K. Sharpless, 1355; John E. Davis, 995; W. J. Hardin, 988; W. H. Hibbard, 984; W. C. Irvine, 900; Thomas Conroy, 852.

On October 3d, Hon. Edward P. Johnson, then county attorney and member elect of the territorial council, died, and his funeral occurred on the 5th. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased on Ferguson Street, Cheyenne, and they were conducted by Rev. C. M. Sanders, pastor of the First Congregational Church, assisted by Rev. J. G. Cowhick of the Presbyterian and all other clergymen in the city, including Father Hayes of the St. John's Catholic Church. The services were very solemn and impressive, and the procession to the cemetery was so long that the head of it had entered the gate before the rear had moved a block away from the residence. As the long procession moved past the school house, the scholars and pupils of the school (of which Mr. Johnson had been one of the founders) with Prof. N. E. Stark, the principal, at their head, came out and stood in line with uncovered heads until the solemn pageant had passed, after which the principal and teachers as well as many of the scholars entered carriages and followed on to the cemetery. Hundreds of the smaller pupils thronged up the hill to the place of burial on foot. On the occasion of Mr. Johnson's death the bar held a meeting and adopted resolutions. Nearly every member spoke also, and many were the feeling tributes that were paid to the memory of one of the noblest and truest men that ever resided in Cheyenne. Afterwards, an account of the life and services of Mr. Johnson, and also the account of his funeral, the bar meeting, and proceedings were published in pamphlet form by the Congregational Church of which he was a faithful and consistent member. His widow, Mrs. Susan R. Johnson (now Mrs. S. J. . . .), was in a few months appointed by President Hays postmistress at Cheyenne, and held that responsible position with credit to herself and to the satisfaction of the public for more than four years.

On the 28th day of October a special election was held throughout the county to fill the vacancies occasioned by the death of Hon. E. P. Johnson—one as county attorney, and the

other as member elect of the Sixth Legislative Assembly. The result of this special election was as follows:

For County attorney, J. W. Fisher, 621; W. H. Miller, 584.

For members of the territorial council: A. H. Reel, 813; E. Nagle, 372. It should be stated here, however, that Mr. Nagle was east at the time of the election, and had declined to run before going away.

The Sixth Legislative Assembly convened in Cheyenne early in November, the council occupying one of the large rooms on the first floor of the Odd Fellows block on Eddy Street, and the house of representatives the first floor of the O'Brien block on Seventeenth Street.

H. Garbanti was elected president of the council, and H. L. Myrick speaker of the house. The session of the legislature passed several bills for the more effectual protection of the stock interests of the territory,² and several other measures of importance. Toward the close of the session there occurred in the house of representatives a very spirited debate over the "legislative apportionment bill" which, it was claimed, discriminated very seriously against Laramie county. At one of the sessions of the house held while this bill was under consideration, Hon. W. J. Hardin, the colored orator, obtained the floor and proceeded to address the house in stirring and eloquent terms in opposition to the measure. The lobby was packed with people, many of whom cheered the speaker as he progressed, whereupon the speaker announced that if the cheering was repeated he would order the lobby cleared. In reply the assurance was given in such terms that the speaker and members of the house understood then that the sergeant at arms, and all others who might undertake the job would "have a good time" in so doing. For a few moments it looked as though there would be trouble, but at length order was restored. The speaker, however, who was friendly to the supporters of the bill finally refused to put the motion on an appeal from one of his rulings, whereupon Hon. E. W. Mann presented and demanded the question on a resolution deposing the speaker. This created a great sensation—Speaker Myrick himself being perceptibly agitated, and evidently of the opinion that he had at least made a mistake.

The resolution was defeated, however, the vote being 8 for and 13 against it—their voting in the affirmative being the Laramie county members. A final vote being taken on the apportionment bill the same evening, it was passed, but subsequently vetoed by Governor Thayer.

2. Session Laws of Wyoming, 1879: Stock, Herding, Branding, and Care of—Chapters 69 through 73, pages 132-135.

This session of the legislature also passed an act authorizing the county of Laramie to issue bonds to the extent of \$400,000 to the Wyoming, Montana and Pacific Railway Company³ in aid of the construction of a railroad northward from Cheyenne, and under this act a special election was held January 29, 1880, resulting in favor of the issuance of the bonds by an overwhelming majority. The subject of railroads and railroad bonds will be referred to, however, in another place.

On December 7th of this year occurred the death of one of Cheyenne's most estimable and devoted Christian ladies—Mrs. C. W. Riner—and the event cast a gloom over the entire city. Mrs. Riner had become a bride but a few months before, and an exceedingly bright and useful future apparently lay before her, but death claimed her for its own. Her life was so beautiful and sweet that her death was a sad blow to a large circle of friends and the community at large. Her memory will live and be kept green "while the days and the years roll by."

At the municipal election which occurred the second week in January the vote for mayor stood F. S. Addoms, 407; Joseph Granger, 121; and the three new councilmen elected for the year 1880 were . . .

Chapter XXIV

Laramie County

History of Fort D. A. Russell—The Commanding Officers from 1867 to 1886—Fire at Fort Russell in 1876—The Fort Rebuilt—A Murder at the Fort by Will Baker—Camp Carlin's Fire Brigade—Wyoming Stockgrower's Association and Its Early History.

We must now pause in the history of events in the chronological order in which they have occurred to consider many matters of importance that have only been incidentally alluded to heretofore, and in this part of the work exact dates cannot always be given as they are not obtainable at this time.

The important military post, Fort David A. Russell (named from Gen. David A. Russell, a Union brigadier general of volunteers, who was killed in one of the battles of the War of the Rebellion fought in Virginia), has been alluded to from time to time since our task began, and while no attempt will here be made to give a history of the post as a military station, yet a more extended allusion to it than has yet been made will be in order at this point.

On the 1st day of July, 1867, Gen. John D. Stevenson with two companies of cavalry and two companies of Pawnee scouts

3. *Ibid.* Bonds, Railroad, Laramie County—Chapter 12, pages 24-28.

under Major Frank North "the pale face chief" as has already been stated, arrived on the present site of the City of Cheyenne from Julesburg, Neb., and went into camp at a point about 500 yards north of the elevated ground overlooking what is now known as "the Nineteenth Street bridge" over Crow Creek, and on the east side of that stream. Here they remained until July 6th, when the troops broke camp and went farther up the creek to what is now Camp Carlin.

In a few days thereafter several additional companies arrived when a still further northerly move was made to the present site of Fort D. A. Russell, three miles from Cheyenne, two or three companies, however, remaining at what is now Camp Carlin (or Cheyenne Depot). In December, 1867, President Grant by an executive order set apart and defined the boundaries of the Fort D. A. Russell military reservation, since which time it has been a permanent military post.

The first commander of the post as we have already seen was Gen. John D. Stevenson, a man who in those early days by his liberal interpretation of the powers with which he was vested by his generosity and fine soldierly qualities did much to assist the founders and early pioneers of the "Magic City" in their gallant efforts to enforce law and order in the new town.

General John E. King was the second commander, and after him came Col. Burnford, of the 8th infantry. The next commanding officer was the gallant Gen. W. F. Reynolds, who was commander of the post from early in 1874 until the spring of 1876, and during the time led an expedition (in the winter of 1875-1876) into the northern portion of the territory, but for some alleged misconduct, charges were preferred against him which resulted in a court martial, of which General John Pope was president, and which convened at the Inter Ocean Hotel in Cheyenne in the summer of 1876, but resulted in establishing virtually nothing against Reynolds. He, however, soon after retired from active service, and was succeeded as commander at Fort Russell by Lieut. Col. L. G. Brackett, of the 5th Cavalry, who was in turn succeeded by General Wesley Merritt (formerly, like Reynolds, a major general of volunteers, but then colonel of the 5th Cavalry). In 1881, Col. John S. Mason, of the 9th Infantry, took command at Fort Russell, and is still (July 1, 1886) in command of the post, although orders have been issued which will soon result in a change.

Portions of many different regiments have been from time to time stationed at Fort Russell, and occasionally there have been as many as sixteen companies in all in camp at this place, and Camp Carlin. Most of the married officers who have been stationed at Fort Russell for any considerable length of time

have had their families there with them, and mingling as they have always done with society people in Cheyenne, the relations between the military at the "post" has made it pleasant for both.

In the winter of 1876 a very destructive fire occurred at Fort Russell, which resulted in the complete destruction of more than half of the most substantial buildings at the post. It was a bitter cold night when the fire broke out, the thermometer indicating twenty-two degrees below zero, and although the Cheyenne fire department made an effort to go to the rescue, yet, so intense was the cold that the "Durant" fire engine which was to have been taken along froze up before one-half the distance between Cheyenne and Camp Carlin had been made. Many of the individual firemen, however, reached the post, and did what they could to stay the progress of the flames. For a long time the "burnt district" was not rebuilt, but at length Congress made an appropriation of \$80,000, which was afterwards increased, and the wooden buildings destroyed by the fire were replaced with substantial and even ornamental brick structures, so that at present Fort Russell is perhaps the finest military post in the entire west.

While ordinarily the private soldier stationed at Fort Russell have behaved well, yet there have been times (pay days) when many of them have overstepped the bounds of propriety, and whole chapters might be written of their conflicts with the police of Cheyenne.

On the 11th day of December, 1877, an event occurred at Fort Russell which for a time created great excitement among the soldiers and resulted in preparations for a lynching by them. A young man named Will Baker, the son of the former adjutant general of Iowa, also ex-governor of New Hampshire, was at Fort Russell at that time in the capacity of a "hanger on" in camp, and having a quarrel with a soldier named Thomas Murray, went and bought a butcher knife, for which he paid fifty cents, sought out his victim, and stabbed him to death, inflicting several wounds, two of which were mortal. Baker was arrested and lodged in jail at Cheyenne, and on March 26, 1878, was placed on trial in the United States court (the killing having occurred on the military reservation) for murder in the first degree. Hon. Galuska Parsons of Des Moines, Iowa, W. H. Miller, and another Cheyenne attorney, appeared in defense of Baker, and Hon. E. P. Johnson, then U. S. District Attorney for Wyoming, appeared in behalf of the prosecution. The defense set up the plea of insanity, and after a long and exciting trial Baker was acquitted. The soldiers were greatly excited, and incensed at the result, and determined to lynch Baker if they could get a chance. Prior to the

trial a large party of them went to the court house in Cheyenne for the purpose of getting Baker out of jail in order that they might lynch him, but found no one in the U. S. Marshal's office except W. B. Hugas, who did not have the keys to the jail, but told them they must find the Sheriff if they wanted them. When they left the court house in search of the keys or other means to effect an entrance, the alarm was spread and they made no further attempt at that time. When Baker was acquitted, however, the determination to lynch him was revived, and it was carried to such an extent that a large party of cavalymen (unknown, however, to the officers) mounted their horses, and rode down to Archer station, six miles east of Cheyenne, for the purpose of stopping the passenger train on which it was expected Baker would be sent east, and thereby getting a chance to hang him. In this they were foiled, however, for his attorneys sent him out of Cheyenne via the Colorado Central, which was then in operation.

The indignation at the acquittal of Baker was not confined to the soldiers, but was quite general among the people of Cheyenne. Three weeks after Baker reached his home in Iowa he made an attempt to kill his own mother (who was present at his trial in Cheyenne), was taken before the state board of medical examiners, unanimously pronounced insane, and sent to the asylum. He escaped from that institution, however, but was captured and taken back, but managed to get away the second time, and eventually enlisted. Unfortunately he was sent out to Fort Russell among a lot of recruits, but before he was recognized by the soldiers, Gen. E. C. David, and other friends of the Baker family went to Fort Russell and laid the matter before the commanding officer. Baker was turned over to them and lodged in jail at Cheyenne for safe keeping. At length an order was received from the War Department transferring Baker to Fort Steele, whither he was sent, but died in the service in the course of a year.

About midway between Cheyenne and Fort D. A. Russell is situated Camp Carlin, at which place troops have been stationed ever since Cheyenne grew out of the plains, and even before a post was established at Russell. It has never been, however, a separate military station, being subordinate to and under the jurisdiction of the commander at Fort D. A. Russell.

The clerks and other government at Camp Carlin early in its history organized a fire company at that place called the "Gillis Hose Company" in honor of Capt. Gillis who was chief quartermaster at the Camp for a number of years, and a Babcock engine was purchased by the government for the use of the company. The name of the company was finally changed to the "Phil Sheridan" which name it still bears. This gallant

company has many times gone to the assistance of the Cheyenne fire department when destructive fires have raged, and for some years it has been one of the companies comprising the department.

At this point some mention should be made of the Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association, whose headquarters has always been at Cheyenne. This branch of the subject comes under the head of the general history of the territory, but, nevertheless, should be alluded to locally for the reason above given.

While the stock interests of Laramie county have been inadvertently mentioned a number of times the assertion has nowhere been made as yet that the cattle business has ever been the great leading industry of not only Laramie county but of the entire territory as well. Such is the case however and the enterprising "cattlemen" and shrewd capitalists who have built up this interest within the county and territory are entitled and universally receive the credit of placing the territory in the front rank in the great sisterhood of states and territories comprising the American Union. True it is that the country is especially and peculiarly adapted to the grazing of cattle and that unless the enterprising stockgrowers at home and capitalists from abroad who reside in, or have invested here, and who have done so much to build up the territory, had not invested and embarked in the business, others who have perhaps never visited the territory would have come to Wyoming and done what our home people and friendly capitalists are now doing, but this does not materially alter the case.

There are many noble men in Wyoming, and especially in Laramie county, who have labored for years to built up the cattle interests, and they are entitled to the credit which is—or ought to be—extended to the soldier who goes out to fight the battles of his country.

The Wyoming Stockgrowers' Association composed of not only residents of Wyoming, but numbers among its members many cattlemen from Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, and Montana, and which convenes annually on the second Monday in April at Cheyenne, like many other large influential and flourishing associations had a somewhat humble origin as we shall presently see.

In the month of April, 1871, Judge W. L. Kuykendall, M. V. Boughton, John Snodgrass, D. C. Tracy, John H. Durbin, Milton Taylor, and not to exceed ten or twelve others, met at Judge Kuykendall's office at the court house, and proceeded to organize the "Laramie County Stock Association," M. V. Boughton being elected president, John H. Durbin, vice-president, and W. L. Kuykendall, secretary. A constitution and by-

laws were, of course, adopted. The association though few in numbers at first, had somewhere between thirty and forty members before it had been organized a year. One of the most important questions which occupied the attention of the association in the early days of its history was the subject of brands. Judge Kuykendall, M. V. Boughton, and J. H. Durbin contended that the association ought to urge upon the legislature the propriety of enacting laws making the recording of brands a territorial matter. The point argued was that by so doing there would be no conflicting brands put on record as might be done by Mr. Jones having recorded in Albany county the same brand Mr. Smith had previously recorded in Laramie county.

The views advanced by these gentlemen on the matter of brands were for some inexplicable reason either ignored or overruled altogether—at all events they were not adopted by the association.

A reorganization of the Laramie County Stock Association was effected under the name of "The Wyoming Stockgrowers," and very soon had a large membership.

Among the most active and foremost of its members, and who have done efficient service for the association within the past few years are Thomas Sturges, Judge J. M. Carey, T. A. McShane, N. R. Davis, Hon. A. H. Swan, Andrew Gilchrist, Gov. F. E. Warren, D. Sheedy, Geo. A. Keeline, W. C. Irvine, Col. A. T. Babbitt, G. B. Goodell, C. A. Campbell, T. B. Hord, and many others.

Perhaps no man in the association has done as much toward placing the organization where it now stands—at the head of all the stock associations in the west—as Hon. Thomas Sturges, a man whose abilities are conceded to be of a very high order. Mr. Sturges has been secretary of the association for several years.

In the constant employ of the association are a number of stock inspectors, among whom are N. K. Boswell, ex-sheriff of Albany county, the territorial inspectors, and Messrs. W. C. Lykins, John Rees, and Bern Morrison. Messrs. Lykins and Rees are the principal inspectors for Laramie county, and both have made records as officers of which they may well be proud. The same may be said of Mr. Morrison.

A large number of enterprising and liberal minded English and Scotch capitalists, some of whom do not actually reside in Laramie county, have invested within it, however, and while they are not only honorable gentlemen, and pleasant neighbors, but have done, and are now doing much to build up and develop the country. Some of them are not engaged exclusively in the cattle business, but as members of ditch and irrigating

companies are seeking to reclaim vast tracks of land in various parts of the county.

NOTE—This concludes that portion of the "Coutant Notes" known as the Laramie County manuscript, publication of which was started in the January, 1940, issue of the ANNALS. The remainder of the Coutant material is composed of short biographical sketches of men of Wyoming. While a number of these cannot be used because of Mr. Coutant's system of brevity employed in making notes, together with the long lapse of time since the data was gathered, we plan to present in future issues of the ANNALS as much of this material as possible.—Ed.

WYOMING PLACE NAMES

Much of Wyoming's history is woven around the place names of the state, names which are a heritage from the Indians, early explorers, trappers, traders and settlers. No compilation of these has ever been attempted to date. Beginning with this issue of the ANNALS, Wyoming place names and their origins will be published.

Many of the sources of names are yet to be found, as historical files are incomplete. Readers are invited to send in corrections and new or additional material.

WYOMING. The name Wyoming is probably an imprint left by immigrants on their westward trek from Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. The word means mountains and valleys alternating, while the Delaware Indian interpretation of it is a corruption of Maugh-wau-wa-ma, meaning "The Large Plains."*

Counties

ALBANY. Established 1868. Named by a resident of Albany, New York, who was a member of the Dakota Legislature when the county was organized, before Wyoming became a territory.—Hebard,¹ p. 57.

BIG HORN. Established 1890. Named for the Big Horn Mountains which in turn took their name from the Big Horn or Rocky Mountain Sheep.—Hebard, p. 57.

CAMPBELL. Established 1911. Named for the first Territorial Governor of Wyoming, John A. Campbell.—A. J. Mokler, Casper, Wyoming.*

An asterisk () indicates that the material has been taken from the manuscript files of the Wyoming State Historical Department. In some instances a second source of information is given.

1. *History and Government of Wyoming*, 1921 edition.

CARBON. Established 1868. So named because of the large coal beds in the county.—Hebard, p. 57.

CONVERSE. Established 1888. Named in memory of A. R. Converse, a stockman who lived in Cheyenne and who was Territorial Treasurer from 1876-1880.—Bancroft² p. 758.

CROOK. Established 1875. Named for General George H. Crook, famous soldier and Indian fighter.—Hebard, p. 57.

FREMONT. Established 1884. Named for General John C. Fremont, pathfinder and explorer.—A. J. Mokler.*

GOSHEN. Established 1911. From the Biblical "Land of Goshen" where are found rich and fertile lands and plentiful water.—A. J. Mokler.*

HOT SPRINGS. Established 1911. Named for the hot springs located at Thermopolis in that county.—Hebard, p. 58.

JOHNSON. Established 1875. Named for E. P. Johnson, a lawyer of Cheyenne and a member of the State Legislature at the time of the organization of the county.—Bancroft, p. 784.

LARAMIE. Established 1867. Named for Jacques LaRamie, French-Canadian trapper who was killed by the Indians near what was later Fort Laramie, also named for him.—Hebard, p. 57.

LINCOLN. Established 1911. The county was named in honor of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States.—Hebard, p. 57.

NATRONA. Established 1888. Derived its name from the Spanish natron, meaning "native carbonate of soda." The name was given to the county because of the springs and deposits of this character within its limits.—A. J. Mokler.*

NIobrARA. Established 1911. Takes its name from the Niobrara River, which in the Omaha Indian language signifies "flat" or "broad" river.—Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, part 2, p. 500.³

PARK. Established 1909. So named as being significant of the great wonderland on its western border, Yellowstone National Park.—Hebard, p. 57.

PLATTE. Established 1911. Derives its name from the North Platte River, which in French is *platem*, meaning "dull" or "shallow."—A. J. Mokler.*

SHERIDAN. Established 1888. Named in honor of General Philip H. Sheridan.—A. J. Mokler.*

SUBLETTE. Established 1921. Named for William L. Sublette, the famed pioneer fur trader.—A. J. Mokler.*

SWEETWATER. Established 1867. Named for the Sweetwater River in that county.—A. J. Mokler.*

2. *Bancroft's Works*, Volume 25: Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming, 1540-1888.

3. Edited by Frederic Webb Hodge and published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

TETON. Established 1921. Derives its name from the Teton Mountains within its border. The name is that of a division of the Sioux tribe and was variously written Teton, Titon, Titonwan, meaning "dwellers on the prairies."—Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, part 2, p. 736.

UINTA. Established 1869. Named for a division of the Utes formerly living in northeastern Utah. It is a contraction of Uintats.—Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, part 2, p. 863.

WASHAKIE. Established 1911. Named for Chief Washakie, famous Shoshone Indian who was always a friend of the white man.—Hebard, p. 58.

WESTON. Established 1890. Named for Dr. J. B. Weston who was instrumental in bringing a railroad into that section of the state.—Hebard, p. 57.

Cities and Towns

ACME, Sheridan County. Named to designate the coal mine situated there.—Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron, Sheridan, Wyoming.*

AFTON, Lincoln County. Named for the song "*Flow Gently Sweet Afton*."—Mrs. Grace W. Groutage, Kemmerer, Wyoming.*

ALMY, Uinta County. Named for James T. Almy.*

ALTAMONT, Uinta County. Italian for "at the top of the hills."**

ARAPAHOE, Fremont County. A trading post and Arapahoe Indian sub-agency.—*Wyoming Guide*,⁴ p. 391.*

ARMINTO, Natrona County. Named for Manuel Armenta who started the Jack Pot Ranch nearby. The C. B. & Q. Railroad changed the spelling.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 326.*

ARVADA, Sheridan County. Accounted for by the Burlington Railroad when the town sprung up on its line.—Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron.*

AUBURN, Lincoln County. A party of Mormons erected cabins here in August, 1879. After one season, they moved to other parts of the valley, but the settlement was revived a few years later. Because the vacant cabins reminded someone of Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* the place was named Auburn.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 396.

BADWATER, Natrona County. Named for Badwater Creek on which it is located.*

BAGGS, Carbon County. Named for Maggie and George Baggs, early settlers.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 242.

BANNER, Sheridan County. The original postmaster of this postoffice lived at the crossing of Prairie Dog Creek on the Boze-

4. *Wyoming, a Guide to Its History, Highways, and People*, compiled by workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Wyoming; State Supervisor, Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring.

man Trail. His brand was a flag and people called it a banner.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 270.*

BASIN, Big Horn County. Located in the heart of the Big Horn Basin from which it derives its name.*

BIG HORN, Sheridan County. Named for the Big Horn Mountains, at the foot of which range it is located.*

BUFFALO, Johnson County. Located on virgin buffalo grounds which were claimed by the Indians.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 273.

BYRON, Big Horn County. Named for Byron Sessions, one of the leaders of the Mormon colonists who entered the Big Horn Basin in 1900.*

CAREYHURST, Converse County. Named for Hon. Joseph M. Carey.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 282.

CARTER, Uinta County. Named for Judge W. A. Carter of Fort Bridger.—Crofutt,⁵ p. 83.

CASPER, Natrona County. Named for the young lieutenant, Caspar Collins, who lost his life while gallantly attacking a superior force of Indians at a military post at Platte Bridge, later named Fort Casper.* According to old timers the spelling became changed through a mistake in the post office department in Washington. Another theory, too, is that the people generally misspelled the name until the established spelling became "Casper" instead of "Caspar."—*Caspar Collins* by Agnes Wright Spring, p. 185.

CHEYENNE, Laramie County. Bears the name of an Algonquian tribe of Plains Indians who called themselves Dzitsistas. The word Cheyenne is a corruption of the name given the tribe by the Sioux and is said to signify "aliens."*

CHUGWATER, Platte County. Located on the Chugwater River, so named because, when buffalo were driven over a nearby bluff by Indians and fell from the rocks into the water, they made a sound like chug; the Indians called the stream "the water at the place where the buffalo chug," and the name was shortened to Chugwater by white settlers.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 291.*

CLEARMONT, Sheridan County. So called because of its location on Clear Creek.*

CODY, Park County. Named in honor of Colonel William F. Cody, famous guide, scout and showman, who founded the town.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 336.

CROWHEART, Fremont County. A post office near Crowheart Butte. Legend says that Chief Washakie once fought a duel with a Crow Chieftain and that he killed the Crow and cut out his heart and ate it to augment his strength in battle.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 306.

5. Crofutt's *Trans-Continental Tourist's Guide*, published in 1871, a copy of which is located in the reference library of the Wyoming Historical Department.



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ACCESSIONS

to the

WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

January 1, 1942 to April 1, 1942

Miscellaneous Gifts

- Deming, Wm. C., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Framed plaque containing two fossils of fish.
- Metz, Fred, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming—Socket bone, not petrified, of a large prehistoric animal, found by Mr. Metz west of Ft. Fetterman.
- Nevels, George, Casper, Wyoming—Quilt depicting Wyoming scenes, made by the Townsend Ladies of Riverton, Wyoming.
- Gallagher, Wm. F., Colorado-Wyoming District C.C.C. Headquarters, Littleton, Colorado—One framed series of pictures and one framed memorial of Black Water Forest fire casualties, Shoshone National Forest near Cody, Wyoming.
- O'Donoghue, A., Thermopolis, Wyoming—Copies of articles written by Mr. O'Donoghue concerning Wyoming history in the Big Horn Basin.
- Carey Act Department, A. P. Russell, Engineer, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Copies of reports of the State Engineer on the Big Horn County Canal, 1908, and the Thermopolis Hot Springs, 1907.
- Dunn, Ira, Douglas, Wyoming—One piece of petrified bone, a section of a petrified fish, specimen of petrified wood.
- Winter, Mrs. Zita, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Piece of the lower half of a petrified squid, found in Albany County near the dinosaur beds.
- Benson, Mrs. Ethel, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Specimen of salt in its natural state from Great Salt Lake, Utah.

Pictures—Gifts

- Williams, Mrs. Al, Banner, Wyoming—Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Al Williams; kodak picture of their ranch home.
- Johnson, Mrs. Jessamine Spear, Big Horn, Wyoming—Four photographs: two of a chuck wagon outfit; the old Gold City at Bald Mountain, Wyoming; the Medicine Wheel.
- Woodbury, Mrs. Emily, Kansas City, Missouri—Three kodak pictures of Al Austin of the Jackson Hole Country, Wyoming.
- O'Donoghue, A., Thermopolis, Wyoming—Five kodak pictures: Thermopolis Hot Springs; tablet to Robert Foote; A. O'Donoghue, dog and horse; A. O'Donoghue's cabin; house for which John A. Skinner, who aided in capture of Jefferson Davis, made part of the brick.

Carey Act Department, A. P. Russell, Engineer, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Ninety photographs: twenty-one views of Big Horn County Canal, 1908; seventeen views of Thermopolis Hot Springs, 1907; three views of Green River and Cottonwood Canal; six views of Hammitt Canal, 1909; twelve views of Lakeview Canal, 1917; twenty-five views of Hanover Canal, 1909; seven views of Shell Canal, 1909.

Logan, Ernest A., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Fourteen pictures: two of Indians; Cheyenne after storm of 1878; cowboys on a roundup; oxen team in '80's; John Moorehead; two views of Logan Store, 1892 and 1900; first Presbyterian Church, Cheyenne; Rev. Field of Presbyterian Church, 1893; Mrs. Sara Sparahawk; Frank Sparahawk; Ross Irvin.

Haynes, Jack Ellis, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming—Seventeen photographs of Yellowstone Park, taken by his father, F. J. Haynes, on the first winter tour of the Park, January, 1887.

Books—Gifts

Henderson, Harry B., Sr., Cheyenne, Wyoming—First Battalion, Wyoming Volunteers. 1898.

Daley, Mrs. W. W., Rawlins, Wyoming—Frances C. Carrington. My Army Life and the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre. 1910.

Russell, Dr. Carl P., Washington, D. C.—A Bibliography of National Parks and Monuments West of the Mississippi River, Volumes I and II. 1941.

Hazel Hunt Voth and Dr. Carl P. Russell. Yellowstone National Park. 1940.

Sheridan Chamber of Commerce, Sheridan, Wyoming—An Industrial Survey of Sheridan, Wyoming. 1940-41.

Work Projects Administration, Benjamin H. McIntosh, Supervisor, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Wyoming Historical Records Survey, Inventory of the County: Archives of Wyoming for Goshen, Laramie, Lincoln and Platte Counties. 1941.

Books—Purchased

Stokes, George W. and Driggs, Howard R.—Deadwood Gold; A Story of the Black Hills. 1927.

Welch, Charles A.—History of the Big Horn Basin. 1940.

Driggs, Howard R.—Westward America. 1942.

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A HISTORICAL MAGAZINE



Courtesy of Cheyenne Frontier Committee

SIoux INDIAN CHILDREN

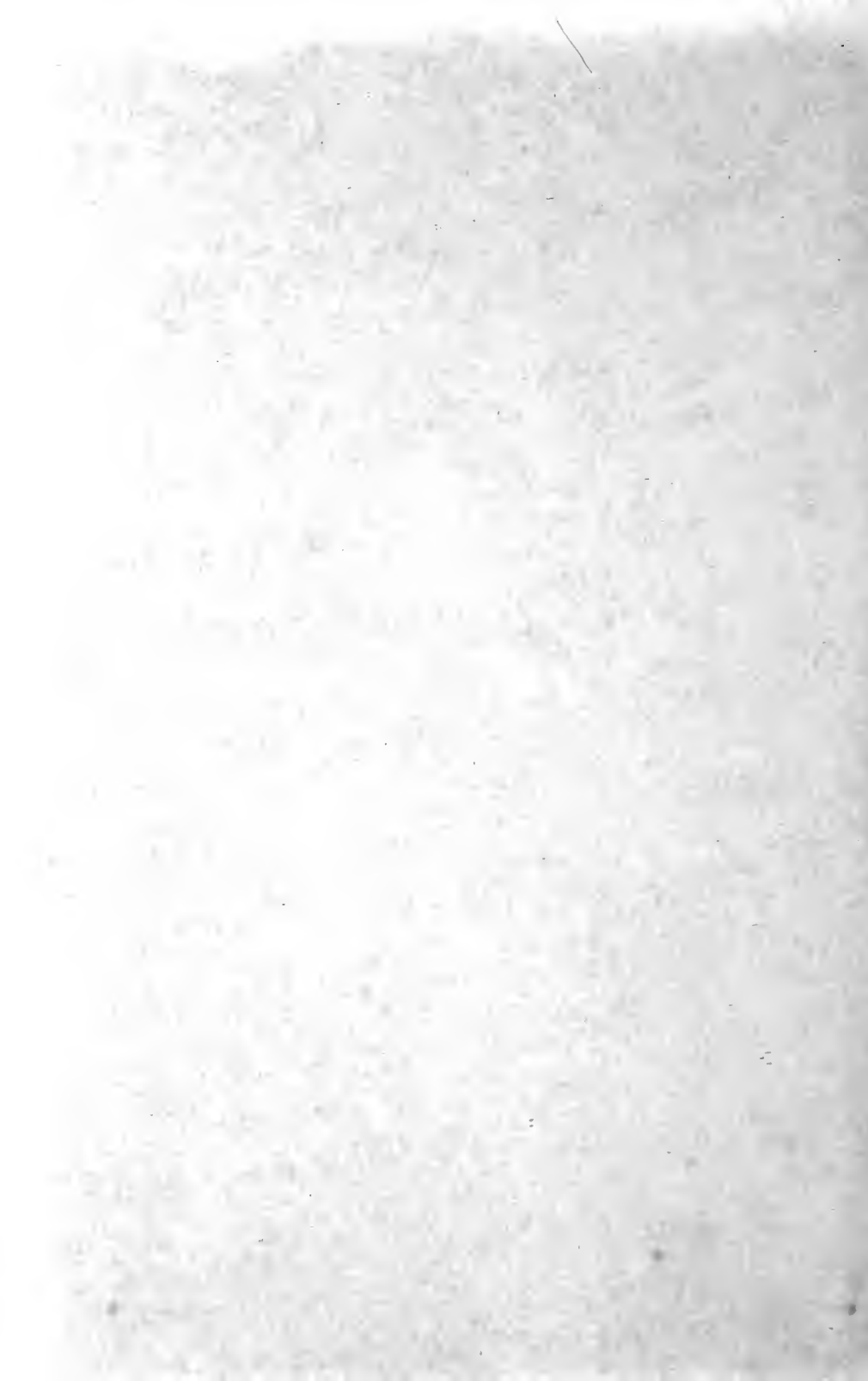
Dressed to participate in Frontier Days Show, Cheyenne, Wyoming

Published Quarterly

By

THE WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

Cheyenne, Wyoming



Annals of Wyoming

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The State Historical Board, the State Historical Advisory Board and the State Historical Department assumes no responsibility for any statement of fact or opinion expressed by contributors to the ANNALS OF WYOMING.

The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

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Pioneer Ranch Life In Wyoming

By Margaret W. Sackett*

The last frontier, the last range of the buffalo, the last stand of the Indian were all in the "Land of the Powder." To the east were the Sioux in Dakota; to the northwest, the Crows and the Cheyennes in Montana. Powder River lay between. It is true, the Indians made the whole West their home but the tribes which fought Custer hunted the Powder River country between the Black Hills and the Wolf and the Big Horn Mountains where Midwest, Kaycee, Buffalo, Big Horn and Sheridan now stand. It was here that Custer and his men in the early summer of 1876 were wiped out. Custer was one of the most fearless generals in the United States Army. In the Civil War he never lost a battle, but in his last struggle with the Indians he did not realize the power, unity and generalship of these northern Indians. The Redskins were in their natural haunts—mountain, river and ravine aiding them.

It was after the Custer Battle that the government took hold of the Indian situation and forced them into small reservations. However, not until six years later did it succeed in quieting the menace. The Reds rebelled at restriction after their unhampered roving. Enraged, they would gather up their bands here and there and return, bent on plundering, torturing, burning, killing and in every way wreaking vengeance on the white man.

One pioneer, then living in the Big Horn settlement, tells me of seeing over five hundred in one band maneuvering in preparation for an attack to recover some of their lost territory. These Redskins were not smiling and they were not garbed in peacetime raiment. Their bodies were covered with warpaint and they wore nothing but a breech clout and moccasins. Thongs went through their horses' mouths with only a strip of raw hide

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Margaret W. Sackett was born in Warsaw, Indiana, July 30, 1888, the daughter of J. F. and Martha Woods. In July 1912, she came to Wyoming and resided in Sheridan where she met Carl L. Sackett, to whom she was married May 1, 1914, at Warsaw. They have one son, Carl L. Sackett, Jr., who, as a reserve officer, has joined the armed forces of the United States to take part in the present conflict.

Mr. and Mrs. Sackett resided in Sheridan until 1933, at which time he was appointed U. S. District Attorney for Wyoming, and the family moved to Cheyenne to make their home. However, they still hold extensive ranching interests in Johnson County. Mrs. Sackett is an active member of the Cheyenne Woman's Club and Chapter C of the Wyoming P.E.O. Sisterhood.

encircling the ribs so the riders could slip on either side and shoot from any angle. The wartime eagle feather adorned the tails of their horses. These were the unpacified victorious braves of the Custer Battle, the Cheyennes and Sioux under Sitting Bull, who were returning from Canada. Word was rushed to headquarters of their maneuvers and before these tribes had time to attack, General Sheridan and his men arrived and took them to their reservations. Except for this timely interference there would have been massacred many pioneers in that vicinity who are now living and whose names are familiar to us. The last ounce of lead in this little community had been run into bullets as they prepared to meet the attack of these Indians.

Between 1868 and '75, the government spent over eight million dollars clothing and feeding the Sioux.

At this early date the settlers in this area were just starting to come, while the southern part of Wyoming had been more rapidly assuming shape. The Union Pacific Railroad was finished in 1869 and, at the end of each terminal, towns had sprung up overnight. In this way, Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins, Green River, Rock Springs and Evanston were founded. The privations and dangers in this portion of the state, though extreme enough, were not so hazardous as the nearness of the railroad lessened the possibility of actual want, and the number of towns and outposts where all kinds of supplies and provisions were to be obtained gave settlers a greater feeling of security. In case of Indian raids the immigrants were oftentimes rushed to nearby forts and other protective stations until the soldiers could quiet any uprising. Cheyenne was then, and continued, throughout the period of the pioneer, to be the bright center of all ranch, military and social life. It was the meeting place of men of high principle and noble purpose, but it was also the rendezvous of men who recognized neither conscience nor morals.

It was after Custer's battle and the end of the Indian peril that real immigration got under way. Settlers came in droves as word passed throughout the country that here was a paradise, a land of quick fortune, of tall, waving grass for cattle, streams of gold, mountains and plains full of every kind of wild life. The future seemed bright for both the real homeseeker, whose ambition it was to grow up with the country, and for the rich speculator, who saw in the untrodden spaces a possibility to treble his money. But getting into this trackless region was quite another problem to be reckoned with.

The real homeseeker had made his decision. With his staunch-hearted wife to help him, he would never concede failure. Only the barest necessities of life were crammed into the covered wagon. They might have brought a milk cow with them, some chickens and a few cattle with which to start a herd. Be-

hind probably followed several mule-drawn freight wagons filled with indispensable provisions and other frontier supplies. Sometimes they would reach their destination, but too often they would be overtaken by Indians and either brutally tortured, killed or robbed of all they possessed. Their livestock many times were "spooked" by the Reds or driven away by cattle thieves. Blizzards, heavy snows and hard winters would delay them and their provisions would be exhausted so that their only recourse lay in trading their cows or mules for food. With few or no bridges in the country, there were swollen rivers to ford and steep grades for the teams to pull. Sometimes it would take twenty mules to pull one wagon up an ascent, and in order to safely reach the bottom of the grade trees would have to be cut and fastened on behind even though the wheels had already been rough-locked. When these unfortunate ones came to the end of the trail, they had little with which to start a home, much less a ranch. Even though their livestock was gone and their larder empty, health and courage and constant faith in God would show the way.

The greatest number sought the Powder River country in northern Wyoming where the grass was most abundant. As Struthers Burt says in his book, *Powder River*:¹

"This story of Powder River is, in reality, the story of grass. The search for it. The fight for it. The slow disappearance of it. Grass, that strange green thing which covers the earth and without which man cannot live and the color of which, the secret of life itself, is still as much a mystery to man as when he first saw it. Bluestem, buffalo grass, slough grass, bunch grass; miles and miles of it, up to the horses' withers."

Not alone was there grass for these settlers; there were mountain streams for irrigation and the fertile valleys for their planting. There were pioneers in different sections of Wyoming sharing like interests and like hardships, but the community with which I have had direct contact is in this Powder River country.

As the settlers came, they would occasionally be fortunate enough to find an abandoned shelter hut which might have been built by a trapper or soldier gone before. This they would use until their own simple house was ready. These roughly-built dwellings usually consisted of one room, possibly ten feet square, and would sometimes have to house large families. The roofs and floors were of dirt with only one window which was hung with most anything to keep out the cold. Some of the floors were covered with gunny sacks sewed together, stretched over the dirt and pegged at the corners to be removed for washing when necessary. There were always port holes on all sides.

1. Page 1.

through which to shoot Indians in case of attack. Cooking was done over the open fireplace in Dutch ovens, frying pans and camp kettles. Food consisted chiefly of buffalo meat, deer and other wild game, beans, corn bread and such wild fruit as could be obtained in the summer at which time it was most plentiful. Having no jars in which to preserve fruit for winter use, the housewife would cook the fruit to the consistency of thin paste, put it through a sieve and dry the mixture on large platters before the open fire until it was like leather. These flat cakes were then hung from the roof beams to be taken down when needed, boiled with water and sweetened sometimes with brown sugar. Jelly glasses were made by heating an iron ring red hot, dropping it over the necks of beer bottles down to the shoulders. This cracked the necks of the bottles all around evenly, and any sharp edges were smoothed off with a file.

Even when thousands of cattle covered the hills these pioneers had neither a drop of fresh milk nor a pound of butter. It sometimes happened that for weeks at a time they would be snowed in and unable to get provisions. One woman had to grind wheat in her little coffee mill to have flour to make bread, and I talked to an aged mother who kept her family from real hunger by cooking the rind off bacon slabs which they had been using to grease the necks of their horses. This food shortage, however, would apply generally to the real tenderfoot, who had not yet learned to hunt or shoot, and when wild game was the principal article of diet this inexperience would sometimes work a great hardship. The men who were hunters always had some kind of game, either freshly killed or jerked, which is prepared much the same as our dried beef is now. Many times, however, game would be the only food they would have for days, with the exception of occasional corn bread or biscuits.

With every frontiersman's gun was a reloading outfit which included powder, lead, bullet molds, ladle for melting the lead, primers, etc. The children of these frontiersmen cannot remember when they learned how to use this reloading equipment or when they learned how to care for and use a rifle. In these things the women were likewise trained, as well as the men. It was not a matter of sportsmanship, it was a matter of necessity, both for defense and for food.

When sickness came to these people, they had nothing but home remedies; when children were born, they had no doctors; when teeth were extracted, bullet molds were used for forceps. There was, in the community of which I am speaking, no church closer than fifty miles, but the fact that everyone went, regardless of distance and the discomforts of travel, showed how devout and prayerful many of these early settlers must have been. Privations only drew them together. Not only did hardships

come to these homemakers; there were pleasures and many of them, simple though they were. They loved the great outdoors and when spring came, with all its lovely green, and they seeded the fresh new earth, their hearts were filled with contentment. I have often talked with a friend whose childhood memories have never yet faded. To her, she said, the little homesite at the foot of the mountains will always be a shrine. With no outside diversion, these communities had to make their own entertainments. Neighbors would come a great distance and at none of their gatherings would there be more enthusiasm than on the Fourth of July. To them it wasn't a day of fireworks. It was a day of reverence and patriotism. Pride and joy filled the heart of the school child who was chosen to read the Declaration of Independence.

The first school in what is now Sheridan County was held on the W. E. Jackson place in Big Horn. It was a little hut eight feet square with dirt roof, dirt floor and one tiny window covered with a gunny sack which, regardless of wintry blasts, was pushed back for light when the children wanted to read. All the pupils sat on a bench in front of the open fireplace. Their only books were those brought by the pioneers. It was here that my husband learned his ABC's and it was here that Jesse James, the notorious outlaw of early days, hid from his pursuers.

Not only did the severity of the winters test the endurance of these people but the summers took their toll as well. There was drought and there were prairie fires. George Benton,² a preacher who lived in the valley, almost killed a pair of mules while running from a prairie fire which, in one-half hour, swept from the present site of Sheridan to Big Horn, a distance of ten miles. After the endless influx of cattle soon to come there never again could have been such a destruction by fire, as the grasses would never, after that have the opportunity to grow so thick and high in such a long, unbroken stretch.

What few farming implements the settlers owned had been brought with them when they came, and these were willingly passed from one neighbor to another. Some few cut their hay by hand. Discouragements confronted them in the tilling of the soil and the harvesting of their grain, but to those who eventually succeeded these obstacles must have acted only as a spur to greater endeavor. Starting life as they did with only the meagre necessities of life, it took years to accumulate worldly goods and to see a handful of cattle increase to a profitable herd. As in every line of business, to be successful it takes health, perseverance, temperance and tenacity of purpose. Some young men, physically fit and financially unhampered, were failures; others who started out with nothing save a sterling character met with

2. See ANNALS OF WYOMING, April 1942, p. 108.

brilliant success. Out of thousands of cowboys, there arose one Kendrick.

It is true that Wyoming in her infancy had many robbers, killers, gamblers and cattle thieves, as is usually the case in the settling of new territory, but it is equally true that never in the history of any country were there finer or more honorable men than those who fought the adversities that confronted them.

“Buckskin Johnnie”

There is one frontiersman who possessed so many of these admirable qualities typical of the real western gentleman that I want to say a word in his memory. His name was John Spaulding but I always think of him as “Enoch Arden of the Plains.” Together with a small party of gold seekers, he came to this country from Wisconsin when he was but twenty years old. Behind him he left a sweetheart who loved him and who promised to follow when he had made a home for her in the West. There came also with this little party another young man who loved this girl. While on their way to the Black Hills, Spaulding became ill with what in those days was called mountain fever. His condition grew so serious that he could not keep up with the party. Fearing the Indians might be in that vicinity, the party went on, leaving him delirious and alone to die. Jack Sackett, who was hunting buffalo in that section, chanced to find him. He carried him home and all that winter nursed him. He gave him strong tea made from white sage, which has the same medicinal qualities as quinine; he gathered the green twigs and tender shoots from the creek and mixed them with the marrow from wild game.

All that winter deep snows fell and no mail came through, but John Spaulding had written letters to his sweetheart when he became ill and he knew she would understand. His rival, however, saw to it that these letters were never delivered. Instead the message was carried back that her lover had been killed by the Indians. In the early spring, as soon as he could get to the nearest outpost, Spaulding went for his mail. He found letters from her. She begged for word from him, hoping to find untrue the report that he had been killed. As he stood there reading her letters, he heard someone beside him telling the story of a man named Spaulding who had been killed by the Indians and whose sweetheart had just married his rival. What one might expect a young man to do as he heard this report was not what John Spaulding did. Unselfish to a fault, he realized that to reveal his identity would heap grief and remorse upon the one he loved. He spoke of his sorrow to no one except his friend Jack, and, dropping the name of Spaulding, he became “Buckskin Johnnie.” For months he was on the verge of losing

his reason, mourning as did Lincoln mourn over his Anne Rutledge.

Fifty years passed and he never married. He still longed and waited, for what he did not know. But he learned one day, through someone who knew his secret, that the husband of his loved one had died, and he learned also that she had never ceased yearning for the one who for so many years had been lost to her. On his way to California, where they were to be married, he stopped at our home in Sheridan. Never shall I forget the love and joy that shone in his kindly eyes as he talked of the happiness, not that which had been denied him through the long lonely years, but the happiness which awaited him, even though he was then in the closing years of his life.

In the wild and reckless days of Buffalo Bill, many daring and hazardous feats were performed in this western arena which history attributes to Buffalo Bill but which, in truth, were accomplished by this Buckskin Johnnie. He would modestly retire to the background, preferring it to glory. People knew him as one of the best shots in the West. One day a crowd gathered round a marksman of the buffalo trails who was boasting of his unbeaten record. Buckskin Johnnie was urged to compete with him, and he finally consented to do this if the other man would fire the first shot. This was done, and after each shot fired at the target by his competitor, Spaulding would hit a spot precisely the same distance from the bull's eye only on the opposite side. It was neither his intention nor his wish to break the champion's record, yet his superior skill couldn't be questioned.

In the stirring days of '76 the government needed scouts to help take the immigrant trains through the new area, and Spaulding knew the country as well as the Sioux. He once led to safety a train of sixty-three wagons through dangerous Indian country, and many times he preceded troops through hazardous sections where sharp-shooting was required.

Indian Menace Subdued and Ranches Emerge

These scouts were buffalo hunters too. He told us of one instance when, with his field glasses, he saw a solid landscape of what he estimated to be five hundred thousand head of these bison. When a party of buffalo hunters would start out the ones in front on the horses would kill the animals, cut off the heads and put them on high places so the wagons following could see the trail and pick up the animals. There were, on Powder River, herds of them sufficient to feed all the Indians at the time of the Custer Battle. Four years later, in 1880, Edward Burnett,³ an English youth, saw near old Fort Reno on Powder River

3. Now of Buffalo, Wyoming.

stacks of what he thought were cordwood. He was riding with Dave Cummings, an old buffalo hunter, and he said to him, "Why has all this cordwood been piled up for miles and miles and abandoned?" Whereupon Dave took him closer and Burnett saw that what he had thought was cordwood were in reality buffalo hides stacked up, thousands upon thousands of them. When the water was high in the spring, they were rafted down to the Yellowstone where they were put on boats for St. Louis.

But the days of the buffalo were numbered and there were many reasons for this. From an economic standpoint the buffalo was vastly inferior in value for all purposes to domestic cattle. The one had to go to provide grazing for the other. The buffalo had been the life-blood of the Indian. These herds were just so many provision depots for the marauding tribes, and to destroy them was one way of fighting the Redskins. In two years three million head were killed and the meat left to rot. The skins were sold for one dollar. When the buffalo were taken from the Indians, they were revengeful toward the white man. In one locality, the remains of a thousand head of cattle were wantonly butchered by these Reds, killed not for meat but for pure malice. Tongues were cut out, some were killed for the hearts and others for the brains. It totaled a loss to the government of twenty thousand dollars.

The white man, on the other hand, might have been shockingly cruel at times too. Moreton Frewen,⁴ one of the English noblemen who loved Wyoming, when in Palo Duro Canyon saw a grim reminder of man's wanton inhumanity as trustee of the buffalo host. This canyon, a vast fissure in the strata of the Stake Plains, is in places two thousand feet sheer. In one spot off these cliffs, he came upon many thousands of carcasses of buffalo which had been driven over the precipice from the plains above so that the chiefs of the Comanche Tribe below might enjoy the sight of the great bodies hurling through space—a savage and brutal form of sport. Frewen, describing his perilous trip across the Big Horn Mountains made in the last two weeks in December, tells of using a herd of three thousand buffalo for a living snow plow to break a trail through the deep snow over the mountain to Powder River Valley.

Even in 1880, however, the buffalo were not all killed. Some years later a herd of them was seen by Lyman Brooks⁵ in the country where Sheridan now stands. Lord Frewen killed a magnificent specimen in his front dooryard as late as 1886.

The Indian menace suppressed, the buffalo practically ex-

4. For biography see ANNALS OF WYOMING, April 1940, pp. 87-89.

5. Early day cattleman and business man of Sheridan, Wyoming. For further information see *Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming*, p. 324.

terminated, Wyoming was heralded as the Eden of the West. "To begin with, men had thought her future was beaver, then for a long while they had thought it gold, neither of them homemaking businesses, suddenly they realized that it was beef-steak on the hoof, and that the gold lay on the surface of the ground in the shape of mountain and prairie grasses. Gold that waved in the wind and turned brown in the fall."⁶

By the late '70's there began that mad scramble to get into the business that culminated in a wild boom. Men came from every walk of life: bankers, merchants, farmers, young men just out of college whose fathers were willing and able to establish them in business, men who knew something about the cattle business and men who knew nothing about it at all. It never seemed to occur to anyone that there might be a limit to the number of cattle these Wyoming ranges would support. There was plenty of grass, the government was asking little or nothing for the land and there was the Union Pacific Railroad for shipping the cattle, three things to make the business a paying proposition. No one knows just when the first Texas trail herds came to Wyoming. The trickle of cattle suddenly turned into a flood. In 1871, five hundred thousand Texas longhorns crossed the Red River in Texas headed north for Wyoming, a mere handful compared to the millions which came later.

It would be a mistake to think that the influx of people during this cattle rush was made up entirely of speculators, fortune hunters and land grabbers. Many came because they really loved the country and wanted to make permanent homes in Wyoming. The lure of Powder River had reached far into foreign ports. People from other lands were eager to get away from the old country. They had a great desire to become a living part of this new, vigorous and undeveloped land. From Scotland came the Malcolm Moncreiffes,⁷ who settled at the foot of the Big Horns and who are still there. From England came Oliver Wallup, the Earl of Portsmouth, and from England also came Frewen who ran sixty thousand head of cattle in the Powder River Valley and organized the Powder River Cattle Company. To him this country was not only a haven for cattle but a paradise for the sportsman. Here he built his ranch home, not the simple one-room type, but the Frewen Castle, as it was known for years, where he entertained many of the Lords and Ladies of England. John B. Kendrick said the finest, fattest steers he saw in the early days were those of Moreton Frewen's.

The life of the "Open Range," that is to say before the advent of the barb wire, when cattle were turned loose on the ranges, with no thought of preparing feed for winter, when they

6. Burt, *Powder River*, p. 205.

7. Rancher at Big Horn, Wyoming.

were handled entirely by a system of roundups, was comparatively short and certainly spectacular while it lasted, ending in a calamity and financial disaster rarely seen in any line of human endeavor. The causes which brought about this unexpected misfortune were many, any one of which would have finally landed the business on the rocks. Men were buying and selling cattle "book account" or "range delivery." That business men should so far lose sight of ordinary methods as to buy and sell cattle "without counting a cow," with no way of ascertaining how many cattle they were paying for except by the seller's "tally books," is almost beyond belief. Thousands of cattle changed hands in this fashion, involving many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Although the cost of land and cattle were cheap, there were many avenues through which were drained the cowman's profits. There were hard winters, cattle rustlers, claim jumpers, prairie fires, stampedes caused by wolves, coyotes and bears and Indians and thieves who would intentionally turn a docile, sleeping herd into a frenzied mass. Sometimes the maddened cattle ran into deep ravines, swollen rivers and quicksand. A stampede would quickly take the fat off an animal and with the fat went the profit. In many cases the stock were intentionally driven into the herd of the cattle thief.

All these unfortunate occurrences led to the cattle war which was waged during these years of theft and disorder. The movement of great herds was needlessly delayed if some crooked foreman, for any advantageous reason of his own, chose to prevent branding until some of the cattle might be craftily transferred to his or other herds. Many of this type of man were hurriedly dispatched, for the majority of these rustlers were never brought to court. They were either shot or hung.

When the hordes of cattle were brought into our state, they were often not properly located before winter, and such stock, being unfamiliar with the ranges, did not know where to go to find food and shelter when it stormed. In '86 a parching summer came. No hay was put up. Winter brought blizzards and with them the deepest snow on record. This was followed by a chinook which melted the top of the heavy snow, and the temperature, sliding down below zero, immediately froze it into sheets of ice, leaving absolutely nothing the stock could reach to eat. Thousands upon thousands of cattle starved or were smothered as they stumbled into the deep snows of the coulees and ravines. A mournful array of figures only partly told the story of the winter tragedy. The spring thaws disclosed thousands of carcasses. Skeletons and staring skulls were harvested by agents of fertilizer factories.

Many of the cowmen who really knew the stock business weathered the catastrophe of '86 and have been instrumental

in restoring the cattle business and placing it on a sound basis. Stock associations were formed, brand books were published and better laws were put on the statute books. The range became divided with fences, to reserve for the different seasons of the year suitable pasture for the stock. There was hay, too, for winter use whenever necessary. In fact, there came out of chaos a well-organized, safe and workable system of ranching and cattle raising. Many of the beautiful pioneer ranch holdings are still among the most delightful places in the West.

It seems incredible that the present development of Wyoming has not even spanned the lives of many of her truly western pioneers. A great number of them are slipping away, one by one, but in every section of the state, there are still familiar faces of those whose loyalty, wisdom and perserverance did so much toward the upbuilding of our western frontier.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The first professional dramatic performers to appear in Wyoming arrived in Cheyenne in 1867, sixty days before the Union Pacific reached the town? The town itself was then only three months old and the first issue of the town's newspaper, the *Cheyenne Leader*, announced the troupe with comment, "A general desire to witness theatrical performances renders their arrival very welcome just now." (*Wyoming Tribune*, July 22, 1941.)

According to historians, "the most important action" of the first Wyoming State Legislature which convened in the fall of 1890 was the election of two United States Senators, Joseph M. Carey and Francis E. Warren? (Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present*, p. 477.)

Laramie was the first place in Wyoming Territory, and probably in the known world, where the Woman Suffrage Act or anything similar was put in force? On March 7, 1870, Hon. J. H. Howe, Chief Justice, presiding, handed down a decision that women might serve on the grand jury, whereupon those women who had been called for duty were tried and sworn in. Associate Justice J. W. Kingman concurred with this decision. (Triggs, *History and Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming Territory*, p. 47.)

The first irrigation in Wyoming on the Platte River is known to have been in 1855 at Fort Laramie where the Spanish people ditched water of the river to their gardens? (*Wyoming Eagle*, July 29, 1938, p. 1, section 2.)

WYOMING PIONEER COUPLE

Telling of Their Life in the Early West

By Alice Mathews Shields*

William Scanlon and Mrs. Scanlon not only witnessed the advancement of civilization into the western plains country, but they played a vital role in that accomplishment.

Sixty-four years have elapsed since William, a boy of twenty, enlisted in the United States Army and left New England for the West to do battle with the Indians.

He had worked as a chore boy for several years on a dairy farm near Boston. Later he was employed in the Douglas Shoe Factory where thrilling stories of Indian warfare being waged "out-west" sifted in with the cowhide from which he fashioned shiny new shoes. The stories, blazing with adventure, took root in his young mind and he soon overcame his original desire to be a Boston factory-man.

His father, Irish Jeremiah Scanlon, had ventured to America in 1848. His mother, Mary Sheehan, also possessed the blood of adventurers, she having come to Boston from Scotland the same year. It was natural, therefore, that William too should want to explore the, as yet, not well known West.

Young William, born in February 1858, was seven when his mother died and left his father with four sons and a daughter, Hannah, age nine. Martin, Daniel and Thomas were younger. Hannah tried in her childish manner to mother her little brothers. "But," William Scanlon said in his eightieth year, "the death of our mother was the cause of many hardships for us children."

Eventually, came the close of a warm April day and the blast of the whistles to signify "quitting-time" for the factory workers. Young Bill Scanlon laid down his leather tools for the last time and with his fellow workers filed out into the dank air of the coast town. When he walked through the big exit door of the Douglas Shoe Factory, he left behind him forever the obnoxious smell of hides passing through the process of tanning, as well as the clean fresh smell of finished leather which he had learned to aptly select according to grade.

Immediately after his enlistment in the United States Army, 1878, he, with a friend by the name of Pearsoll, were ordered to Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, one of the most famous Indian forts in the West, where he was assigned to Company C, Third Cavalry. The old fort, located on the fork of the North

*NOTE: This is the third article on Wyoming pioneers by Mrs. Shields which has been published in the ANNALS OF WYOMING. A biographical sketch of the author appears in the January 1941 issue on page 58.

Platte and the Laramie Rivers and about fifty miles east of Laramie Peak, owed its origin in 1834 to William Sublette, Robert Campbell and Thomas Fitzpatrick, who built a small stockade on the site as a trader's fort and protection from roving bands of Indians. The American Fur Company, through Jim Bridger, famous frontiersman, came into possession of the fort in 1835. The fort was reconstructed and soon became a trading post where the



MRS. WILLIAM SCANLON
(1863-)



WILLIAM SCANLON
(1858-1941)

Cheyennes, Pawnees, Crows, and later the Sioux, gladly traded a buffalo hide for a hunting knife or its equivalent, or for a drink of whiskey. The Government purchased the fort in 1849 and installed a garrison, and for almost a half century it continued to be the objective point and rendezvous of trappers, gold seekers, immigrants and Indians alike. For years the old fort was the only spot of refuge for hundreds of miles along the Oregon Trail to California. Its natural vantage point covered an expansive view of the endless plains which rolled back to the horizon in great waves of virgin prairie until it became a part of the sky. The enormity of the silent space made a lasting

impression on the boy from Boston town and it was then his strong fascination for the open country took seed.

After about a year's stay at Fort Laramie, Company C, Third Cavalry was ordered to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, to quell marauding Indians in that vicinity. They were soon at war with the Sioux who were being led by Chief Dull Knife. Twenty men of Company C lost their lives in a skirmish at the present site of Chadron, Nebraska. Forty-five or fifty Sioux were killed before they retreated to the hills. After a short time Company C was ordered back to Wyoming Territory, and the cavalrymen headed their mounts across the trackless prairie. A few landmarks in the terrain and the sun as it rose and set in the sky directed their course. They paused in their march only long enough to rest and graze their horses and to take food and a stretch for themselves. Frequently they sighted bands of Indians on fleet ponies who were either on the war path or on the hunt. Herds of buffalo, larger than Bill Scanlon had ever dreamed of, roamed the plains and like great moving acres of dark earth they splotted the otherwise continuous green. As quickly as the human scent was picked up, the herd, at the signal of the lead animal, moved off at top speed until lost to sight behind a great hump in the plains. The rumbling of the thousands of hoofs as they struck the hard sod was like the rolling of thunder.

However, the buffalo meat cooked in a Dutch oven made a welcome meal for the soldiers, and, in spite of all possible danger, the troopers were weary and ready for sleep when night came.

Finally, C Company reached Fort D. A. Russell (Fort Warren) near Cheyenne. The chief order of duty for the Company was a campaign against the Bannocks, Cheyennes and Sioux. Marauding bands were constantly making life hazardous for stage coach travelers, lone ranchers and immigrant trains.

The most bloody fight in which William Scanlon took part was at Bluff Station (stagecoach) near the present site of Hat Creek, Wyoming, on the Cheyenne-Deadwood stage line, and about one hundred and fifty miles north of Cheyenne. He said, "The fight occurred on the ninth day of January 1879—a bitterly cold day. Some Sioux Indians whom we had captured and put in jail at Fort Robinson had killed their guards and escaped. We found afterwards that the squaws had smuggled guns in their clothing when we put them in jail. We went to the hills after the fugitives and found them ready for us, hidden from view, in a buffalo wallow from which they opened fire. They refused to surrender and every last one of them, including the squaws, was killed. We lost several soldiers and many others were wounded."

Later the Third Cavalry with other troops from Fort Russell, together with troops from Fort Laramie, were ordered to the Ute Indian uprising after the Thornburg Massacre on the White River in Colorado (on the south central border between Colorado and Wyoming). "We traveled by rail, in box cars and flat cars as far as Rawlins, Wyoming," he explained. "We then mounted and rode to the White River country. Major Thornburg and twelve of his command, Company E, Third Cavalry, had been killed and forty-seven wounded three or four days before we arrived there. The Utes had left the Meeker Reservation where they had murdered Meeker, the Government agent, and then stolen his wife. We finally captured the renegades and then herded the tribe to Uinta Reservation in Utah.

Referring to the soldier's life when on the march in the frontier country he recalled that the regulation supply of food was hardtack, bacon and black coffee. On some occasions when his Company was on long marches across the high plains it was necessary to partake sparingly of their water supply which was carried in quart canteens. They ate and slept irregularly and only when the opportunity arrived. When they happened to be where wild game was plentiful they feasted, but there were times, when in sparsely vegetated areas, that they were not so fortunate. He told of one winter when the Company was in the Little Missouri River region, out of meat, and could find no game. "We killed a young mule," he said, "and the meat tasted very much like beef." He was certain that almost every man who had soldiered on the frontier had eaten mule or horse meat at one time or another.

After recounting the Indian fights of so many years ago, Mr. Scanlon was pleased to tell of other phases of Indian life as he had known it. He told of often visiting the Sioux at the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations. Chief Red Cloud was the big chief of the Ogalala Indians; Chief Spotted Tail was the big chief of the Brules. Both tribes were of the Sioux Nation. Their villages were usually located on the banks of a creek or river. Before the Government took charge of the Indians they made their wigwams of animal skins, but those who lived on the reservations used regulation canvas tents. Circular in form, the tents measured about fifteen feet across at the bottom with an opening at the top where the poles, used to brace the tents, stuck out. The opening also served as a chimney. The fire hole was dug directly beneath the "chimney" in the center of the tent enclosure, and the Indians sat around the fire, ring fashion, for warmth and to watch the kettle boil. In nice weather the meals were cooked in the open. A good fat dog was the choice delicacy, and when Bill Scanlon saw such a feast being prepared for the pot over the fire he knew he was to be an invited guest.

He said that it would have been a gross insult to the Indian to refuse to eat dog with him. When the puppy was well cooked, everyone sat around the kettle and helped himself. A forked stick sometimes was used to pick out a choice piece, but the hand was more dependable and a lot quicker. Plates were unheard of and the fingers replenished a helping quite often. Wild berries and fruits which grew in the vicinity constituted the dessert.

The white boy learned enough about the different Indian languages to hold a conversation. He remembered a familiar greeting was "How coolii!" He said he could not remember ever seeing an Indian buck, or warrior, laugh or cry, and insisted that if an Indian had any emotional sense whatever, no one ever knew it but himself. He would stand and stare with a face of stone, unless angered, when he would reach for some object to use as a weapon. However, the Indian dance, often difficult to interpret, is designed to give complete expression of emotion.

The squaws were often seen crying and would easily become hysterical. An Indian boy, when found crying, was belittled and humiliated by the braves who would call him a squaw, a disgrace of the worst kind.

The Medicine Man was an absolute necessity in every Indian village, and he attended to almost all of their needs. He had a tent or tepee which he used for his patients. He would heat a great pile of rocks and stack them around inside the tent. The patient was placed in the center of the intensely hot rock orbit and left there until he had thoroughly sweated. The friends of the patient would then dance and chant the devil spirit out of the sick man. The sweat bath often effected a cure, but in case he died he was taken to the burial ground, a clump of trees at a distance from the village. The corpse was wrapped and bound in a skin, tied securely with rawhides and placed on a rack of cross-sticks. It was then hoisted high and tied between two trees.

Mr. Scanlon said that he had secretly examined the burial places and found that the corpse was supplied with his pipe, kinnikinic (tobacco), his favorite hunting knife, and, if he had a favorite dog or pony, they were killed and placed at the foot of the tree so that his spirit might not be without these necessary appointments in the happy hunting ground.

Chief Spotted Tail had three wives at that time. He was a likable Indian and the Government had allowed him a fine phaeton and a team. Mr. Scanlon remembered the picture he made driving into the Agency with his triple matrimonial alliance, roly-poly in structure and garish in calico and beading. The Chief was killed by an enemy warrior, Crow Dog, in 1879.

C Company, Third Cavalry, was ordered to Fort Thomas

on the Gila River, Arizona Territory—just north of Phoenix—in 1882. They were sent into the field against the Apache Indians, a most warlike tribe who mingled with the Mexican Indians. The Cavalrymen were detailed to the Mogollon Mesa to hunt down a warring band of the most treacherous type.

"It was a running chase—the Apaches were never mounted," said the former cavalryman. "Five of our boys were killed before we took a single prisoner. Finally we captured fifteen warriors, but only after a hard fight." He referred to the old expression, "You can run like an Apache Indian," and remarked, "That is well said, for I have never seen anyone run like an Apache can. There was one squaw who often ran all the distance from Fort Thomas to San Carlos Reservation and back again, a stretch of at least fifteen miles each way. She traveled at a dog-trot pace." He explained that the home of the desert Indians was out in the open the year around with only a shed-like structure with a brush roof to protect them from the sun, which probably accounted for the robust condition of the tribe.

It was at Fort Thomas that the young soldier received his army discharge, February 1, 1883, and he said of army life, "The army training was the best thing that could have happened to me as a boy."

Following his discharge, he took the train from Fort Thomas to Wyoming and soon secured work with A. H. Reel, cattleman and raiser of fancy horses, in Cheyenne. He lived with the Reel family at their home on the corner of Warren Avenue and Sixteenth Street, or what is now the Lincoln Highway, and was always firm in his commendation of Mr. Reel, mayor of Cheyenne 1885-1887.

Ellen (Nellie) Clancy

Shortly after his arrival in Cheyenne, William Scanlon met Nellie Clancy who was later to become his wife.

Miss Clancy was the third child of James and Mary (Poe) Clancy. She was born in Canada on August 4, 1863. Her mother and her father had come to Canada from Ireland when they were quite young. It was not known whether they were acquainted in their native land, but their children had often heard them telling of their crossing on the same vessel. They made their first home on a farm near Lukin, Ontario, Canada, where their children, Martin, Mary and Ellen (Nellie), were born.

The young farmer and his wife received such attractive reports from their friends in the United States that they decided to become citizens of the Republic. After a few years time they posted an auction sale and disposed of their livestock and farm-

ing implements. The little family then boarded a long bobsled and were carried over the snow to the railroad station where they entrained for Chicago, U.S.A. Nellie, then four years old, vaguely remembers the little farm house built of logs and the old stone well with a heavy wooden bucket where her father would draw water and pour it into the kitchen waterpail. From Chicago the family traveled by train to Sioux City, Iowa. The thriving little town on the fork of the Sioux and the Missouri Rivers was their home for a short time. There the father worked at the builders' trade, but farming was his natural pursuit, and he longed to get back to working in the soil. After a while he filed a homestead claim on a quarter section of land (one hundred and sixty acres) in northwestern Iowa, Sioux County. Again he loaded his family and their belongings into a regulation emigrant wagon, drawn by oxen, and set out for their new home. Milch cows tied to lead behind the wagon furnished fresh milk for the children who were allowed to walk and play along the road when it suited their fancy. Soon the little girl's only recollection of Sioux City was the vivid picture of the long rows of lampposts and their lights twinkling in the dark. Mrs. Scanlon did not remember just how long they were in making the approximately hundred mile journey, but it is generally understood that an oxteam travels at the rate of about eight miles a day.

The family made the wagon their home until logs to build their house could be cut and hauled from the timberland. The children carried water for their mother's use in her household duties from a little river known as Rock Creek which flowed through the farm. They also gathered driftwood from the stream for her to burn.

Fortunately, Mrs. Clancy's sister, Margaret, who had married Mr. Clancy's brother, Martin, lived on a farm near at hand, and their five children were the companions in work and in play of the three James Clancy children.

After establishing his family on the farm the father returned to Sioux City where he continued with his work in the building trade. Young Martin, age fourteen, was left in charge of the farming. The prairie soil was first turned with a plow and then the planting of corn and potatoes was done with the hoe. The mother tended to her vegetable garden, flowers, chickens and ducks. Many terrifying stories about the Indians kept the children always on the lookout and induced them to practice at hiding from the savages. Their favorite and secret hiding place was in the corn fields.

The two families of cousins were the only children to attend the little country school a mile and a half away, to which the children walked carrying their noon lunches. Although the

winters were cold, and plodding through the deep snow was quite a hardship, they were elated when the sun came out and thawed the drifts just a little on top. This froze again into a hard crust at night, and they could have great fun running along on top of the huge snow drifts, for all the world like giant frosted cakes.

True to the life of the pioneer in the Middle West, the first year's crop was bountiful, but the second year the ambitious farmers were besieged with great hordes of grasshoppers. So dense were the clouds of flying insects that the light of the sun was darkened and everything growing in their paths was devoured. The corn was stripped, the trees were bared of their leaves and all other vegetation disappeared. Even the sheets, which the mother in her anxiety had spread over her precious flowers, were eaten by the hoppers.

The third year was a repetition of the second. In great disgust the father traded the land to another farmer who wished to try his luck against the odds, and the Clancys moved back to Sioux City, Iowa, to live. It was there that the seven youngest children of the large Clancy family were born: Michael, Gertrude, James, Teresa, Martha, John and William.

In 1882, the father secured employment with the Union Pacific Railroad, which accounted for the Clancy family's settling in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Nellie cared for children in some of the older families in Cheyenne. She mentioned in particular being in the home of the late United States Senator from Wyoming, Francis E. Warren. His daughter, Frances Warren, who later became the wife of General Pershing, was one of Nellie Clancy's charges. It was Mrs. Pershing who met a tragic death when she and her three small daughters lost their lives in a fire at Presidio, San Francisco, California, in 1915.

Nellie Clancy and William Scanlon Wed

Three years after William Scanlon left the army, he and Miss Nellie Clancy were married. Their wedding took place on July 16, 1886, in Cheyenne at the old Catholic Church, which stood on the corner of Nineteenth Street and Carey Avenue.

Nellie Clancy was good with the needle, and before her wedding day came she had many pretty things made and ready to use in housekeeping. There were crazy quilts, curtains, towels, rugs and many other dainties that belong in a bride's chest, not forgetting her wedding dress, a piece of which she carefully preserved for over a half century. It was a lovely wine silk, and she described the pattern in detail, not missing a tuck or a fold.

"It was a tight fitting basque, trimmed with folds running

up and down the front which was buttoned with steel cut bronze buttons running from the top of the high neck to the bottom of the pointed basque. The sleeves were long, leg-o-mutton. The skirt was full and ankle-length and had three ruffles at the bottom, each one edged with a fold of the same material, and with an overskirt which fell to the top of the ruffles. I wore high buttoned shoes, and, of course," she added, "many petticoats. My hat was summer straw, trimmed with ribbons and flowers." The bride of many years ago was small and must have been very dainty. Her dark eyes gave proof of the becomingness of the wine silk wedding gown.

In recalling the day of her wedding, Mrs. Scanlon said, "I never worked harder in my life. We served fried chicken all day long, and then danced in the evening to the tune of Steve Hall's fiddle."

The young couple made their first home on East Sixteenth Street, Cheyenne, in the two hundred block. It was there that their three children were born to them: William Jr., deceased in 1935; Margaret, Mrs. Hector Marti, a widow now residing in Los Angeles, and Stella of Cheyenne.

William Scanlon entered the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad Company in 1888 and served the Company in various capacities. His last position was that of Station Master in the Cheyenne terminal. He retired in 1929 after having served the Company for forty years. He was a charter member of the Union Pacific Old Timers' Club and a member of the Knights of Columbus Order. Although he was nearing eighty at the time he so willingly talked of his life in the West, he was robust and alert, and his quick wit made it possible for him to see the humorous side of life. He lived to be eighty-three years old and is survived by Mrs. Scanlon and his two daughters.

Mrs. Scanlon took an active part in the Altar and Rosary Society for many years when she was a young woman. She also was a member of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Union Pacific Old Timers' Club. She and her daughter Stella live in her home at 1912 Central Avenue, Cheyenne, where the family have lived for the past twenty-five years.

The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1936 after living the entire period of their married life in Cheyenne. It was their privilege to see the growth of the little railroad town from its infancy to its present status of little metropolis of the plains.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Information for the above sketch was gained through interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon.

AND WHAT OF TOUSSAINT CHARBONEAU?

One of the elusive figures in the pages of history, who helped shape the destiny of our nation and played the role of an advance guard for the hordes of adventurers, seekers of wealth and homemakers trekking to the West in the not too distant past, was Toussaint Charboneau,¹ official interpreter for the Lewis and Clark Expedition 1805-6. While a great deal has been written on the life of Sacajawea, Shoshone Indian woman, very little is known of her French husband, and much that has been written concerning him is contradictory. Historians in general agree upon two points—they do not know where the last years of his life were spent or where he was buried.

Upon reading *Sacajawea, A Symposium*, in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, July 1941, Mr. A. L. Brock² of Buffalo, Wyoming, wrote to the Wyoming State Historical Department that he had had the privilege and pleasure of meeting a granddaughter and three great grandsons of Toussaint Charboneau.

“From the granddaughter and one of the great grandsons I learned that in addition to Charboneau’s Indian wives, he finally married a white woman and went into the mercantile business at Richwoods, Missouri. Two of his great grandsons, T. C. Doyen and S. S. Doyen, are now living in Johnson County, Wyoming.”

Aided by Mrs. Jennie Doyen³ of Billings, Montana, granddaughter of Charboneau, Mr. Brock compiled the following information on the life of the famous interpreter.

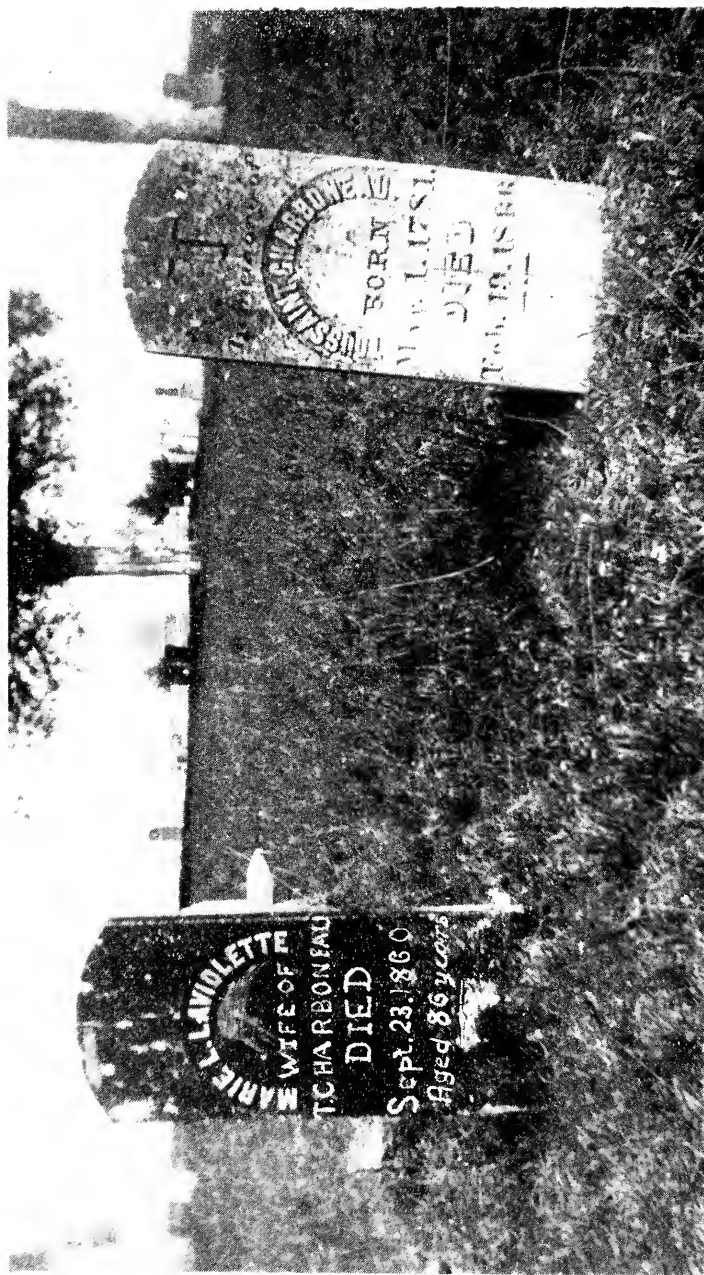
Toussaint Charboneau was born in Montreal, Canada, March 10, 1781, of French parentage. He was of average height, broad

1. Toussaint’s name has been various spelled by historians: Charbono, Shabono, Sharbono, Charboneau, Chaboneau, Charbonneau, Charbonet and Chabonah.

2. Mr. Albert L. Brock, pioneer stockgrower and rancher, came to Johnson County, Wyoming, August 1, 1884, from Versailles, Missouri. His wife, formerly Julia Brown, and son arrived later the same year to make their home on the ranch near Buffalo. Mr. Brock is president of the Brock Live Stock Company and has led an active life in public affairs, having served three terms as a county commissioner of Johnson County and been twice elected to the Wyoming Legislature. His present home is in Buffalo.

3. Harriet Eugenie (Jennie) Charboneau was born May 3, 1857, at Richwoods, Missouri, the daughter of Harriet Delcour and Louis Malette Charboneau, stepson of Toussaint Charboneau and son of Marie Louise de Laviolette. On December 27, 1872, she was married to Charles Joseph Doyen of Richwoods.

In 1915 she moved to Wyoming, living about thirty miles south of Buffalo and moving to Montana in 1926 where she has resided at Rapelje, Broadview and Billings. She is the mother of four sons and five daughters: William, Cora, Thomas, Blanche, Elvira, Jess, Geneva, Josephine and Sylvester.



TOMBSTONES OF TOUSSAINT CHARBONEAU AND HIS WIFE, MARIE L. LAVIOLETTE
 St. Stephen's Cemetery, Richwoods, Missouri

shouldered, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, and had blue eyes, blond hair and a fair complexion.

He and his four brothers lost their parents when very young, and Toussaint drifted with the Indians during his youth. In this way he learned to speak seven different Indian languages, Eskimo, some English and fluent French. He traveled between Montreal and Quebec, along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, up into the North Woods and far to the west. Toussaint established trading posts near Fort Benton and on down the river to St. Louis. He became a fur trader and exchanged pocket knives, tobacco, beads and cutting instruments for furs. It was on one of these trips that he met Sacajawea, then about seventeen years old, and, some historians have said, traded an Indian pony for her. She later became his wife.

Lewis and Clark on their expedition west employed Toussaint Charboneau as an interpreter and guide. On several occasions Toussaint and Sacajawea saved the expedition from being wiped out by hostile tribes. The party suffered many hardships, losing their way and at one time being lost for seven days, eating crane and some of their dogs. Most of their provisions which they had cached to lessen the difficulty of travel they found on their return trip. Toussaint and Sacajawea⁴ later became separated and he went to St. Louis where he had holdings.

About the year 1815 Charboneau was married to Marie Louise de Lavolette of St. Louis. She was the daughter of Francios de Lavolette and Mary H. LeMay, whose parents, Louis LeMay and Mary Charlotte Le Beouf, made the first settlement at St. Vincent or Vincennes, Indiana, in 1702. Leaving here because of the Indians, they became early settlers of St. Louis, Missouri, St. Genevieve, Missouri, and Kahokai, Illinois.

Charboneau and Marie Louise lived in St. Louis for a while and then moved to River de Pierre, later living at various places along the Mississippi River while he engaged in the mercantile business and the building and selling of houses. Eventually they settled at Richwoods, Missouri, where Marie Louise passed away September 23, 1860, at the age of eighty-six.

The last few years of Toussaint Charboneau's life were spent in darkness. During this time he lived with his stepson, Louis Charboneau, and his granddaughters, Mrs. Doyen and Mrs. Smith, who were very kind to him. He told many tales before the old stone hearth on winter evenings—how he was almost crushed once by a huge ball of fire that went whizzing past him in Canada, and how the first settlers drove oxen to St.

4. Sacajawea, following her separation from Charboneau, lived for a number of years with the Comanches. The homing instinct led her, during her latter days, to seek her own people in the mountains of Wyoming. She passed away at the Shoshone Indian Reservation, Fort Washakie, Wyoming, on April 9, 1884.

Louis to do their hauling. He spoke often of Sacajawea, the daughter of an Indian Chieftain, who was once his wife.

Toussaint had brought from Canada heavy woolen socks that went above the knees, a cap, a brass handled pocket knife, mittens, moccasins, an old English tea pitcher, a pipe, a cane and a heavy tin box in which he kept his money. His descendants are still in possession of these articles, Mrs. Doyen owning the tin box. He passed away February 19, 1866, and lies in the Roussin Catholic Cemetery at Richwoods, Missouri, beside Marie Louise.

Confirmation from Richwoods

Through the assistance of Reverend John S. Lyons, Pastor of St. Stephen's Church at Richwoods, the Wyoming State Historical Department has received pictures of the tombstones of Charboneau and Marie Louise. A letter from him confirms the account of the later years and burial place of Toussaint Charboneau given by Mr. Brock and Mrs. Doyen.

His letter states, "According to native folk here, this is the Toussaint Charboneau who was with the Lewis and Clark Expedition. The following information has been gathered locally and, as far as can be ascertained, is authentic.

"Toussaint Charboneau, who came to the United States from Canada, was born March 1, 1781, and died February 19, 1866. He is buried in St. Stephen's Cemetery, Richwoods, Missouri. This Toussaint Charboneau married the Indian squaw, Sacajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark on their expedition. They had a son, Baptiste,⁵ during this expedition. Lewis and Clark brought the son to St. Louis and educated him. He lived to be very old but never knew where his father was buried.

"Toussaint Charboneau deserted his wife and later married Marie Louise Lavolette who died September 23, 1860, at the age of eighty-six years. She lies beside him in St. Stephen's Cemetery. Old parishioners here relate that Marie Lavolette's father was very proud of the family name and enacted a promise from his daughter that she would never give up her family name even though she married. This promise she faithfully kept, never

5. Reverend John Roberts of Fort Washakie, Wyoming, in his article *The Death of Sacajawea* in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, July 1941, p. 175, says, "Baptiste, Sacajawea's son, I knew over a period of some years up to his death. He had a large family. Those descendants now living are numerous. Baptiste lived on the reservation. He spent his time in hunting, fishing and selling Indian curios to supply the needs of his family. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are living on the reservation. Baptiste made his home about three miles from the Shoshone Mission up to the time of his death (1885). He was buried, according to the ancient custom of the Shoshones, in the rocks in a canyon west of the Mission at a distance of some seven miles at the head of Dry Creek. From his rocky grave can be seen his mother's resting place."

using her married name of Charboneau—hence the reading on the tombstone, Marie L. Laviolette, wife of Toussaint Charboneau.

“Marie Laviolette was a widow when Toussaint Charboneau married her, but no one knows the name of her first husband. She had a son who was adopted by Charboneau upon their marriage which was supposed to have taken place in Richwoods many years after Charboneau’s return from the Lewis and Clark Expedition, but no record is available.

“Toussaint was master of several Indian languages, learned from his first wife, and he also spoke French and English fluently. The last years of his life were spent in Richwoods. He was blind for about eight years before he died.”

ALLEN AND WINONA WILLIAMS

Pioneers of Sheridan and Johnson Counties

By Jennie Winona Williams*

Allen Williams was born March 28, 1859, at Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia. His parents, also natives of that province, were Patrick Williams and Mary Ann Wallace, the latter a descendant of Sir William Wallace, famous in Scottish history. Allen Williams was the eleventh of the thirteen children in the family.

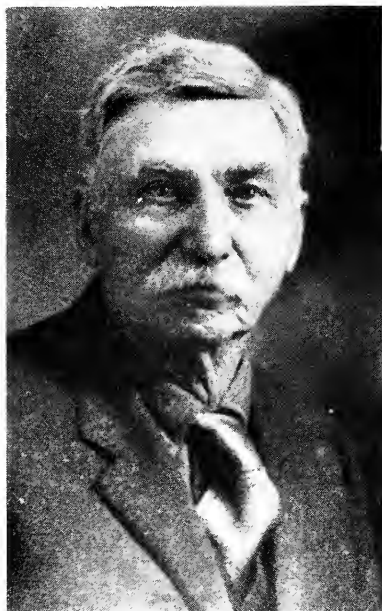
At the age of twelve he became self-supporting, working in a livery stable for six dollars a month for a year or so. For the next few years he worked as a farm hand and occasionally joined an older brother, James, in cutting and selling cordwood from the timberlands near his home.

His eldest brother, William Richard, had come West in 1867, paying for his transportation from St. Joseph, Missouri, the end of the railroad at that time, to Denver, Colorado, by driving an ox team for a freight outfit. When he was eighteen, Allen Williams followed his pioneering brother to Red Buttes (near Tie Siding), Wyoming, arriving there on April 22, 1877. He worked for his brother for the first year or two, hauling ties for the first summer with seven yoke of cattle, then freighting that fall from

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Jennie Winona Williams, daughter of the late Allen Williams and Nona Condit Williams, was born May 13, 1894, near the present post office of Ucross, Wyoming, at that time Big Red, on her parents’ ranch. Miss Williams attended the college at Grinnell, Iowa, later obtaining her A.B. degree at the University of Colorado and her M.A. degree at the University of Denver.

From June 1925, to March 1929, she was State High School Inspector and in charge of the State Placement Bureau, State Department of Education at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Since 1937 she has been a member of the faculty at Albion State Normal School, Albion, Idaho.

Medicine Bow to old Ft. Fetterman. He also brought about fifty head of his brother's cattle with him to winter on the fine grass of the Powder River country. He spent his first Wyoming winter here, chopping and hauling wood to Ft. McKinney,¹ which was then located on Powder River at the mouth of Dry Fork.



ALLEN WILLIAMS
(1859-1934)



MRS. ALLEN WILLIAMS
(1862-)

He returned to Red Buttes in the spring and again freighted for his brother until he had his foot crushed under the wheels of a freight wagon loaded with eight to nine thousand pounds. When he recovered from this accident, he bought a team of cattle for himself, loaded his wagons at Rock Creek (now Rock

1. As a result of General Crook's recommendations following the Custer Massacre, Cantonment Reno was established in the fall of 1876 near the site of old Fort Reno. On July 18, 1877, the location was changed to the north bank of Clear Creek, near Buffalo, Wyoming, and on August 30, 1877, the new fort was named Fort McKinney.

River) and came to Ft. McKinney, which had been moved to its present location (Old Soldiers' Home near Buffalo) on Clear Creek. During the winter of 1878-79 he hauled wood to Ft. McKinney. The next summer, at the age of twenty, he was put in charge of ten teams (one hundred forty cattle and their drivers). In the fall he and his brother shipped their outfits to Rawlins and hauled supplies to the soldiers stationed at White River, Colorado. This was a month or two after the outbreak of the Ute Indians² so the freighters were given a military escort of twelve men, but the trouble was over before they arrived. On the first trip they stopped on Lay Creek, famous as a winter range for cattle, to allow their teams to recruit, were caught in storms and had to winter there in a washout roofed with canvas. Four and a half feet of snow covered the ground. Late in February a foot of snow fell in one night, and they lost twenty of their twenty-eight cattle. Flour and dried apples were the only food supplies the freighters had that winter.

In all, six years were spent freighting during the summer and fall, usually between Medicine Bow or Rock Creek on the Union Pacific and Ft. McKinney near the new town of Buffalo, making three to five trips in a season, but in the spring of 1882 the Williams brothers hauled rock for the Ames Monument³ at Sherman. The huge blocks of granite used in the base weighed several tons each and required several "strings" of cattle to move them.

The trips from the Union Pacific to Ft. McKinney took from eighteen to thirty days, depending on weather conditions. On one of their trips they were caught in a cloudburst on the Dry Fork of Powder River and were six days going seventeen miles. It took forty-eight steers to pull a wagon carrying nine thousand pounds. The mud was so deep that they shoved it ahead of the wagon boxes. The men were wet to the waist every day. At night they usually slept in most of their clothing, sometimes hanging their shirts on the wagon wheels to dry. In the winter the heavy shirts would be frozen so hard that the men would have to beat them over the wagon wheels before they could put them on.

There were many other hardships. The regulation diet was bread, mixed in the top of the flour sack and baked in a Dutch

2. Major Thornburg, leading an expedition from Fort Steele, Wyoming, to the aid of agent Meeker on the Indian reservation of north-western Colorado, was ambushed on September 29, 1879, by the Ute Indians. Major Thornburg and twelve of his men were killed and forty-seven wounded. The skirmish has since been known as the "Thornburg Massacre."

3. A memorial to Oakes and Oliver Ames, the two men who led the work in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. The monument is located on the old Union Pacific right of way, twenty miles east of Laramie.

oven; meat of the elk, deer or antelope, killed as needed, and occasionally the luxury of dried apples. Sometimes they ran out of flour, which sold at six to thirteen dollars a sack, and lived for several days at a time on elk meat alone. When the wind was too strong for a fire in the open, they built it in a kettle, then poured out the coals and cooked on them. The working day began as soon as it was light enough to hunt the cattle and lasted until they struck water, often long after sundown.

The only railroad in the territory in those early days was the Union Pacific, so when Mr. Williams decided to visit Nova Scotia in the winter of 1882, he traveled from Buffalo to Laramie on horseback to take the train.

During his numerous trips across the state he had been looking for a good place for a ranch of his own and in the spring of 1883 he purchased a relinquishment from John Curwins who had a homestead on Piney Creek, twenty-three miles northeast of Buffalo. He also filed on an adjoining one hundred and sixty acres which he proved up on in 1893. He did his plowing the first summer with an ox team. Oats and native hay were the principal crops, and these were sold to the cavalry at Ft. McKinney. Later potatoes were raised for this same market.

For eight years Allen Williams worked alone on his ranch, building ditches, fences, barns and a one-room log house which replaced the dugout, the only improvement on the place when he took it up. His cattle ran on the open range which began at "the gate back of the barn." His brand was 666. An old account book under date of 1885 lists thirty-four heifers carrying this brand. By 1891 the herd had increased so that he was able to sell ninety-two head.

On April eighth of this year he was married to Winona B. Condit of Iowa, who had been teaching in Johnson County, Wyoming, for the past year. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jennings of Sheridan at the George Harper home on Prairie Dog. The witnesses were E. B. Williams, a brother of Allen Williams, and Budd Newcomer, his brother-in-law.

On June 19, 1892, a son, Claude Asa, was born. During this year Allen Williams expanded his cattle business by taking in his sister's cattle on shares. This meant a trek across the state, as Mrs. Wallace, the widowed sister, ran her stock on Fish Creek near the Colorado line. While on the trip he visited relatives on the Sweetwater River and brought back a thirteen-year-old nephew, Arthur McIntosh, to help trail the cattle.

In 1893 a seven-room log house was built near the present home site. On May 13, 1894, a daughter, Jennie Winona, was born, and on August 13, 1896, a second daughter, Ethel Elizabeth, arrived. In December 1897, the family moved into their present home, a six-room house planned by Mr. and Mrs. Wil-

liams without benefit of an architect, built of native sandstone, the walls of which withstood a fire which gutted the building in May 1937.

Another irrigated ranch was added to the property in 1903 when the nearby L. P. Hamilton property was bought. Various leases and grazing homesteads have been added since so that the holdings now comprise about two thousand acres of deeded land and one thousand six hundred acres of leased land.

In 1906 "in self defense" Mr. Williams went into the sheep business for a number of years. The family moved to Sheridan in 1907 so the children could attend high school there. With the ranches leased temporarily, Mr. Williams went into the livery business in Sheridan for a year—the last year, incidentally, before cars made the livery business passé. From then until 1916 the family commuted the twenty-three miles between the ranch and the town home, when they returned to make their home permanently at the ranch.

The son, Claude, enlisted in the army on June 1, 1918, and went first to Ft. Russell at Cheyenne for training with a picked cavalry unit. Later he was transferred to the 24th Trench Mortar Battery at Camp Knox, Kentucky, where he died on October 9, 1918, of influenza.

Due to failing health from that time until his death on May 11, 1934, Mr. Williams found it necessary to sell his sheep and to lease the ranches, although he continued to live on the ranch which he had homesteaded and to actively supervise his cattle business which his widow still continues under the brand N-Cross-W, adopted from her initials early in their married life. For a number of years before his death, Mr. Williams served as a trustee for the Whitney Trust in Sheridan County.

Nona Williams

Winona Isabel Condit was born September 24, 1862, in a log cabin ten miles south of Indianola, Iowa, the third of a family of eight children. Her parents were Asa H. Condit (1833-1909) and Elizabeth Clark (1837-1913). The Condits were of Norman-French extraction, having gone to England with William the Conqueror, and emigrating to America in 1678 to settle in New Jersey. The forbears of the Clark family reached America in the late 1700's, coming from Scotland and Ireland and reaching Iowa via North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Indiana.

Although frail as a young child, Winona Condit at nine years was earning her way by leaving home to care for babies. By dint of her "knack with children" she partially worked her way through the "academy" at Ackworth, Iowa, about five miles east of Indianola, gaining certification as a teacher at

seventeen and teaching her first school in Marshall County. She had the usual difficulty in securing a "first school," she remembers. Her father and she had driven about applying for schools in their home county in which she was certified. When she finally succeeded in getting a school, she discovered that they had gotten into the adjoining county and she must take another examination in order to qualify for the position.

After her first year's experience she had no difficulty in securing a school and gradually, in ten years' experience in various counties in Iowa, worked up to the princely salary of thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a month. When an older brother, L. R. A. Condit, near Buffalo, Wyoming, wrote that salaries here were sixty dollars a month, Miss Condit refused a proffered principalship in Marcus, Iowa, and, disregarding her grandmother's fears that she would be scalped by the Indians, came west in May 1890, traveling by train to Douglas, Wyoming, a rail end at that time, and thence by stage coach to Buffalo. When she became "seasick" from the motion of the coach, the sympathetic stage driver arranged the seats so she could lie down and, in spite of the stormy night, made the young man passenger who joined them at Sand Creek ride outside in the rain. The next passenger, however, was accommodated inside but obligingly shared his bottle of seasick "remedy" with the lady passenger. At intervals the stage driver would climb down and kick out (and cuss out) the gumbo which clogged the wheels of the coach.

Arriving tardily in Buffalo, she found her brother waiting to take her to the school which was located at Kearney, Wyoming, near the site of old Ft. Phil Kearny. She drove a single horse to a buckboard four miles to school each day and kept house for her brother and his partner on the ranch which they were leasing. When the seven months' school term ended on Friday, she began a four months' term on Rock Creek on Monday, boarding with the Haynes family near the present H F Bar dude ranch. The school house was one room of a deserted dwelling house, the other rooms of which were used as a granary. She taught eleven months, all told, of her eleventh year of teaching, to close school on Friday and be married on Sunday, April 8, 1891, to Allen Williams whom she had met at a round-up which she visited near Lake DeSmet soon after her arrival in the country. They were to have been married at noon, but it was a terribly blizzardy day, she recalls, and the minister was so delayed that the ceremony was at two. She wore a blue broadcloth dress cut with a basque.

Her new home consisted of a one-room log house with a loft and "summer" kitchen. When they arrived there after the wedding, they found a fire still in the kitchen stove, left by the departing "hired help," the family who had been working for

Mr. Williams and with whom he had been boarding. Due to this circumstance, the bridegroom had given no thought to the larder and had immediately to go to the nearest neighbor to borrow a sack of flour.

Neighbors had increased in the eight years since the ranch was first located. At that time there had been no holdings on the creek between the old Flying E outfit on the west and the U-Cross Ranch at the confluence of Piney and Clear Creeks. By 1891 most of the present ranches were occupied. There were a number of women and even a few children. The Flying E was still a bachelor stronghold, however, so that when the new bride stopped in one day to get warm while on the way to Buffalo, the assembled cowboys gave one glance and disappeared like magic, leaving Jim Simpson, colored round-up cook, fiddler and expert roper, to entertain her.

In her more than fifty years on the ranch Mrs. Williams, the only remaining original settler in the valley, has seen many changes aside from the passing of the old neighbors. Most of the log shacks have been replaced by stone houses; the winding wagon trail around the hills has been abandoned for the oiled highway in the valley; cars have taken the place of the old time buckboards and teams. Furnace heat, electricity supplied from Sheridan, telephone and bus connections with all points of the country are now everyday conveniences. In all these progressive movements Mrs. Williams has always been in the vanguard. She was the first woman in the neighborhood to install a bathroom, to drive a car, to fit up a modern laundry room. For many years she served on the local school board. She has been active in club work and was president of the Federated Piney Woman's Club for almost twenty years. In her eightieth year, she still drives her car, manages a flourishing cattle business, regularly attends Farm Bureau and all other active organizations in the community. She is known to the entire countryside as "Aunt Nona."

Her younger daughter is now Mrs. W. O. Hawkey of Banner, Wyoming, and the mother of four children, Harold, Kathleen, Leon and Jean. Harold is a teacher in Montana while Kathleen is attending Kansas Wesleyan College at Salina, Kansas. Mrs. Williams' older daughter, Jennie, is an instructor in the State Normal School at Albion, Idaho.

CHEYENNE INSPIRES EARLY-DAY VISITOR TO WRITE SONG

Cheyenne! That musical name has spelled romance and adventure to many an imaginative youngster in the past, and even yet the same atmosphere clings to the city. The Annual Frontier Show, which for years has attracted visitors from all parts of the world, has had much to do with this aura of the West.

Occasionally a visitor will send back his reaction to the people, the country and the show. It isn't often one so impressed with the spectacle has the ability to express himself as did Mr. John Goossens¹ of Chicago.

Mr. Goossens, a visitor during 1908, returned in 1910 with his contribution to the celebration in the form of a song, "Frontier Days in Gay Cheyenne." He recently wrote the Historical Department concerning his adventures while in Cheyenne.

"I always had a longing for the West when a boy, and in 1908 I came to Denver with a friend to see the West. There was, that year, a National Convention on, and Denver was quite colorful and full of western zip and atmosphere contrasting with the many visitors from other points in the United States. While in Colorado that summer, I ran off to Cheyenne to see the Frontier Day celebration, and it was there I met a man who knew a great hunter in western Wyoming—a squaw man, whose wife, he said, would, for five dollars, make me a pair of gauntlets—beaded Indian buckskin gloves.

"After arriving home I corresponded with the squaw man, and in due time I received the gloves, which I still have in my possession today. I corresponded a long time with this gentleman and sent him many papers. He lived near Fort Washakie, near Lander, Wyoming, and once wrote in his letter, 'my mail box is forty miles from my ranch'.

"So all this, combined with having seen a Frontier celebration, *inspired* me to write a song about it all. I had a flair for poetry, painting and writing, so set to work. A friend, a

1. Goossens, John, 1624 West North Shore Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Painter—Born Norway, Michigan, August 27, 1887. Pupil of Royal Academy of Antwerp, Belgium; Frederick Poole; George Ober-teuffer; Art Institute of Chicago Member; Alumni Art Institute of Chicago; Illinois Academy of Fine Arts; All-Illinois Society of Fine Arts; North Shore Artists Group; North Shore Art League, Winnetka. Awards: Two blue ribbons, Aurora, 1927, two red ribbons, 1928; Honorable mention, Springfield, Illinois, 1928. Represented in permanent gallery of All-Illinois Society of Fine Arts, Stevens Hotel, and Amundsen High School, music room; music room Glenola Club, Loyola Community Theatre, Rogers Park, Chicago, Illinois; Mount St. Mary's Academy, St. Charles, Illinois; St. Joseph's College, Adrian, Michigan.

Mr. Schwickerath, composer and baritone, and later a great leader of Choral Societies in Chicago, volunteered to write the music, and so in the spring of 1910, the song was printed and ready for the market—Lyon and Healy in Chicago put it on sale. Then, the summer of that year, I loaded up a big trunk full of songs and hit the trail for Cheyenne. It so happened that this Mr. Schwickerath knew a family of high-class confectioners and bakers in Chicago by the name of Schwefer, who were friends of the Breisches² in Cheyenne. Mr. Breisch was the Freight Agent for the Union Pacific, and these 'Bakery people' decided to bake a swell cake for the Breisch family, which I was to take along—so when I pulled into Cheyenne I had a cake and songs to bring, but no one was there to meet me. My trunk contained so many songs that it took two men to carry it to the wagon; they asked me if I had rocks in this trunk. I told them that they were songs, and they laughed loudly, thinking it a joke.

"When I was settled in the only room I could find in Cheyenne, trunk, songs and all, I delivered the cake to the Breisch family. They immediately made me feel at home in Cheyenne. Ruth Breisch was employed in the Governor's office, and knew everybody. So it was that they helped to place my song all over, and arrange to have it sold in the Grandstand at Frontier Park.

"The band (military) of then Ft. D. A. Russell, set it to music and played it. I sold many copies, but only made ten cents apiece when all expenses and concession prices were deducted. It did pay for my trip back and forth and other expenses.

"'Teddy' Roosevelt spoke there that year. He had just returned from his African hunt. The crowd in Cheyenne was overflowing everything. It was an epic week. I will not forget, ever, Teddy's words to the crowd of cowboys in front of him when he spoke that day. He said, 'Men, when I was a cowman in this country there were quite a few bad men here then—and, (pause) I know there must be quite a few of them right here, present today.' The crowd was his from that moment on.

"I met a Mr. Irwin who had trained buffaloes, a Mr. William F. Myers who owned the Dry Goods Store, the Governor and Mayor and Sheriff, too, and there was a little item in the *Cheyenne Tribune* of that week about my song.³

2. The E. R. Breisch family resided at 408 East Twenty-third Street.

3. "The following poem was composed by Joseph Goossens, a young man who is in the city visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William Myers during Frontier Days. He was formerly connected with the advertising department of the Lord & Thomas agency in Chicago. He has been a cowpuncher himself and smelled the breath of the wild. The poem has been put to music and is popular wherever sung." (See poem at end of article.—Ed.)

"This, in brief, is all I remember. I have lost all contact with those early Cheyenne people of my day. I made a trip to Salt Lake City and back to Cheyenne and visited briefly Laramie, Rawlins, Green River, Rock Springs and Evanston.

"I will never forget Wyoming and its people, who were, all of them of that day, so very nice to me. While I never did become a songwriter, the latch string, indeed, did and still hangs out in my heart."

Recently Mr. Goossens found in an old trunk several copies of his song. One he autographed and sent to the Wyoming Historical Department where it will be preserved with all other items of historical value and interest.

FRONTIER DAYS IN GAY CHEYENNE

1.

When rambling shacks and frontier huts were marking,
Cheyenne, the place where proudly now you stand,
Then spurs were jingling and colts were barking,
When frontier days call echoed thro' the land,
Then Knights of cattle range and Pioneers,
On bronchos wild, thro' clouds of Alkali,
Left round-up camp, the cows and restless steers;
To celebrate your Frontier day;
A reckless vision rare they flew,
When Frontier days were calling then to you.

Refrain

By the camp fires golden gleam,
Strange, sparkling eyes were seen,
As "Buckskin," cards or sweetheart they carressed
In dear old gay Cheyenne,
Ev'ry one was raising Cain
On Frontier days in years gone by and past.

2.

The dear old wild and woolly days are creeping,
Cheyenne into the past of memories,
In the round-up camps all is quiet and sleeping,
Will they your call hear, carried by the breeze?
Ah, yes, Cross smiling plains and silv'ry rivers,
'Neath stars that kindly light the way,
Thro' mountain gorge, thro' brush and cover,
We'll ride once more to Frontier day,
To camp once more beneath the sky so blue,
When Frontier days are calling to you.

Refrain

As prairie moon's soft light,
Shines on gay Cheyenne tonight,
Let Mem'ries of old days revive our heart,
And to Frontier's Queen, Cheyenne,
We will sing dear "Auld Lang Syne,"
When we break camp and to our homes depart.

ROBBERS ROOST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Tina G. Noble*

Through the efforts of several residents of the Cheyenne River Community of northern Niobrara County, an organization known as the Robbers Roost Historical Association was instigated because of the realization that events of historical value in the community should be preserved and handed down to posterity.

The first meeting was held June 27, 1941, in the Cheyenne River School building. Malcolm Campbell was asked to preside. The officers elected were: Malcolm Campbell, President; A. T. Beebe, Vice-President; Leonard Sedgwick, Secretary. Other members of the charter group were: George Tupper, Mrs. Reta Campbell, Mrs. George Tupper, L. E. Davis, Marie Davis, Eugene Sheaman, Mrs. Grace Sheaman, Mrs. Fred Robison, Mrs. Hans Meng, Mrs. Leonard Sedgwick, D. B. Burton, Hans Meng, Russell Morgan, Sam Remard, Mrs. Ruth Beebe, Mrs. Effie Williams, Harry Avenell, Mrs. Harry Avenell, Louise Tupper, James H. Williams, Fred Robison, J. M. Marchant, A. W. Sedgwick and Frank Robison.

The purpose of this organization is to commemorate and dedicate historic spots in the vicinity known as the Cheyenne River Community and to gather relics and data for the recording of incidents and happenings in the lives of the people who settled and developed this part of the state. All such records are to be authentic in order that they may be recognized and used for future publication.

The membership of the organization is open to all who are interested in the early exploration and development of this section of the state.

A motion was made by Mrs. Jim Williams and seconded by Mrs. Cora Robison that this organization be known as the Robbers Roost Historical Association in commemoration of the famous Robbers Roost stage crossing on the old Cheyenne-Deadwood stage line which is located in this vicinity. Here robberies were committed by such notorious characters as Blackburn, Lane Johnny, Lane Bradley, Webster, Hartwell, Wall and others.

The crossing with its steep embankments was an ideal place for the robbers and their horses to hide and carry out plans for robbing the stage coaches which could be seen coming several

*Miss Noble, a teacher in the Cheyenne River School, was assisted in compiling this article by Frank Robison, Mrs. Grace Wilson and Mrs. Reta Campbell. The material presented here was obtained from a variety of sources, but the greater portion of it is based on notes obtained from Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Campbell.

miles distant. These stirring events began to take place in the spring of 1877 and continued during 1878.

Gold mines having been discovered and opened in the year 1876 at Deadwood and elsewhere in the Black Hills, a most flourishing mining camp was started which induced the forming of the Cheyenne and Deadwood Stage Line. When gold shipments were started from Deadwood to Cheyenne, road agents or highway robbers made their appearances. They began their depredations in May 1877, and within the space of a few weeks had robbed both passengers and coaches. Their operations were chiefly confined to attacks on the "treasure coach" containing the gold, the attacks occurring between what is now Beaver Creek and Cheyenne River, Robbers Roost being located about half way between these two points.

At this first meeting of the Association it was decided that a picnic be held near the Robbers Roost Crossing where Charlie McEndaffer now lives.

July 6, 1941, Meeting

A second meeting was held July sixth at which time committees were appointed. The Historical Committee consisted of Frank Robison, Mrs. Grace Wilson, Hans Meng, Mrs. Grace Tupper and Mike Marchant. This is to be a standing committee for the selection of historical data.

In preparation for the picnic, special committees were appointed. Picnic grounds committee: C. R. Cooksey, Tom Hammell, Sammy Rennard and Donald Burton. Entertainment committee: Andy Sedgwick, Fred Campbell, Mrs. Irene Cooksey and Mrs. Effie Williams. Refreshment committee: Mrs. Ina Sutherland, Mrs. Cora Robison, Alberta Glasby and Mrs. Reta Campbell.

At this meeting Honorary Members were elected as follows: Matthew D. Brown, Kelly Robison, James Hogg, Mrs. Mary F. Baltzly, Jim Williams, Charles McEndaffer and John Phillip. They were chosen because of long lives of service and contribution to the community.

Picnic Held at Robbers Roost Creek

The picnic of the Robbers Roost Historical Association was held August third at the historic spot where the Cheyenne-Deadwood stage crossed Robbers Roost Creek. The picnic site was well shaded by willow trees, reported to have been planted originally by Mr. Dale who pioneered at this location. The prairie, which is naturally level, drops off in perpendicularly cut banks on both sides of the creek and again levels off to the

west where bluffs change the landscape. These bluffs were used as a hideout for the Indians who burned the stage station on the Cheyenne River in 1878 and caused much trouble among the whites.

To the picnic ground committee goes the credit for preparing the long table, chairs and benches for the crowd. The American Flag was put on a pole and placed on an old apple tree.

Friends and neighbors from near and far began arriving about nine-thirty and by twelve o'clock the grounds were well filled with visitors. Over one hundred and fifty people registered, although there were between two hundred and two hundred and fifty persons in attendance.

The refreshment committee had planned and provided for a basket lunch which consisted of salads, baked beans, fried chicken, baked ham, rolls, pickles, cakes, pies, ice cream and lemonade.

Following this bountiful repast the entertainment committee took charge. They were fortunate in obtaining Wm. "Scotty" Jack, State Auditor, as the principal speaker of the day and Thos. O. Miller, County Attorney, who also spoke to the assemblage. Mr. Malcolm Campbell acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion. The Pledge of Allegiance was given followed by a welcome to all honorary members and visitors on behalf of the officers and members of the Robbers Roost Historical Association. The purpose and objectives of the Association were then explained.

Mr. Campbell paid tribute to the drivers and operators of the stage line who so gallantly braved the dangerous trail infested by Indians and highway men. Special tribute was given the early settlers and stock drivers who, through their courage and endurance, developed this community by establishing homes and schools. Mr. Miller next spoke, commending the Association for the work it was doing.

Mr. Jack, who was presented by Mr. Campbell, needed no introduction for he lived in this community nearly thirty years ago, working for Andy Sedgwick, Jim Hammell and James Spencer, prominent ranchers of the vicinity. He related many incidents which had occurred during those earlier years. He spoke of the men on the stage line, of their trials, bravery and endurance against all odds. He paid tribute to the early pioneers who suffered hardships at the time when this country was Indian Territory and to those who followed and settled here, developing this territory into the thriving community it is today.

Following this interesting address Mr. Campbell reviewed the robberies that occurred at this particular location: the killing

of Frank Towle¹; the Web-May Holdup²; the Robbers Roost Holdup³.

In August 1877, Boone May and John Zimmerman were guarding a treasure coach which was crossing Robbers Roost Creek on its way to Hat Creek when they were suddenly ordered to, "Halt!" Frank Towle, leader of the robbers, inquired about the guards and when informed of their whereabouts started after them. May and Zimmerman heard the command to halt, crept up on Towle and shot him.

Web-May Holdup: A scheme was formulated in Deadwood to capture and kill some of the stage robbers, thereby halting some of the holdups. When the stage reached Robbers Roost, three men stopped it and demanded that the passengers "shell out." A woman and her child who were passengers on the stage begged the guards not to fire, and Boone May, becoming disgusted with the men who were delegated to assist him with the capture of the bandits, threw away his gun and told the robbers to help themselves.

The Robbers Roost Holdup: In the fall of 1878, a gang of men held up and attempted to rob the stage coach at Robbers Roost. Scott Davis, John Denny and three soldiers were on the coach as guards. The soldiers and Denny took to the brush, leaving Davis to fight alone. Davis was shot, but the robbers, becoming afraid of the advantage held by the soldiers, left without obtaining any of the treasure. Two of the outlaws were Blackburn and Wall who had formerly killed a U. S. Marshal and had stolen horses owned by the stage coach line.

After recovering from his wound, Scott Davis took up their trail which led him over much of the state, ending at Alkali Springs near Green River. Here a fight occurred and Wall and Blackburn were shot and captured. Not only did Davis apprehend the men, but he also recovered some of the stolen horses.

A very interesting feature of the program was a newspaper published in 1798 which was presented by Mrs. Mike Marchant and from which "Scotty" Jack read an account of the funeral of President George Washington.

Honorary Members Introduced

Mr. Matthew Brown, eighty-five years old, is one of the Association's oldest pioneers. He first came to this country in April 1876, and has resided here since. He has the distinction of living in the same home for sixty years but living in three

1. For further references see: Brown and Willard, *The Black Hills Trails*, p. 252.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. 254-5.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 261-2.

different counties, Laramie, Converse and Niobrara, due to the changing of boundary lines. He also claims to be a direct descendent of Daniel Boone's family, his great grandmother being Daniel Boone's sister.⁴

Mr. Kelly Robison, eighty-six years old, moved from Greenfield, Missouri, to Rapid City, South Dakota, in 1885 by covered wagon, the journey taking sixty-four days. He settled in Niobrara County in 1901. Kelly Robison was instrumental in getting the first school established in this district, and his home used to be the community gathering place.

Mrs. Baltzly, a lady past eighty years of age, was one of the first teachers in the first school established in this district. She was both teacher and nurse to the entire community, never failing to help a neighbor or friend who needed assistance. It is said that she crossed the Cheyenne River when it was bank full, regardless of weather, to help her neighbors in time of sickness or death.

Jim Hogg, although in the Rapid City hospital, was honored next. Mr. Hogg came to Wyoming in 1896 and filed on land on Lance Creek near the Cheyenne River where he engaged in stock raising. He is a friend to all mankind and is especially fond of children.

Charles McEndaffer, seventy-four years of age, was a trail herder, having trailed cattle from the Cimarron River in New Mexico to north of the Yellowstone River in Montana on the Texas Trail. He went through this community on a trail herd in 1893.

Jim Williams, seventy-nine years old, came to Wyoming in 1896 and has lived in this community since 1897. He was instrumental in consolidating and building the school we have today and has been an auctioneer of no mean ability.

John Phillip, eighty years of age, came to this country from Scotland at an early date and engaged in the livestock business, later coming to Niobrara County. With Scotch thrift and hard work he succeeded in building up a fine livestock ranch.

Numerous other pioneers of the community were introduced at this time.

The Mayor of Newcastle, Ras Anderson, was called on and responded with a talk on his early days around Robbers Roost and commended the organization in its work of preserving the history of the community.

Mr. Campbell thanked the committees for their fine cooperation and extended an invitation to everyone to attend the picnic again next year.

4. See page 213.

Many Old Relics Exhibited

In the collection brought by Mr. and Mrs. Mike Marchant was a four-piece set of dishes of heavy china which had been dug up by Jim Hogg on his place near the old stage station on Lance Creek. There were several old books which had been published in 1757, an old Spencer rifle with an unexploded cartridge which had been found along the old stage line, and the aforementioned newspaper published in 1798.

Charlie Hanson presented an old rifle which had been dug from under an old chimney on the Bridle Bit Ranch, one of the first ranches established in this community.

Hans Meng exhibited a collection of old time pictures, several of which were taken in this community, at old Fort Fetterman and Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rennard brought a very old organ which had been transported into this country years ago and which they had purchased in 1918 from people by the name of Blair.

In 1878 a stage station between Robbers Roost and the Cheyenne River was burned by Indians and had never been rebuilt. A piece of hardwood found near the spot, a few rocks and charred wood were the only evidences of the old station. This hardwood had been carved into a gavel which Mr. Campbell used in conducting the meeting.

Several old time tunes were played by Frank Robison on the violin accompanied by Fred Robison who chorded on the old organ. Mrs. Sutherland also played while the audience sang such old time favorites as "Annie Laurie," "Old Lang Syne" and hymns of an early day.

On the whole the day was an outstanding success. Everyone enjoyed visiting and reminiscing and plans are being made to make this an annual affair.

Other Items of Interest Owned by Residents of the Community

Mrs. Mike Marchant is painting a picture depicting the Robbers Roost Stagecoach Holdup which will be given to the Association. Mrs. Marchant, who lives in this community, is a very fine artist and has painted many historical pictures of local color.

Fred Campbell owns a collection of Indian relics consisting of forty-two pieces. Some are thought to be of prehistoric times.

Mr. A. T. Beebe has in his possession a post which had been used as a boundary sign between Laramie and Crook Counties.

Frank Skinner has a cavalry stirrup which was found on the Pearson ranch near the Robbers Roost Creek. In his possession is a muzzle loading shot gun, the date on which is 1860. Cap, powder or shot can be used. He has the barrel of a single

shot rifle and the double barrel part of a muzzle loading shot gun which were found by C. N. Hanson on the Bridle Bit Ranch.

Billy Hanson has a collection of relics including an artifact and grinding stone used by the Indians.

Will Spencer has a large collection of Indian relics consisting of darts, arrow points, grinding bowls, etc., which he has found while traveling over the prairies in the Cheyenne River area.

March 19, 1942, Meeting

The Robbers Roost Historical Association met March 19, 1942. Mr. Malcolm Campbell presided. The minutes were read and approved.

The names of the honorary members were again read: Matthew Brown, Kelly Robison, Mrs. Mary F. Baltzly, Jim Williams, John Phillip, Charles McEndaffer and Jim Hogg (deceased).

Mr. Campbell read the objectives of the organization for the benefit of those who were not present before.

Mr. Frank Robison moved that we subscribe for three yearly subscriptions of the ANNALS OF WYOMING for the Association. Mr. Fred Robison seconded the motion which was then carried.

Mr. L. J. Davis reported on two new memberships. Mr. Campbell read a communication from the State Historian which stated that she would welcome any communication and reports to be published in the ANNALS OF WYOMING and extended her assistance to the Association in every way possible.

Election of officers and other business were postponed until the next meeting which will be held April seventeenth.

Mr. R. I. Olinger of Newcastle and Mr. R. E. Frison, the state game warden for this district, were visitors and speakers of the evening.

The presiding officer next introduced Mr. Olinger, a member of the Advisory Board of the State Historical Department, who discussed the importance of time to the archaeologist. Written history and the age of man is a very insignificant period of time in comparison to that of unwritten history. It is this latter period with which the archaeologist must contend.

Mr. Olinger stated that the area from Edgemont, South Dakota, west to Lusk, Manville and Glendo comprises what is known as the Pittsburg Quarries which date back about twenty-five thousand years. The quarries are of fine quartzite and jasper, layers of which are known to reach as far east as Ohio. It has been found that this quartzite and jasper were made into implements of war. He brought out the fact that, since there is a great deal of controversy over the strata of rock and types of relics, historians and archaeologists must give proof of all statements made.

He drew and explained a Folsom point which was fastened to a stick and used in the form of a sling shot to give it greater striking distance. These were found near Folsom, New Mexico, and were used by nomadic tribes to kill the huge hairy elephants which are now extinct. Mr. Frison explained that this dart was used thousands of years before the bow and arrow were invented.

The Yuma point, significant for its perfect flaking, was also explained. Ales Hrdlicka,⁵ a foremost archaeologist who collects information about these darts and arrowheads, is an authority on this subject.

Mr. Olinger mentioned that the collection of arrow points and heads owned by Mr. Fred Campbell were probably made by eastern tribes of prehistoric times of whom very little is known.

Mr. Frison stated that the Indians found these early arrow points here and believed that they were made for them. It seems that the chips and flaking on these arrow points and darts cannot be duplicated. He also told of an experience he had in finding a Folsom point in a vertebrae of a prehistoric animal, providing the first proof that the Folsom point was used to kill animals.

Mr. Frison brought a collection of gastroliths which he had found in the Big Horn Basin. These gastroliths lay near what would have been the chest of the fossil of a dinosaur and were used to grind the food eaten by this prehistoric animal. The Indian relics Mr. Frison brought with him were of Wyoming only. He stated that there is no artifact in the country which cannot be duplicated. The knife artifact in his collection is believed to have been made before the Big Horn Basin was formed some twenty to twenty-five thousand years ago.

Several members brought relics they had found and Mr. Olinger and Mr. Frison attempted to explain what they could of their significance. The hammer of volcanic basalt found by A. T. Beebe was used to grind grain, break ice, kill fish or it may have been used to hobble a horse. There were several manos brought by the members. They are hand grinding stones and were also used as whetstones. Mr. Billy Hanson had an unusual collection of agatized wood. The artifact in this collection was declared unusual by Mr. Olinger because of its patina.⁶

Evidences prove that this land was once inundated by water and tropical plants and animals are known to have lived here. Mr. Frison declared that some of the finest marine type of fossil beds are found between Beaver Creek and Morissey in Wyoming.

5. For biographical data see *International Who's Who*, 1938, p. 520.

6. A weathered surface.

The smaller type of ammonite,⁷ one of which Mr. Frison had in his collection, are found this side of the Black Hills. A true ammonite of the large variety was found by Frank Skinner in the vicinity of Buffalo Gap, South Dakota.

Mr. Frison had a collection of transparent agate, specimens of rocks, a tooth of a prehistoric hog, beaver teeth, a specimen of tempskya or palm rock found on the Cheyenne River and petrified algae, the green scum of water, which he found north of Laramie.

Mr. Campbell thanked the speakers for bringing their fine exhibits or relics and for their interesting and informative talks.

The meeting adjourned and a fine lunch of coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches and cake was served by the ladies.

The Association plans to form a campaign for the next year in which they will gather relics, data of historical happenings and mark historic spots of importance.

MEMBERSHIP OF ROBBERS ROOST HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Copied from Records—Spring 1942

Avenell, Mrs. Beatrice	Daniels, Everett
Avenell, Harry	Daniels, Jennie
Baltzly, Mary F.*	Davis, L. E.
Bedell, Alice E.	Davis, Mrs. Marie
Beebe, A. T.	Dillon, C. J.
Beebe, Mrs. Ruth	Dillon, Jimmie
Beebe, Tom	Francis, Gene
Brown, Matthew D.*	Francis, Myrtle
Burton, Donald	Glasby, Alberta
Campbell, Malcolm S.	Glasby, Albert
Campbell, Mrs. Reta	Glasby, Mrs. Florence
Christensen, Mrs. Ann	Grievess, Charles M.
Christensen, Chris	Guinn, Colonel T.
Christensen, Fred	Hammell, Mrs. Jennie
Christensen, Jean	Hammell, Thomas
Christensen, Russell	Hanson, Mrs. Betty
Conner, H. T.	Hanson, W. O.
Cooksey, C. R.	Harris, Ray
Cooksey, Mrs. Irene	Hogg, Ethan A.
Crane, P. D.	Hogg, James (Deed.)*
Daniels, Donald	Hollenbeck, J. W.
Daniels, Dorris	Howell, Charles A.

7. Fossil shell having the form of a flat spiral, especially abundant in the Mesozoic Age. Some were three feet or more in diameter.

*Honorary members.

- Jenkins, Grover
Johnson, Mrs. Edith
Johnson, Lawrence
Koller, Robert
Lorenz, Rian
Marchant, Jack
Marchant, James A.
Marchant, James
Marchant, J. M.
Marchant, Mrs. Marjorie
Marchant, Pat
Marchant, Mrs. Pauline
Marchant, Mrs. Sylvia
Menard, Fred
Meng, Hans
Meng, Mrs. May
Morgan, Russell
Mullen, Gene
McCarthy, Donald
McCarthy, Mrs. Edna
McCarthy, Paul
McCarthy, Robert
McDaniel, Mrs. Ada
McDaniel, Dennis
McDaniel, Jack
McDaniel, Pat
McDaniel, Paul
McDaniel, Thomas
McDaniel, William
McEndaffer, Charles*
Noble, Tina
Phillip, John*
Phillip, Mrs. Maude
Reed, Mrs. Elizabeth
Reed, E. C.
Reed, James
Reed, Thomas
Rennard, Mrs. Mary
Rennard, Sam
Rennard, Tom
Robison, Beryl
Robison, Mrs. Clara
Robison, Mrs. Cora
Robison, Frank
Robison, Fred
Robison, Kelly*
Robison, Peggy
Robison, Roy
Sedgwick, A. W.
Sedgwick, Clara P.
Sedgwick, Francis
Sedgwick, Francis M.
Sedgwick, Mrs. Helen
Sedgwick, Leonard A.
Sedgwick, Leonard T.
Sedgwick, Mrs. Violet
Sheaman, Eugene
Sheaman, Mrs. Grace
Spencer, Mrs. Della
Spencer, William L.
Tupper, Dorothy
Tupper, George
Tupper, Mrs. Grace
Tupper, Louise
Williams, Mrs. Effie
Williams, James*
Wilson, Mrs. Grace
Wilson, Tom
Wold, James

MATTHEW DOBSON BROWN

Niobrara County Pioneer

By Malcolm S. Campbell*

Matthew Brown, born in Warrensburg, Missouri, on October 6, 1856, was the eldest of a family of three children whose parents, Matthew J. and Mary Brown, were among the first white settlers in Johnson County, Missouri. One sister, Lina Brown Warnek, died at the age of eighty-one years and Amanda Brown, his other sister, who resides in Warrensburg, is now past eighty-two years of age. An interesting point in connection with Matt Brown's heritage is the fact that his great grandmother was Daniel Boone's sister.

Matt's father enlisted in the southern army in the spring of 1861, serving under General Price. After six months' service he contracted typhoid fever and died. Matt, then a boy of five, went to live with his grandfather, making his home there until his grandfather's death in 1874.

Supplies for the stores in Warrensburg were shipped by boat on the Missouri River to Lexington and then freighted thirty miles by oxen and mule teams, a trip which usually took about four days. Matt, on his first trip with his grandfather to obtain supplies, can remember seeing only two houses. Land in this country could be bought from the government for twelve and a half cents or a "bit" an acre, and his father and grandfather each owned one hundred and sixty acres.

In front of his grandfather's place stood a "stile block" on which women would step when getting into a wagon or mounting a horse. Matt sat on this and watched General Price's army march by on their way to Lexington where a battle was fought two days later. Many of the soldiers were barefoot, carrying their shoes to relieve their tired feet.

Young Matt's boyhood days were spent on the farm where he helped with the chores, attended school in the old log school house and lived the ordinary life of the country boy. Fishing, hunting, visiting the old swimming hole in the summer, skating and

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Malcolm S. Campbell, named for his famous father, the first sheriff of Converse County, was the youngest of the three children of Malcolm and Priscilla Campbell and was born November 6, 1888, at Douglas, Wyoming. His early life was spent riding the range in central Wyoming. In June 1914, he started working in the Salt Creek Oil Field and has followed that profession since.

On October 5, 1912, he was united in marriage to Reta Leach at Altamont, Illinois. To this union five children were born: Edna Mae of Denver, Colorado; Dorothea Louis of Lusk; Malcolm "Bud" L. who is with the armed forces; Richard A. and Carol Jean at home. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have made their home at Mule Creek Oil Field, Niobrara County, for the past twelve years.

"sorghum taffy pulls" in the winter were his recreations. The shoes Matt wore were made by his uncle from hides tanned by his grandfather. Homespun clothes and hand-knit socks completed his wardrobe.

At this time the hogs were turned out to live off the "mast"¹ in the woods. Consequently they became wild and belonged to anyone who was lucky enough to drop one with a well aimed bullet. Wild turkeys, deer, quail, squirrel and other game were plentiful.

Young Matt worked on various farms, saving what little money he earned with but one object in mind. With the blood of that frontiersman, Daniel Boone, flowing in his veins, and as a result of reading and listening to the stories of the West, it was natural that as soon as he could he would fulfill his boyhood ambition, to go West.

The West

On March 28, 1876, he boarded a train with a ticket to Denver, Colorado, in his pocket, arriving there April first. Matt spent several days taking in the town and looking for work, but hearing so much about Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, he decided to look it over, arriving there April fourth.

Cheyenne at this time was headquarters for nearly all the large cattle outfits in Wyoming and for all supplies and travel to the Black Hills where gold had been discovered two years earlier. Matt found it to be the liveliest place he had ever seen. Cowboys, miners, freighters, railroaders, gamblers and many others made up the population. The town was a regular beehive, active night and day. Much credit should be given the administration of Cheyenne at that time, for law and order prevailed quite well considering the transient population, many of whom were notorious characters.

Matt, thrilled with the excitement of his first introduction to Wyoming, decided to remain and hired out to Street and Thompson who were running a freight outfit between Cheyenne and Custer, Dakota Territory. His first load contained eighteen thousand pounds of flour drawn by a ten mule team.

On this first trip everything went well until they were about half way between Running Water, the present site of Lusk, and Hat Creek Station, when going down through the breaks the wagon train was attacked by Sioux Indians. The wagon boss ordered a retreat back up the hill, but bringing up the rear was a driver by the name of Croft who was driving four horses which had been sold to Heck Reel by the army because they wouldn't stand gun fire. When the shooting began the horses lived up

1. The fruit of the oak and the beech.

to their reputations and the driver had his hands full. Croft talked through his nose in such a peculiar fashion that he always brought a laugh "even in a pinch." All he could yell was, "Come and kill this damned Indian before he kills me," for one Indian had singled him out since he was more or less helpless as a defender. The main obstacle of the retreat was Croft and his outfit who were blocking the way. When asked by the wagon boss why he didn't get started back, he replied, "My place is behind"—every teamster had his place in the wagon train. They finally succeeded in driving off the Indians and pulled back up the hill where they went into camp and sent a messenger to Fort Laramie for help. Captain Egan and a company of soldiers arrived a few days later.

The wagon train started on, accompanied by the soldiers as far as Indian Creek, where, as nothing had happened, the soldiers stopped. Soon afterwards the wagon train met approximately two hundred and fifty men returning to Cheyenne from the Black Hills, some because of the Indians and others because there was no flour in Custer and provisions were running short. Learning that the wagon train was loaded with supplies, the latter group started back with the freighters.

As the wagon train pulled to the top of a hill between Cole and Cottonwood Creeks, a wagon wheel broke, causing a halt for repairs. A young horse wrangler with the outfit, who had ridden ahead to the brow of a hill to look around, returned as fast as his horse could carry him with the news that the country on the other side was swarming with Indians.

The wagon boss ordered the wagons placed in a circle and sent a messenger back to inform Captain Egan of their predicament. A half hour later Indians appeared on the horizon and started circling the train, gradually working in closer and closer, exchanging a good many shots. Suddenly, as Captain Egan and his company of soldiers came into sight, the Indians started to pull out. One man with the wagon train was wounded and two or three Indians were killed. The soldiers followed the Indians but did not overtake them, for they scattered into the hills.

After repairing the wheel the train proceeded on to the Cheyenne River Crossing, the present site of Edgemont, South Dakota. Upon arriving there they learned of the Metz Massacre. The Metz family, on their way from Custer to Cheyenne, were traveling through Red Canyon when Indians attacked the party. Seven bodies were found: four men, Mr. and Mrs. Metz and a colored woman who had tried to escape and whose body was found a half mile from the main party. Matt and the other drivers helped bury them on the north side of the Cheyenne River. In later years when the railroad was built across the

site some of the skeletons were found in the excavations and scraped into the grade.

The remainder of the trip to Custer and the return to Cheyenne were without incident, and, although he made several trips over the same road, Matt found the first to be the most exciting. He also freighted government supplies from Cheyenne to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and Fort Fetterman.

In the fall of 1879 Street and Thompson secured a contract to haul freight from Denver to Leadville, Colorado. They sent Matt Brown and his string team on this job and he worked there until the spring of 1880. Arriving back in Cheyenne he hired out to Arbuckle and Wiles, freighting from Cheyenne and Sidney, Nebraska, to Fort Robinson and Camp Sheridan, Nebraska, located on the west fork of Beaver Creek, twelve miles above its mouth. In June 1880, he left Sidney with a stamp mill for the Bald Mountain Milling Company of Deadwood, arriving there on July fourth in time to take part in the big celebration.

The Indians made several attempts during these years to run off the freighters' stock, but guards or wranglers stayed with the animals whenever they were turned out. These Indians came out of the hills in small bands and plied the country between Hat Creek Station and the Black Hills. They would make an attack and then take refuge in the hills where they were safe since these were their "stomping grounds." Matt tells of the Indians killing cattle when he was working for a large cattle outfit in the '80's. They would come out of the hills in small numbers, kill a calf or yearling, skin it, spread the hide on the ground and build a fire on it. This would burn it to a crisp and obliterate the brand and markings.

Matt Brown met many famous characters on his trips to the Black Hills and Cheyenne. He was personally acquainted with Mrs. Anna Tallant,² a well educated and very brilliant woman, and with "Wild Bill" Hickok, "Calamity Jane," Lame Johnny and several others whose names he has forgotten.

On his early trips it was a common sight to see the famous "Treasure Coach" of the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Line carrying gold from Deadwood to Cheyenne with the guards accompanying it. During the years 1877-79, Matt remembers hearing of the many robberies of the stage line, the majority of which took place between Cheyenne River and Jenney's Stockade. The freight outfits left the stage road at Hat Creek Station and bore northeast, crossing the Cheyenne River where Edgemont, South Dakota, is now located, going through Red Canyon and north to Custer, so they did not travel the road on which these

2. Author of *Black Hills or Last Hunting Grounds of the Dakotahs*. She was the first white woman in the Black Hills, spending the winter of 1874-5 there with her husband and son.

robberies were committed. On his trips through the hills or at road houses Matt often met some of the men who were carrying on these depredations. Lamé Johnny, Wall, Blackburn, Lamé Bradley and others were known as very dangerous and mean men who were loathe to mix with others outside their own clique. Lamé Johnny wore a boot with a very high heel to keep from hobbling too much. He was captured by a party of men in the Black Hills, hanged and buried on the spot.

From Freighter to Cowboy

Matt Brown quit freighting in February 1881, and took a job punching cows for the Union Cattle Company, one of the largest cattle outfits in Wyoming Territory. The company was incorporated with a capital stock of three million dollars in thirty thousand shares, most of which was owned by eastern capital. The company had upwards of sixty thousand head of cattle and several ranches with a range extending from the Platte River on the south to the Belle Fourche River on the north and from the Black Hills to the Powder River. Among the brands Matt can remember are the S & G, O-O, Bridle Bit, A U 7 and 7 L. In one year they branded fifteen thousand head of calves.

Matt was sent to the S & G Ranch which was located on Beaver Creek near the present site of Dewey, South Dakota. This was headquarters for approximately twenty-five cowboys who worked in all directions, but chiefly westward into Wyoming. While working here, Matt, a man by the name of Lang and "Old Bob," the foreman, discovered at the edge of the hills a cave which was large enough to hold three or four horses in one end and have several men sleep in the other. From appearances it had been used by robbers and highwaymen as a hiding place, for several pieces of saddles and a couple of guns were cached there. When asked what happened to the relics, Matt said they finally disappeared, where he does not know.

Matt was sent to the A U 7 ranch near the mouth of Snyder Creek in the summer of 1886 where they were rounding up a large herd of cattle to be shipped and gathering cows and calves to be separated in the fall so that the calves could be weaned. He tells of a Texan by the name of Graham who was also at the ranch. During a quarrel at the T O T Ranch Graham had killed a man, and he was known among the cowboys as "Deadeye," for he had the reputation of being the best shot in the country. The cook at the A U 7 wanted a couple of roosters for dinner. "Deadeye" asked which two and shot their heads off with his six shooter as they were pointed out to him.

By the last of October the cattle were rounded up and the calves separated from the cows for weaning. On November 1,

1886, Curt Spaugh,³ as foreman with fourteen men, including Matt Brown, left the A U 7 Ranch with three thousand head of cattle, enroute to Pine Bluffs for shipment to Omaha. The first night camp was made at the U L A Ranch on Lance Creek. After two or three days on the trail the weather turned very cold and it started to snow, continuing to storm on the entire trip which took several days longer than had been anticipated. The courage and endurance of every man was tested, but the entire crew stayed on, enduring the bitter cold and deep snow and loading the cattle on the cars for a delayed shipment. Most of the crew returned to the S & G Ranch, arriving there on December twenty-fourth. This was the terrible winter of 1886-87 in which so many cattle died on the range. Losses were tremendous and many large cattle outfits were forced out of business in the spring.

In the fall of 1887 Matt left the employ of the Union Cattle Company and went to Custer, South Dakota. On February 10, 1888, he started working for John Sires, owner of the 21 Horse Ranch which was located on the Cheyenne River about three miles below where the present State Highway 85 crosses the river between Lusk and Newcastle. Sires had served in the Mexican War under Captain McBriar who, when he fell wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, handed Sires his sword. His last words were "Carry on and take the hill," which Sires did, acquiring for himself the nickname "Buena" Sires. Besides the 21, he also owned a ranch near Lewiston, Idaho, where on May 18, 1895, he was shot in the back and killed while feeding stock in his barn.

On August 1, 1888, Matt left the 21 Ranch for Three Forks, Montana, with six head of saddle horses, returning on September twentieth with fifty head of range horses which belonged to the 21. During the entire trip he carried his bedding and camp outfit with him on a pack horse, spending only one night in a house during that time. In fact he traveled two weeks without seeing a house and meeting but a very few people. On his return he learned that the foreman of the 21 outfit had taken the money sent to pay wages and ranch bills and left the country. He was afterwards heard of in South America. Matt was then appointed range foreman for the company and worked in that capacity until 1897.

John T. Williams of Douglas was appointed administrator to close out the 21 outfit in 1897. Jim Williams was appointed range manager, and Matt helped gather and ship the last of one of the largest horse outfits in Wyoming.

In 1895 while working for this outfit, Matt filed a homestead entry on the land on which the ranch buildings were located

3. Brother of A. A. Spaugh, pioneer cattleman of Niobrara County.

and which is still his home. He also acquired the 21 brand which, with the 7L, are the only old cattle or horse ranches in this locality that haven't been abandoned.

Early Day Ranches and Neighbors

When Matt came to the 21 Ranch, the 999 Ranch located near the confluence of Lance Creek and Cheyenne River, fifteen miles distant, was his nearest neighbor. The 999 was the gathering place for the cowboys for many miles around, as it was centrally located among the large cattle ranches.

In 1892, Albert Herman, accompanied by his sister, Mary, traveled from Wheatland to the 999 by team and wagon. Mr. Herman and Mr. Trompeter engaging in the cattle business there. While residing here, Mary Herman became acquainted with Matt Brown. They were united in marriage on December 6, 1894, at Edgemont, South Dakota, and took up their residence on the 21 Ranch, their present home.

To this union two children were born, Laurel H., May 18, 1896, and Matthew J., January 20, 1911. Laurel, now living in Chicago, Illinois, where he is employed as an electrician, served twenty-one months during 1918-19 with the A.E.F. in France. He married Magelene Peters of Edgemont, South Dakota, and they have one daughter, Martha Theresa. Matthew who resides in Burbank, California, is employed at the Lockheed Aviation plant. He is married to Martilla Wassenberger of Edgemont, South Dakota, and they also have one daughter, Mary Martilla.

In their early life on the ranch, Mr. and Mrs. Brown had many interesting experiences. There were always several cowboys staying there as well as young men, "tenderfeet," who came into the country from the East. They relate one incident of a young tenderfoot who had come to the ranch to work. He rode up the river to drive some saddle horses back to the corral. Arriving back at the ranch all excited, he informed Matt there was an animal up in the pasture with a cottonwood tree growing out of its head. Matt says the boy saw a large bull elk!

Many Indians stopped at the ranch as they were traveling to and from the hills. Among these Mr. and Mrs. Brown remember Red Cloud, Stinking Bear and Shut-The-Door, a very large fellow and a good Indian. A large corral which would hold two hundred head of horses was located about a quarter of a mile from the house. Around this were always to be found saddles, ropes, chaps and other cowboy paraphernalia, but nothing was ever stolen.

A few years after Mr. and Mrs. Brown settled at the 21 Ranch, new neighbors began to appear. Mr. Shay and family settled on the Cheyenne River at the present A. W. Sedgwick Ranch; Kelly Robison and family settled between Mr. Shay's

and the 21; Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Baltzly located at the mouth of Robbers Roost; Chas. Crawford and family built across the river from the Shays; Fred Dale and family settled on the present John Phillip's place; Henry Cooksey and family located near the old burnt stage station on the Cheyenne River. The settling of these pioneers necessitated the building of the first school house in the community. It was built of logs and located about a quarter of a mile west of where State Highway 85 crosses the Cheyenne River.

Matt Brown cast his first vote at Sidney, Nebraska, in 1880 when James A. Garfield was elected President. His first vote cast in Wyoming was at the 999 Ranch in 1884. When asked who the candidates were, Matt could remember only one, Natt Baker, but does not remember for which office he was running.

During his residence in this locality, Mr. Brown has the distinction of living in three different counties without having moved: Laramie County with Cheyenne, two hundred miles distant, the county seat; Laramie being divided, Converse became the county with Douglas, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, the county seat; again with Converse County divided, Niobrara County was established with Lusk, fifty-five miles distant, the county seat.

Mr. Brown took an active part in the development of the Cheyenne River country and has seen it grow and prosper into the thriving community it is today. The old 21 ranch house, beautifully located among the large cottonwood trees on the Cheyenne River, is a reminder of early days, for it was built in 1887. A herd of fine white faced cattle wearing the 21 brand can be seen grazing in the nearby pastures.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The first building in the city of Laramie was the Frontier Index Office and Frontier Hotel? (Alter, *Early Utah Journalism*, p. 155.)

Mrs. Cort F. Meyer (Estelle Reel) was the first woman in the United States elected to a State office? In 1894 she was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Republican ticket, polling the largest vote ever given to a candidate for state office in Wyoming up to that time. (Beach, *Women of Wyoming*, p. 39.)

HONORABLE JOHN W. KINGMAN

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Wyoming Territory*

I was born in Barrington, New Hampshire, on the first day of January 1821. My maternal ancestors were Brewsters, direct descendants of Elder William Brewster of Mayflower memory. In June 1696 the Indians attacked Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and killed and captured quite a number of the people. The wife of John Brewster, Sr., a great grandson of Elder William, "was found by her friends after the fight and taken up for dead. Her scalp was entirely removed from her head, and a fracture made in the cranium by a tomahawk. But she survived and lived to the age of eighty-one years." She was my great great grandmother and was the ancestor of all the Brewsters of New Hampshire.

The family connections include the Waterhouses, among whom are Professor Benjamin Waterhouse of Harvard College, the author of vaccination in America, Professor S. Waterhouse of Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri, and Captain Joseph Hicks of Dover and Madbury who raised a company of men for General Wm. Pepperell's expedition against Louisburg in 1745.¹

On my father's side the earliest member I find any account of is William Kingman, my great grandfather, who bought a farm in Barrington, New Hampshire, in 1740. He married Elizabeth Webster in Rye, New Hampshire, in 1747. She was a member of the family from which Daniel Webster descended and lived to be eighty-two years old. So I claim to be a Puritan by descent, education and inclination.

My father was a farmer, and when I was four years old he removed with his family to Madbury, formerly a part of Dover, New Hampshire, to reside on a farm that had descended to my mother from her grandfather, Colonel Joseph Hicks, who married Lydia Brewster of Portsmouth. I lived there until I was sixteen years old, actively engaged in the work of the farm. I then entered Phillips Exeter Academy to prepare for college. After two years at the Academy I entered Harvard College as a freshman in our class of 1843. My college course was not a success in Latin and Greek, for I never liked those studies and never acquired proficiency in either of them; in mathematics and the physical sciences I was more successful and made good progress, graduating with honors in that department.

NOTE: Judge Kingman wrote his autobiography in 1897. The manuscript was recently given to the State Historical Department by his grandson, George K. Helbert, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1. See *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, vol. IV, p. 721.

As soon as I graduated I entered the office of Hon. Daniel Webster in Boston and began the study of law in good earnest. I made good progress there and attracted the favorable notice of Mr. Webster, to whom I am under lasting obligations in a great variety of ways. I was there two years, was admitted to the bar and then settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, to practice law. I was making some progress there, but the hot summers proved inimical to my constitution, my health broke down and I was compelled to return to New Hampshire after about two years of suffering.

I began practice in Dover, New Hampshire, in 1847, and in 1849 I married Mary Spaulding Christie, the eldest daughter of Hon. Daniel N. Christie of Dover, one of the leading lawyers of New Hampshire. We had six children, three boys and three girls.² One of the girls died in infancy of scarlet fever. My oldest son graduated from the West Point Military Academy, the second in his class, and is now about to receive his commission as Major in the Corps of Engineers, in which corps he has won distinction and been employed on very important government work. My second son graduated at Dartmouth College in the Chandler School and is now studying medicine in the leading medical school in Chicago. My third son graduated from the State School of Mines in Colorado and as a mining engineer is now settled in Los Angeles, California. I now have seven grandsons and one granddaughter.

When the war broke out in 1861, I at once offered my services to the Governor of New Hampshire in any capacity in which he could employ me or where I could be useful to the country. He said he would call on me as soon as the occasion arrived, and in the summer of 1862, when the President called for three hundred thousand nine months men, he gave me a commission as Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. I was sadly deficient in military skill and had but an elementary knowledge of the duties of the commander of a regiment in active warfare, but I at once entered the camp at Concord, New Hampshire, and applied myself earnestly to acquire a familiarity with the tactics, to fit myself to drill my new volunteers as they came in, to get acquainted with my officers and prepare my regiment to march to the front when we should be called for.

I found I had a most excellent class of both officers and men. As the time of service was limited and of short duration and as the patriotic feeling of the people was at its height, men of character and means volunteered to fill up the companies to a greater extent than usual. Henry W. Blair came

2. At the time of Judge Kingman's death, three children survived him: Mrs. M. G. Helbert, Major D. C. Kingman and Helen M. Kingman.

in as captain of a fine company from Plymouth and I promoted him, as vacancies occurred, to major and lieutenant colonel. He was an excellent officer and has since been U. S. Senator from New Hampshire. John W. Ela was another good man and a capital officer. He has recently distinguished himself as a lawyer in Chicago and a prominent leader in the civil service movement in that city. Captain Coggsell, a cousin of General Coggsell of Massachusetts and a recent candidate for governor in New Hampshire, was another, equally earnest and equally deserving as a man and an officer. I mention these only, but there were many more equally deserving.

With such help I could not fail. They overlooked my blunders and sustained my authority in the Regiment. I must record a single instance of our united action as a proof of their superior character.

Before we left Concord for the front I called my officers together and said to them that intemperance was growing to be a great evil in the service, that I wanted them all to unite with me in signing a pledge not to make any use of intoxicating liquors during our term of service, that I had procured a book in which I had written such a pledge and I handed it to them for signature. Every officer in the Regiment signed it willingly and honestly kept the pledge. That book is now in the Headquarters Cottage of the Fifteenth Regiment at the Wiers in New Hampshire. As a result, partly at least due to this pledge, we never had any bickerings or quarrels among the officers or any insubordination or dissatisfaction among the men.

In November 1862 we were ordered to New York City to join General Bank's expedition, and subsequently to New Orleans when General Butler was recalled. We went into camp at Carrollton near New Orleans and spent the winter and early spring in vigorous drilling and the study of tactics. In May we were sent up the river to join in the siege of Port Hudson, Louisiana. Here we had our first fight, a general assault all along their works. The attack was disastrous in the extreme. We failed to get into their defenses at any point, and the loss to us in killed and wounded, especially among the officers, was terribly severe. After that we settled down to steady digging in regular approaches.

In June another assault was made, but with like unfortunate result and severe loss to us in men and morale. We continued digging and advancing our approaches until early in July, when General Grant sent word that he had captured Vicksburg. Then Port Hudson surrendered, giving us more men as prisoners than we had men fit for duty on our rolls. In fact the climate was more severe on our men than the

enemies' bullets. I suffered severely most of the time and came home with my system poisoned with malaria from which it required years to recover.

Our period of enlistment expired some time before the fall of Port Hudson, but my men made no objection on that account. We were there to assist in opening the Mississippi River, and we stayed and worked until we were able to return home by sailing up that river, cutting the Confederacy in twain. We were mustered out at Concord, New Hampshire, after serving about eleven months.

I resumed the practice of my profession until the spring of 1869, when General Grant, then elected President, appointed me Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming Territory. I went out there in May 1869, just after the Union Pacific Railroad had been opened for travel. All the new territorial officers arrived about the same time and we organized the government and the courts. We found a horrible condition of things. Apparently the worst men and women from the border states and many who had fled from the relentless draft among the rebels seemed to dominate society. The courts were powerless to enforce the criminal laws in cases of high crimes. It was a common remark in the jury room, "One man is dead, what do you want to kill another for?"

The first Legislature convened in the winter of 1870. The members were paid, of course, by the U. S. Government, but they voted themselves a large additional salary out of the funds of the Territory. Application was made to the court to restrain the treasurer from paying it. The Chief Justice was absent, and I was acting in his place. I issued a peremptory injunction and stopped the steal. The order made a good deal of grumbling, but it was never appealed from or revoked.

Some of the attorneys were wretched characters. I sent two of them to prison for thirty days each and disbarred two. These all left the Territory and never came back again.

The most important event that occurred in the early history of the Territory was the passage of an act enfranchising the women and giving them all the rights of male citizens. This was done by that first Legislature, but with very little knowledge of what they were doing or care for its consequences. Some said it would make a noise and advertise the Territory, but the chief reason given for it was a report that the Governor was opposed to it and would veto the bill. The Governor was in fact strongly inclined to veto it and would have done so had it not been for the urgent efforts made by Chief Justice Howe and myself to prevail on him to sign it. We labored with him until after midnight, presenting all the

arguments we could think of, for we were decidedly in favor of it as a matter of justice as well as of expediency. We at last convinced him and he signed it.

There was in fact very little public sentiment in the Territory at that time in favor of it and much bitter feeling against it. This feeling showed itself at the first session of the District Court after the passage of the act. This Court was to be held at Laramie City in Judge Howe's district, and the county officers, thinking to throw ridicule on the act and make trouble for the judge, summoned nearly all the respectable women in the city as jurors, making both the grand and petit juries largely composed of women. This made their husbands furious, as they looked upon it as an insult as well as an outrage. Threats of violence were made unless the Judge would discharge all the women at once, and public feeling was aroused to a dangerous pitch. Judge Howe and I consulted over the subject and agreed that the women had the right to sit as jurors and should not be driven from the exercise of it without their consent. Judge Howe insisted, however, that I should sit with him and take part in holding the Court. When we arrived at Laramie City we found excitement at fever heat. Some men swore that their wives should not go to the Court House, and, if they did, should never return to their homes. When we went to the Court House it was filled with a curious crowd, some to enjoy the fun, but most of them angry and sullen. The women, however, were all there in obedience to the summons. As soon as court was opened Judge Howe announced that, as this was a new and unusual state of affairs, he would not require any woman to serve on any jury against her will or without her free consent, but that if any of them chose to exercise the rights which the law gave them, the whole power of Court would be called on to protect them, and if any one presumed to insult or interfere with any woman, either in the court room, in the street *or at their homes*, they would be visited with the extremest penalty in the power of the Court to inflict. He then called on me to address the women jurors. I told them that they well knew how utterly unable the Courts were to enforce the criminal laws, in consequence of the unwillingness of such juries as we had been having, to convict anyone; that we believed a remedy would be found if the intelligent and moral women would come forward and help us by exercising the new powers now for the first time put into their hands; that they were more deeply interested in sustaining the honest and vigorous enforcement of the laws than any other class of citizens; we implored them to aid us as Judges and protect themselves and the young society now just organizing itself.

Judge Howe then told them that any women summoned as jurors, who insisted on it, might be excused, but he hoped they would elect to remain and serve. To the surprise of nearly every one, *they all chose to remain* and became the most reliable, attentive and conscientious jurors we ever found. After that we had women on the juries as long as I remained on the bench.³

The first Legislature, in order to put their friends into office throughout the Territory, had undertaken to oust all the county officers who had been appointed by the Governor under the Organic Act, creating the Territory, and legislated a new set of men, by name, into every office in every county. The question of their power to do this in that way came before me. I held the acts to be in violation of the Organic Act, and therefore null and void, and that until an election could be held the Governor must fill the offices by appointment.

This was another clash with legislation which it seemed to be my fortune to execute.

The operation of the Woman Suffrage Act was beneficial and satisfactory from the beginning, particularly so at all the elections. The majority of the women voted, and quiet and orderly elections were uniform as soon as the women appeared at the polls. They took no part at the nominating caucus, but after the votes were cast a general surprise was experienced. Some men on each ticket would be elected by large majorities and some on each ticket would be defeated by like majorities, so that it became a constant question in all the caucuses, "Will the women vote for this candidate?"

The woman suffrage act grew in popularity, but not with the leaders. They could not count the votes before they were cast, as had been their custom, and they resolved to repeal it. When the second Legislature was elected they secured a majority in both branches, but not a large majority, and they promptly repealed the Act. The Governor as promptly vetoed their bill, and from that time on there was never a voice or vote raised against the Woman Suffrage Act in Wyoming. The principle is correct and just; it has commended itself to several of the adjoining States and will, I trust, be adopted in every State in the Union at no distant day.

I cannot help regarding the part I took in securing the passage of the Woman Suffrage Act, in giving it vital force and effect and in preserving its perpetuation and popularity as the most creditable act of my life.

After serving one term of four years on the Supreme Bench, I commenced the practice of law at Laramie City, which I pursued for a few years only. I then made some

3. Judge Kingman served as Associate Justice from April 6, 1869, to March 20, 1873.—*Wyoming Reports*, vol. 2, preface.

investments in cattle and horses in connection with my second son, but we sold out after a few years and removed to Cedar Falls, Iowa, where we engaged in manufacturing.⁴ Our investments here were very satisfactory and profitable until the free trade tariff prostrated or destroyed nearly all the business of the country.

While I was living in Wyoming, at the request of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, I wrote a pretty full account of the Woman Suffrage Act and its practical operation in Wyoming Territory, which they published, I think, in the fourth volume, of their *History of Woman Suffrage in America*.⁵

WYOMING PLACE NAMES

Cities and Towns

(Continued)

ALAMO, Big Horn County. Named in honor of the old Texas Alamo by a Texan named Shaffer, who ran the post office and a ferry here. Located at the present site of Manderson.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ALBIN, Laramie County. Named for John Albin Anderson, the town's first postmaster.—*Wyoming Statesman*, January 17, 1935.

ALCOVA, Natrona County. So named because it is a nest of coves.*

ALPINE, Lincoln County. The mountain peaks invest the point with an Alpine beauty.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ANCHOR, Hot Springs County. Named for the brand of C. E. Blonde.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ANDERSONVILLE, Hot Springs County. Named for the Anderson brothers who homesteaded the land. It was located across the river from the old town of Thermopolis and deserted when Thermopolis was founded.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ANTELOPE, Uinta County. A station on the Union Pacific Railroad where antelope were common at the time the railroad was built.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ARLAND, Park County. Early town on Meeteetse Creek

4. Judge Kingman resided in Cedar Falls for twenty years where he was connected with the paper mills and the oat meal mills. He passed away there in December 1903, at the age of eighty-two years.

5. Page 1092.

An asterisk () indicates that the material has been taken from the manuscript files of the Wyoming State Historical Department.

named for Vic Arland, cattleman. Town buildings were moved to Meeteetse in 1896.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ARCHER, Laramie County. Named for a member of an engineer corps which was attacked by Indians when the group was surveying for the Union Pacific Railroad in 1867.—ANNALS OF WYOMING, July 1940, p. 243.

ARVADA, Sheridan County. Originally known as Suggs. The name was changed by officials of the Burlington when a station was established here.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ASPEN, Uinta County. Named for Aspen or Quaking Aspen Hill nearby.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ASPEENTUNNEL, Uinta County. Named for the Union Pacific Railroad tunnel through Aspen Mountain.—Lorin Guild, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

ATLANTIC CITY, Fremont County. Waters near the crest of the Continental Divide run towards the Atlantic Ocean in the neighborhood of the town.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BAIROIL, Sweetwater County. Named for the Bair Oil Company when that company built a camp at this site.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BARNUM, Johnson County. Named for the family who established the Barnum post office.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BECKTON, Sheridan County. Named for George T. Beck who owned the land on which Beckton is located.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BECKWITH, Lincoln County. Named for A. C. Beckwith, original owner of the Beckwith and Quinn Ranch.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BEDFORD, Lincoln County. Named by Bishop Preston of the Mormon Church for his former home.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BERTHA, Campbell County. Named for Mrs. Bertha Pool, postmistress.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BEULAH, Crook County. A post office named by seven families on ranches located on Sand Creek in 1881.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BIG MUDDY, Converse County. Named from a nearby stream which was a translation from the name given it by the early French traders, "Grande riviere vaseuse" (Great Muddy River).*

BIG PINEY, Sublette County. Named because of its nearness to the junction of the Big Piney Creeks.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BIG TRAILS, Washakie County. Named for the four main trails which lead to the site from the four main points of the compass.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BILL, Converse County. Named for the men who helped

establish the post office, as the given name of several of the men was Bill.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BISHOP, Natrona County. Named for Marvin T. Bishop, former president of the Natrona County Woolgrowers Association.*

BITTER CREEK, Sweetwater County. Located on Bitter Creek.—Crofutt,¹ p. 77.

BLAIRTOWN, Sweetwater County. Named for Archibald and Duncan Blair, brothers. By 1875 Rock Springs had completely absorbed the little town.—*History of the Union Pacific Coal Mines, 1868-1940*, pp. 46-49.

BONANZA, Big Horn County. The site was thought by early prospectors to carry rich mineral values, especially oil.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BORDER, Lincoln County. Located on the border line between Idaho and Wyoming.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BOSLER, Albany County. Named for Frank C. Bosler of Carlyle, Pennsylvania, owner of the Diamond Ranch near the town.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BOXELDER, Converse County. Derives its name from nearby Boxelder Creek.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BRYAN, Sweetwater County. Named for a civil engineer on the Union Pacific Railroad who went to Green River in 1868.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BUCKNUM, Natrona County. Named for C. K. Bucknum, early Wyoming pioneer, who was prominent in business and civic life of Casper and the owner of a large ranch near the town.*

BUFFALO, Johnson County. One version of the origin of this name was presented in the ANNALS OF WYOMING for April 1942. Two other versions are given in Bartlett's *History of Wyoming* on page 564. The first states that the name was given by Alvin J. McCray who was born in Buffalo, New York. The second story states that several houses had been erected before a name was selected. Each man wrote his choice on a slip of paper, deposited it in a hat, and the name Buffalo was drawn. William Hart, a native of Buffalo, New York, claimed he deposited that slip in the hat.

BUFORD, Albany County. Named after old Fort Buford.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

BURLINGTON, Big Horn County. At one time it was thought that the Burlington Railroad would build its road that far.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CADOMA, Natrona County. Indian word which means "to hide" or "to secrete."*

CAMBRIA, Weston County. The ancient name of Wales meaning "land of mountains."*

1. *Trans-Continental Tourist's Guide*.

CAMP AUGUR, Fremont County. Located at the present site of Lander, established in 1869 and named for General C. C. Augur.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CAMP BROWN, Fremont County. Formerly Camp Augur. Renamed on March 28, 1870, in honor of a young lieutenant killed in the Fetterman Massacre.—Beard,² vol. I, page 235.

CAMP CARLIN, Laramie County. Named for Colonel E. B. Carling and later misspelled. Renamed Cheyenne Depot soon after its establishment.—Recruit News, *Histories of Army Posts*, 1924, p. 24.

CAMP CONNOR, Johnson County. Named for General P. E. Connor who commanded a part of the Powder River Expedition. Later Fort Reno.—Beard, p. 149.

CAMP STAMBAUGH, Fremont County. Named for a lieutenant of the second cavalry who was killed on May 10, 1870, in an engagement with the Indians on Stambaugh Creek. Established June, 1870.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CAMP STOOL, Laramie County. Named for a cattle brand.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CAMP WALBACH, Laramie County. Named for General J. B. Walbach.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CARBON, Carbon County. Named because of the large deposits of coal located here. Now a ghost town.—*History of the Union Pacific Coal Mines, 1868-1940*, p. 28.

CARPENTER, Laramie County. Named for J. Ross Carpenter who brought settlers there from Iowa. Wyoming Writers' Project.

CARROLL, Sheridan County. Named for the first postmistress, Minnie Carroll.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CENTENNIAL, Albany County. Gold was found here in 1876, the centennial year.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CHENEY, Teton County. The post office was started by Selar Cheney.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CLARETON, Weston County. Named for an early rancher in the region.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CLIFTON, Weston County. Named for the red cliffs in the vicinity.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

COFFEE SIDING, Converse County. Named for Charles F. Coffee, a banker and cattleman of the vicinity.*

COKEVILLE, Lincoln County. Originally called "Smith's Fork," but the name was changed to Cokeville because of the large deposits of coking coal nearby.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

COLD SPRINGS, Weston County. Named for the big springs that gush from the canyon nearby.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

2. *Wyoming From Territorial Days to the Present.*

COPPERTON, Carbon County. Named for the copper taken from the nearby mountain.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

COWLEY, Big Horn County. Named after an early Mormon settler, Mathias Cowley, who settled there in 1900.—Frank J. Willis, Cowley, Wyoming.*

CREIGHTON, Johnson County. Named in 1878 for Tom Creighton, postmaster and stage station agent.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CRESTON, Sweetwater County. It is located on the crest of the Rockies.—*The Pacific Tourist*,³ p. 94.*

CROSBY, Hot Springs County. Named for a Mormon pioneer, Jesse W. Crosby.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CUMBERLAND, Lincoln County. First called Little Muddy from a nearby stream, but later named for the Cumberland mines.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

CUMMINS CITY, Albany County. Named for a mining promoter who absconded to Texas. The name was later changed to Jelm.—Wyoming Writers' Project.*

DAD, Carbon County. Named for Dad Carlett, rancher in the vicinity.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DANIEL, Sublette County. Named for an early settler by the name of Daniel.*

DAYTON, Sheridan County. Named for Joe Dayton Thorn.—Mrs. Elsa Spear Byron.*

DENNISON, Fremont County. Named for R. V. Dennison, widely known cattleman in the area and postmaster of the town which was located on his ranch.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DEPOT M'KINNEY, Johnson County. Named for Lieutenant McKinney killed in the Dull Knife Battle on Red Fork of Powder River, November 26, 1876.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DIAMONDVILLE, Lincoln County. Named for the Diamond Coke and Coal Company.*

DICKIE, Hot Springs County. Named for the Dickie Brothers, owners of the property.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DIETZ, Sheridan County. Named for C. M. Dietz of Omaha, one of the founders of the Dome Lake Club.*

DIFFICULTY, Carbon County. Named for a creek nearby which received its name from a group of men who, in looking for some stolen horses, became mired in the stream.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DILLON, Carbon County. Named for Malachi W. Dillon, owner of a coal mine.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DINES, Sweetwater County. Court and Dines were the original owners of the coal company here.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

3. By Adams and Bishop, published in 1885, a copy of which is in the reference library of the Wyoming State Historical Department.

DOUGLAS, Converse County. Named in honor of Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln's opponent in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 284.⁴

DUBOIS, Fremont County. Named by the Post Office Department. Several names were sent in but Dubois was decided upon. Senator Dubois of Idaho was prominent at that time and the name was given for him.*

DULL CENTER, Converse County. Several families by the name of Dull settled here.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DU NOIR, Fremont County. Taken from the French meaning "of black," probably from the black rock formations in the area.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

DURHAM, Laramie County. Named for an old settler by that name.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

EADSVILLE, Natrona County. Charles W. Eads filed on twenty acres of land on top of Casper Mountain. After a wild gold boom the town died.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

EDEN, Sweetwater County. Named by the Mennonites, who settled there, as a "Land of Promise."—Wyoming Writers' Project.

ELKHURST, Uinta County. Named for the wild animals which were so plentiful at the time of the building of the railroad.—E. A. Stone, *Uinta County*, p. 88.

ELK MOUNTAIN, Carbon County. Named after the range of mountains a few miles south.*

ELKOL, Lincoln County. The name is derived from the word "elk" from Elk Mountain nearby.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

EMBAR, Hot Springs County. Named for the Captain R. A. Torrey cattle brand.—Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin*, p. 104.

EMBLEM, Big Horn County. Known as Germania until the World War of 1914-1918 at which time the new name was adopted.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 334.

ENCAMPMENT, Carbon County. It was here the grand encampment of the Indians was located for the season's hunting.*

ERVAY, Natrona County. Named for Jake Ervay, an early pioneer, and located at the place he homesteaded in the 80's.*

ETNA, Lincoln County. Named by Bishop Carl Cook who suggested the name because it was short and easy to pronounce.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

EVANSTON, Uinta County. Named for John Evans, a surveyor on the Union Pacific Railroad.*

FAIRVIEW, Lincoln County. Named by the Mormon settlers for the view its location affords of the entire valley.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

4. *Wyoming, a Guide to Its History, Highways, and People*, compiled by workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Wyoming; State Supervisor, Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring.

FARSON, Sweetwater County. John Farson, Chicago broker, was one of the first to start the reclamation project in this district.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FILMORE, Albany County. Named in honor of a former division superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad.—*Pacific Tourist*, p. 94.

FISHER, Converse County. Named for F. H. Fisher, owner of the XH cattle ranch in that vicinity.*

FLATTOP, Platte County. Named for a nearby mountain with a level top which stands out in contrast to surrounding peaks.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FONTENELLE, Lincoln County. Lucien Fontenelle was one of the early trappers with the American Fur Company.—Beard, vol. I, p. 49.

FORT AUGUR. See Camp Augur.

FORT BONNEVILLE, Sublette County. Built in 1832 by Captain B. L. E. Bonneville.—Beard, vol. I, p. 42.

FORT BROWN, See Camp Brown.

FORT BRIDGER, Uinta County. Named for James Bridger who, with Benito Vasquez, established the fort in 1842.—Beard, vol. I, p. 42.

FORT JOHN BUFORD, Albany County. Named for General John Buford, killed December 16, 1863. Later Fort Sanders.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 317.

FORT CASPAR. See Casper.

FORT FETTERMAN, Converse County. Named for Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Fetterman, killed by the Indians in 1866.*

FORT HALLECK, Carbon County. Established in 1862 and named for Major General H. W. Halleck.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 237.

FORT LARAMIE, Goshen County. See Laramie County.

FORT MACKENZIE, Sheridan County. Named for General MacKenzie, one of the captors of the Cheyennes under Dull Knife in the Hole-in-the-Wall country in the fall of 1876.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FORT MCKINNEY, Johnson County. See Depot M'Kinney.

FORT PHIL KEARNY, Johnson County. Called Fort Carrington for a time in honor of Colonel H. B. Carrington. Named for Philip Kearny.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FORT RENO, Johnson County. Named for General Jesse L. Reno, a hero of the Civil War.—Hebard and Brininstool, *Bozeman Trail*, vol. 1, p. 265.

FORT D. A. RUSSELL, Laramie County. Established by the Government in 1867 and named for General David A. Russell, killed in the Civil War. (Now Fort Francis E. Warren.)—*Recruiting News, Histories of Army Posts*, 1924, p. 24.

FORT SANDERS, Albany County. Named for Brig. General

Wm. P. Sanders of Mississippi who was killed at Knoxville, Tennessee, November, 1863.—Beard, vol. I, p. 172.

FORT STAMBAUGH. See Camp Stambaugh.

FORT FRED STEELE, Carbon County. Established in 1868 and named for Major General Frederick Steele of Civil War fame.—Bartlett,⁵ vol. I, p. 321.

FORT SUPPLY, Uinta County. Organized by John Nebeker in 1853 as an agricultural settlement to supply Mormon emigrants.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FORT WALBACH. See Camp Walbach.

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Laramie County. Named for Senator Francis E. Warren in 1930. Formerly called Fort D. A. Russell.*

FORT WASHAKIE, Fremont County. Named for Chief Washakie of the Shoshoni Indians. Formerly Camp Brown.*

FORT WILLIAM, Goshen County. Named for William Sublette, one of the founders of the fort. Later became Fort Laramie.—Bartlett, vol. I, p. 306.

FORT YELLOWSTONE, Yellowstone National Park. Named because of its location in the Park. Formerly Camp Sheridan.—2921, *House Executive Documents* 1, part 5, pp. 173; 550.

FOSSIL, Lincoln County. Named for the nearby Fossil Cliffs which contain fossil fish beds.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 249.

FORTUNATUS, Sheridan County. Old mining camp known as "the city of broken hearts."—Wyoming Writers' Project.

FRANNIE, Park County. Named for Frannie Morris, daughter of Jack Morris, early settler.—ANNALS OF WYOMING, January 1941, p. 49.

FREEDOM, Lincoln County. When the Government issued a manifesto in 1890 banning polygomy among the Mormons, Idaho was a territory and therefore under federal rule, while Wyoming had just become a state and was not inclined to molest the Mormons. As a result when federal agents swooped down upon the Mormons, they merely stepped across the street into Wyoming and called the place Freedom.*

FREELAND, Natrona County. Named for Bill Freeland who came from Philadelphia and settled in Bates Park.*

FRONTIER, Lincoln County. This name was given as suggestive of its geographic location.*

GARLAND, Park County. Named for J. W. Garland, forest ranger in 1901.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GARRETT, Albany County. Named for Thuel S. Garrett, an early freighter in Wyoming.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GEBO, Hot Springs County. Named for Sam Gebo, a promoter of the surrounding coal properties.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

5. *History of Wyoming.*

GERMANIA, Big Horn County. The name suggests the nativity of the population making the first filings on the land. Changed to Emblem during the World War.—Lindsay, *The Big Horn Basin*, p. 191.

GILLETTE, Weston County. Named for E. Gillette, civil engineer who directed the construction of the Billings line for the Burlington.*

GLENCOE, Lincoln County. Named for the town of Glencoe, Scotland, by Thomas Sneddon, mine superintendent for the Diamond Coke and Coal Company.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GLENROCK, Converse County. Named from the fur traders' and trappers' name for a large rock that had been a sentinel for generations to travelers over this part of the country.*

GOOSE EGG, Natrona County. Takes its name from the Goose Egg Ranch which was made famous in Owen Wister's book, *The Virginian*. The Goose Egg was the brand of the Searight Brothers.—Wyoming Guide, pp. 383-4.

GRAMM, Albany County. Named for Otto Gramm who was in the tie-cutting business in the vicinity.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GRANGER, Sweetwater County. Named after an early settler.*

GRANITE CANYON, Laramie County. Named for the heaps and ridges of stone that mark the country side.—Wyoming Guide, p. 232.

GREEN RIVER, Sweetwater County. Named for the river which in turn receives its name from the green shale through which it flows.—*Pacific Tourist*, p. 99.

GREUB, Johnson County. Named for John Greub. The post office was always maintained at his ranch on the Middle Fork of Crazy Woman and Mrs. Greub was postmistress until the office was discontinued.—J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee, Wyoming.

GREYBULL, Big Horn County. Named after the Greybull River which, legend relates, was named for a strangely colored gray buffalo bull that ranged up and down the river in defiance of hunters who sought to kill him. Indian pictographs on a cliff overhanging the river represent a buffalo bull with an arrow through his body.—Wyoming Guide, p. 334.

GROVER, Lincoln County. Named for Jacob Grover, early Mormon pioneer.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GROVONT, Teton County. The name is a corruption of Gros Ventre.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

GUERNSEY, Platte County. Named for Charles A. Guernsey, early pioneer, cattleman and business man who developed the mines in the Hartville and Sunrise districts.—*Progressive Men of Wyoming*, p. 486.

GUNN, Sweetwater County. Named for George E. Gunn, first president of the Gunn Quealy Coal Company.*

HAMILTON, Hot Springs County. Dr. Hamilton was the discoverer and first owner of the site.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HAMPTON, Uinta County. A ranchman by the name of Hampton settled here in the early days.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HAMS FORK, Lincoln County. Located on Hams Fork of the Green River.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HANNA, Carbon County. Named for Mark A. Hanna.—*History of the Union Pacific Coal Mines, 1868 to 1940*, p. 113.

HARTVILLE, Platte County. Named for Colonel Verling K. Hart.*

HAT CREEK, Niobrara County. Probably named because of the headdress of a friendly Indian.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HAZELTON, Johnson County. Named for Hazel Smith, daughter of Tom and Maud Smith at whose ranch the post office was located.—J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee, Wyoming.

HEMINGWAY, Natrona County. Ambrose Hemingway, surveyor of Casper, was owner of the ranch at the time the name was applied.*

HERMOSA, Albany County. From the Spanish, meaning beautiful.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HILLIARD, Uinta County. Named after Reuben T. Hilliard, a conductor on the Union Pacific Railroad.*

HILLSDALE, Laramie County. The place takes its name from a Mr. Hill who was killed here by the Indians at the time the road was located. He belonged to the engineer corps of the Union Pacific Railroad.—*Pacific Tourist*, p. 61.

HOBACK, Teton County. Named for John Hoback, a trapper with Wilson P. Hunt's party. His grave is near the town.—ANNALS OF WYOMING, July 1925, p. 129.*

HORSE CREEK, Laramie County. Named because of its location on Horse Creek.*

HORTON, Weston County. For Dr. Fred Horton, a pioneer physician of the vicinity.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

HUDSON, Fremont County. Named in honor of John G. Hudson, an old settler and once the owner of the land on which the town is now located. He was a member of the Wyoming Legislature and a county commissioner. Formerly named Alta which is a Sioux Indian word and means "swift water" or "swiftly running water."*

HULETT, Crook County. Named for Lewis Morgan Hulett who came to Wyoming in 1881.—Wyoming Writers' Project

HYATTVILLE, Big Horn County. The post office was established with Sam W. Hyatt as first postmaster.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

INEZ, Converse County. Named for Inez Richards, a daughter of DeForest Richards, ex-governor of Wyoming.*

IRVINE, Converse County. Named for Billy Irvine a prominent cattle man who owned a large cattle ranch nearby.*

JACKSON, Teton County. Named after David E. Jackson by William L. Sublette of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.*

JAY EM, Goshen County. Named for a cattle brand.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

JELM, Albany County. Derives its name from a tie contractor named Gillom who cut ties for the Union Pacific Railroad in 1860.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

KANE, Big Horn County. Named for Riley Kane who was foreman for many years for the Mason and Lovell Company.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

KAYCEE, Johnson County. Named for the cattle brand K C, owned by Peters and Alston.*

KEARNEY, Johnson County. Named for its proximity to the site of Ft. Phil Kearny. In the past it has been spelled Kearney which is incorrect. The living descendents have made formal request that the spelling be corrected hereafter.*

KEELINE, Niobrara County. Named for George A. Keeline of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who was interested in cattle business in this vicinity.*

KEMMERER, Lincoln County. In 1897 P. J. Quealy, coal inspector for Wyoming, recognized the value of coal veins being opened near Diamondville. He obtained the backing of Mahlon S. Kemmerer of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, and organized a mining company here.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 249.

KENDRICK, Sheridan County. Named for the late Senator John B. Kendrick.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

KIRBY, Hot Springs County. Kris Kirby, a Texan, was the first settler in the vicinity.—Walker,⁶ p. 33.*

KIRWIN, Park County. Named for William Kirwin, an early-day miner.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

KLEENBURN, Sheridan County. Named to designate the coal mines situated there. It was originally called Carneyville.*

KLONDIKE, Johnson County. Frank Jones, a partner of Bike and Jones, commercial hunters at Fort McKinney, went to the Klondike during the early gold rush, returning with a moderate fortune and the nickname "Klondike." He established himself on the old ranch owned by his wife's people, and when the post office was established there it was given his name.—J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee, Wyoming.

KNIGHT, Uinta County. Named for the ranch along the river which was once owned by Jesse Knight of Evanston, Wyoming.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

6. *Stories of Early Days in Wyoming.*

KOOI, Sheridan County. Named for Peter Kooi, owner of the site.*

LA BARGE, Lincoln County. Named for the father of Captain Joseph LaBarge, well known Missouri River pilot and boat owner.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LA BONTE, Converse County. LaBonte was a trapper with "Uncle Dick" Woolston's party in 1838.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LANDER, Fremont County. Named by B. F. Lowe, founder, for Colonel F. W. Lander who had charge of the military escort in 1858 which accompanied the expedition building the government road from the Missouri River to California.—Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, p. 364.*

LARAMIE, Albany County. See Laramie County.

LAVOYE, Natrona County. Named for Louis Lavoye, original homesteader of the land on which the town was located.*

LEITER, Sheridan County. Named for Joseph Leiter who was connected with the irrigation project of Lake DeSmet.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LENORE, Fremont County. Named for Lenore Judkins, daughter of W. T. Judkins, first postmaster.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LEWISTON, Fremont County. Named for a man by the name of Lewis who erected a stamp mill and hoisting works on gold properties discovered by Captain H. G. Nickerson in 1882.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LIGHTNING FLAT, Crook County. An early name applied to the locality in which it is situated.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LINDBERGH, Laramie County. Named for Charles A. Lindbergh at the time of his flight.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LINDEN, Crook County. The name was given by Mrs. Florence M. Wakman, wife of the first postmaster, as one in keeping with the beauty of the locality.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LINGLE, Goshen County. Named for Hiram Lingle, founder, who advocated irrigation in the area in early days.—Wyoming Writers' Project.*

LOOKOUT, Albany County. A high point on the Union Pacific Railroad from which one can see in all directions. Named in 1868.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

LOST CABIN, Fremont County. Allen Hulburt discovered a rich mine, built a cabin there and then lost track of both mine and cabin.*

LOST SPRING, Converse County. Named from a spring at the head of Lost Creek which is nearby. The stream was so named because it sank out of sight at places and was "lost" to sight.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 325.

LOVELL, Big Horn County. Founded by the Mormon colonists who came into the region in 1900 and was named for a big-scale rancher by the name of Lovell who had preceded the Mormons.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 339.

LUCERNE, Hot Springs County. This is another name for alfalfa. It was named for the farming community where a great deal of alfalfa is grown.—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 332.

LUSK, Niobrara County. Named for Frank S. Lusk, cattleman and owner of the site on which the town was located.*

LYMAN, Uinta County. Named for Francis M. Lyman, Apostle of the Mormon Church in 1898.*

LYSITE, Fremont County. Named for Jim Lysite or Lysaght, prospector and miner who was killed by Indians in the early seventies near Lysite Mountain.—Walker, pp. 219-220.

MANDEL, Albany County. Named for Phil Mandel, the earliest settler in Laramie Valley.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

MANDERSON, Big Horn County. Named for an Omaha official of the Burlington Railroad.*

MANVILLE, Niobrara County. Named for H. S. Manville, the manager of the Converse Cattle Company.*

MARSHALL, Albany County. Named for W. E. Marshall, first postmaster and an Albany County pioneer.—Wyoming Writers' Project.

MAYOWORTH, Johnson County. Established about 1890 at the home of Griffith Jones, an old Union soldier known locally as "Corporal" Jones. His daughter, May, married William Worthington Morgareidge who was at that time carrying the mail. The name is a combination of may and Worthington.—J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee, Wyoming.

MEDICINE BOW, Carbon County. Indians came a great distance to obtain the unusually straight timber of that part of the region from which to fashion their bows and arrows. It was considered good medicine to use that timber for the making of their weapons; they said, "Good medicine bows."*

MEETEETSE, Park County. This is supposed to be an Indian word meaning "place of rest;" some say that it means "far away."—*Wyoming Guide*, p. 335.

MIDDLETON, Hot Springs County. This name was given by Colonel Sliney who had been born in Middleton, Ireland.—Walker, p. 227.

MIDWEST, Natrona County. The old and former post office of Salt Creek. Located at the main camp of the Midwest Oil Company in the Salt Creek Oil Field.*

MILLER, Natrona County. Named for U. S. Miller who was postmaster there for many years.*

(To be continued)

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES IN WYOMING TERRITORY— 1853-1882

Chronological list of battles and skirmishes which took place between the Military and the different tribes of Indians in that part of the Indian Territory which is now Wyoming.¹

Date	Place	Troops engaged
1853		
June 17	Near Ft. Laramie, Nebr.	G, 6 inf. ²
1854		
Aug. 19	Near Ft. Laramie, Nebr.	G, 6 inf.
Aug. 28	Attack on Ft. Laramie, Nebr.	Do.
1866		
Aug. 9	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	Detach H, 2 batln, 18 inf.
Sept. 10-16	Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	A, C, E and H, 2 batln, 18 inf.
Sept. 29	Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	A, C, E and H, 27 inf.
Oct. 6	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	Detachs A, C, E and H, 27 inf.
Dec. 6	Goose Creek, Dak.	C, 2 cav; detachs A, C, E and H, 27 inf.
Dec. 21	Pino Creek, near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	C, 2 cav; A, C, E and H, 27 inf.
1867		
Feb. 27	Near Ft. Reno, Dak.	Detachs B and I, 27 inf.
Apr. 26	Near Ft. Reno, Dak.	Detach I, 27 inf.
Apr. 27	Near Ft. Reno, Dak.	Detachs D and I, 27 inf.
May 23	Near Bridger's ferry, Dak.	E, 2 cav.
June 12	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	D, 2 cav.
June 18	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	D, 2 cav.
June 20	Foot of Black Hills, on U P R R, Nebr.	C, Pawnee scouts
June 30	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	C, 18 inf.
Aug. 2	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	A, C, F, 27 inf.
Aug. 14	Near Ft. Reno, Dak.	Detach G, 18 inf.
Dec. 2	Crazy Woman's Creek, Dak.	Detach C, 18 inf.
Dec. 14	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	

1. 4536 House of Representatives Document 446, p. 401, 57th Congress, Second Session.

2. Abbreviations: inf.—infantry; detach.—detachment; cav.—cavalry; do.—ditto; batln.—battalion. Numbers denote regiment and sometimes battalion; letters denote company, detachment, battery or troop and sometimes battalion, depending on the branch of the Army.

Date	Place	Troops engaged
1868		
Mar. 18	Near Ft. Fetterman, Dak.	Detach K, 18 inf.
Apr. 3	Rock Creek, Wyo.	
July 4	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	I, 27 inf.
July 5	Do.	Detach A, 27 inf.
July 18	Near Ft. Phil Kearny, Dak.	I, 27 inf.
July 19	Near Ft. Reno, Dak.	Detach A, 2 cav, and B and F, 27 inf.
1869		
Mar. 22	Near Ft. Fred Steele, Wyo.	Detachs A, B, F, H and K, 30 inf.
Apr. 6	Near La Bonte Creek, Wyo.	Detach A, 4 inf.
May 21	Near Ft. Fred Steele, Wyo.	Detachs B and H, 4 inf.
Sept. 12	Laramie Peak, Wyo.	Detachs D and G, 4 inf.
Sept. 14	Popo Agie, Wyo.	D, 2 cav.
Do.	Little Wind River, Wyo.	K, 7 inf (1 man)
Sept. 15	Near Whiskey Gap, Wyo.	Detachs B, 4 inf, and B, D, F and I, 7 inf.
Nov. 6	Between Fts. Fetterman and Laramie, Wyo.	K, 2 cav.
Dec. 1	Near Horseshoe, Wyo.	Detachs A, D, E, F, G and K, 4 inf.
1870		
May 4	Miner's Delight, near Twin Creek, Wyo.	D, 2 cav.
June 25	Medicine Bow Station, Wyo.	Detach I, 2 cav.
June 27	Pine Grove Meadow, Wyo.	Detach A, 2 cav.
1871		
June 26	Camp Brown, Wyo.	Detach B, 2 cav, and A, 13 inf.
1872		
May 2	Near La Bonte Creek, Wyo.	Detach D, E, F and G, 14 inf.
July 26-		A, B, C, F, H and K, 8
Oct. 15	Yellowstone Expedition	inf; A, C and F, 17 inf; D, F and G, 22 inf; Indian scouts.
Sept. 10-13	Between Beaver Creek and Sweet Water River, Wyo.	B, 2 cav.
1873		
Sept. 20	Near Ft. Fetterman, Wyo.	K, 2 cav.

Date	Place	Troops engaged
1874		
Feb. 9	Cottonwood Creek, near Laramie Peak, Wyo.	Detachs K, 2 cav, and A, 14 inf.
July 4	Near Bad Water Branch of Wind River, or Snake Mountains, or Owl Mountains, Wyo.	B, 2 cav; Indian scouts.
July 19	Rattlesnake Hills, Wyo. .	B, 2 cav; Indian scouts.
1875		
July 1	Little Popo Agie River, Wyo.	Detach D, 2 cav.
1876		
Mar. 5	Dry Forks of Powder River, Wyo.	C and I, 4 inf.
June 9	Tongue River, Wyo.	D, 2 cav; A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, L, and M, 3 cav; D and F, 4 inf; C, G and H, 9 inf.
July 17	Near Hat, or Indian Creek, Wyo.	A, B, D, G, I, K, and M, 5 cav.
July 17-18	Near Hat Creek, Wyo.	Detach K, 3 cav.
Oct. 14	Chugwater, or Richard Creek, Wyo.	Detach K, 2 cav.
Nov. 25-26	Bates Creek, near North Fork of Powder River, Wyo.	K, 2 cav; H and K, 3 cav; B, D, E, F, I, and M, 4 cav; H and L, 5 cav; Indian scouts.
1877		
Jan. 12	Near Elkhorn Creek, Wyo.	Detach A, 3 cav.
1878		
Aug. 29-30	Index Peak, Wyo.	Detach 5 inf; Indian scouts.
Sept. 12	Near Big Wind or Snake River, Wyo.	Detach G, 5 cav; Indian scouts.
1879		
Jan. 20	Near Bluff Station, Wyo.	B and D, 3 cav.
Sept. 29-	White River, Ute expedition,	E, 3 cav; D and F, 5 cav.
Oct. 25	Milk Creek, Colo.	
1882		
Apr. 29	Shoshone Agency, near Ft. Washakie, Wyo.	Detachs H and K, 3 cav; Indian scouts.

VALUABLE RELICS PRESENTED TO STATE MUSEUM

"I am sending you today a package of Indian souvenirs which I acquired from forty to fifty years ago in my routine travels through Wyoming."

Thus Mr. Frank G. White of Palo Alto, California, recently wrote the Wyoming State Historical Department. During the latter part of the nineteenth century Mr. White supervised some fifty or sixty insurance agencies in the West, and he counted among his friends Captain H. G. Nickerson, Indian Agent of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, Charles W. Riner¹ and R. S. Van Tassel.²

The items sent by Mr. White were a knife and sheath which once belonged to Jim Baker, a war club, a medicine stick, an Indian belt, long legged moccasins, an Indian necklace, Indian pipe and a U. S. Springfield gun, dated 1873. His letter describing these articles provides a personal contact with those early times. He continues, "While I was in Fort Washakie visiting with the Indian Agent, Captain Nickerson, he suggested that I make a tour of the agency, meet the Chief and see some sights that would undoubtedly be novel and unusual to me.

"We called on a young fellow named Sherman Coolidge³ who had just returned from Carlisle Indian School and who spoke excellent English. The last time I met Sherman Coolidge he was Bishop of Indian Missions for the Episcopal Church and was living at Broadmoor, a few miles from Colorado Springs, Colorado.

"I had a most enjoyable trip and the greatest event was meeting Chief Washakie, who spoke very little English. However, he was very agreeable and had a very pleasing personality with a dignity that one rarely sees in a human being. I have always felt that he really had a little fun with me for he had in his hand a new pipe that certainly had not been used very long, although it had some tobacco in it. He lighted it and took a puff, handed it to me, and, while I was quite a tenderfoot, I nevertheless took a puff and handed it back to him. There was a little glint in his eye and a little smile that rather confused my judgment of the situation, for I could not tell whether the old

1. Mr. C. W. Riner located in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1870. He was once mayor of the city and was a leading figure in civic and state affairs throughout his life. He passed away in October 1930.

2. Mr. R. S. Van Tassel, one of Wyoming's earliest pioneers, settled in Cheyenne as soon as it was organized. His cattle interests in Wyoming were extensive. He passed away in April 1931.

3. For biographical sketch see ANNALS OF WYOMING, October 1939, p. 240.

gentleman was a regular smoker or not and was simply having a little fun at my expense.

"Captain Nickerson had advised me to have some small change in my pocket and plenty of cigars as the Indians were fond of both. I reached into my pocket and pulled out six or eight cigars which I handed to the Chief and which he accepted with a gracious bow that probably did not move his head or his body from a perpendicular position more than a matter of two inches, yet it was sincere and courteous appreciation.

"He then talked with Sherman about me, and when he learned of my work he grunted and remarked 'Big Little Chief.' I was only five feet five and a half inches tall and I would guess that Chief Washakie was all of six feet, very slender, but broad of physique. He stood straight as a ramrod, and his thin gray hair was rather long and straight.

"Some years later on, I met the wife of Chief Washakie's son, Dick, and her young daughter, of about seven to nine years old, who had on a pair of new long legged moccasins. They were very pretty and I tried to buy them, but at first she did not seem to understand. Her mother stood by smiling when I endeavored to pull up my trouser legs and go through the motions of taking off the long moccasins she had on, indicating that if she would put up her foot I would take them off. You never saw anything more fascinating than her innate modesty. She smiled and ran from me as though I were a wolf, ran around the tepee and came forward with a pair in her hand. Her mother said the child had just made them and was very proud of them. I dickered for some time and finally she sold them to my delight. The mother had on a peculiar belt, big enough for a surcingle to a Shetland pony, and evinced considerable amusement when I wanted to buy it. Upon her not giving a ready response, I unbuckled it, examined it and asked what she would take for it, finally succeeding in getting her to accept three dollars.

"The war club was given to me by Captain Nickerson and was picked up with several others by the Captain in the last Indian fight they had in that part of the country and in which Sherman Coolidge's father, Bas Banasta, was killed. Lieutenant Charles A. Coolidge of Fort Brown (later Fort Washakie) adopted the boy and provided for his education.

"The medicine stick was given to me by I. O. Middaugh, a newspaperman of Wheatland. He told me this medicine stick was used in the last Sun Dance at the Pine Ridge Agency⁴ in South Dakota when the Indians were preparing for a war.

"The long necklace enclosed was worn by William Shakespeare in a horse race at one of Cheyenne's earliest pioneer day celebrations. Captain Nickerson had brought a number of Arap-

4. Located in southwestern South Dakota.

ahoe and Shoshone Indians to the Cheyenne celebration. Sir William on this occasion wore his necklace, a "G" string and an eagle feather in his hair—that is, it was in a band that encircled his head, and, being quite a tall chap, he was very impressive. As I could not get him to sell me the necklace, Captain Nickerson told me he would see what he could do. The next morning he handed me the necklace with a request for five dollars which I promptly paid. It seems he told Shakespeare that he was an old friend of mine under obligation to me, that my wife was quite ambitious to secure the necklace and it would be a great favor to him if he would sell it.

"Regarding the hunting knife—I was staging from Casper to Lander and between Casper and Rongis⁵ (the midnight change) when we were flagged by a long-haired, medium sized, pioneer type of a plainsman or hunter with a burro or a pack animal of some sort. He was acquainted with the stage driver who was a stranger to me. He said that at a certain point along the road he had skinned an antelope and had left his knife. He wanted the driver to pick it up and give it to the Lander-Rawlins Stage which we would meet at Rongis, so the knife could be delivered to him in Rawlins.

"Naturally, as I was curious, I asked questions and was advised that the fellow's name was Jim Baker. I was young in those days, and I am afraid my ambition to possess such a marvelous relic rather acted as an opiate to my conscience, for I opened the dickering by saying I would like very much to have that knife, but, of course, they must give it to Jim as he had doubtlessly made it himself, carried it for years and valued it very highly. The driver replied, 'Why don't you give him the price of a fine new marble knife, which I will buy?' As it happens I am to drive the next coach into Rawlins, I can get the knife there and tell him that I did not think he would care much for his old one, so I made a trade for him.'

"Another most interesting incident occurred on one of my trips to Lander and Fort Washakie while Captain Nickerson was agent. One day when I got off the coach I was told to rush over to the Captain's office where I would see something very unusual. I was young then, about thirty, and was pretty good at sprinting, so I made a few rapid steps and arrived in time to see a circle of Indian scouts around the desk and a couple of prisoners standing in front of the Captain. It seems they were renegades from the Pine Ridge Agency who had come over to hunt in the country adjoining Yellowstone Park where hunting was especially good. Captain Nickerson had sent his scouts after them, and, as they had no permit, the Captain had told them they would

5. Located in the southeastern corner of Fremont County.

have to go back to the Pine Ridge Agency, which they declined to do. He declared, 'You will go back with an escort, if we tie you on to your horses.'

"They refused to carry their blankets and would not carry their guns. Captain Nickerson told them that if they did not carry their guns he would advise the Great Father in Washington and they would never receive another.

"It was a most remarkable sight. While the trial was being held the scouts were all as stolid and poker-faced as one of the old Indian figures which always stood out in front of a cigar store. The prisoners were bullheaded and stubborn and the next morning when Indian Scouts were sent with them to the Pine Ridge Agency they refused to take their guns. Following their departure the Captain said to me, 'Frank, that is probably the last experience of that kind which will ever be witnessed in this country, and I am glad you are here to enjoy it. What would you like as a souvenir of the occasion?' I answered, 'Why, Captain, I haven't the remotest idea. What would be a proper souvenir of such a wonderful experience?' He picked up one of the Indians' guns and said, 'Well, how would you like this?' Of course I was thrilled to death to have it."

Mr. White has made a valuable contribution to the Wyoming State Historical Department, and the collection is now on display in the Museum of the state from which it was originally obtained. Here his gifts are placed with other valuable relics of Wyoming's past, where they may be viewed and studied by the many thousands of persons who annually visit the State Museum, eliminating the possibility of their being discarded or placed where they will not be appreciated and at the same time permanently preserving them.

"Ye mothers of those rudely wrought frontiers,
Ye are the pioneers that blazed the way.
Without your hearts of gold, your spirits dauntless, bold,
The West would be a wilderness today."

Author unknown.

ACCESSIONS

to the

WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

April 1, 1942 to July 1, 1942

Miscellaneous Gifts

White, Frank G., Palo Alto, California—Eight items: Knife and sheath which once belonged to Jim Baker; Indian war club; Indian medicine stick; Indian belt; pair long legged moccasins; necklace worn by Wm. Shakespeare, Indian; Indian pipe; U. S. Springfield gun dated 1873.

Bernfeld, Seymour S., Casper, Wyoming—Document certifying Paul D'Arcantel as Justice of Peace with the official signature of Hon. William C. C. Claiborne, Governor of the Territory of Orleans and first U. S. Civil Officer having jurisdiction within the present limits of what is now the state of Wyoming—the Louisiana Purchase. Signed October 22, 1807.

Fowler, Mrs. B. F., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Knight Templar sword formerly belonging to Benjamin F. Fowler, first county attorney of Crook County, Wyoming, and later a U. S. Attorney for Wyoming; autographed copy of "Rangeland Melodies" by E. Richard Shipp.

Futa, George, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Three Wyoming mineral specimens: agatized wood from Eden Valley; petrified wood from Wind River district near Riverton, Wyoming; belemnite conglomerate found near Glendo, Wyoming. One spear head or scraper found at Hell's Half Acre.

Stewart, Queena and Belle, Buffalo Gap, South Dakota—Mounted buffalo head which was originally presented to Frank S. Stewart by Scotty Phillips, owner at one time of the largest buffalo herd in the United States. The head for many years hung in the lobby of the Evans Hotel, Hot Springs, South Dakota.

O'Donoghue, A., Thermopolis, Wyoming—Song, "The Roundup Queen," words by Mr. A. O'Donoghue, music by O. L. Jacobs.

Manchester, James G., St. Petersburg, Florida—Four specimens of agatized coral (Tertiary formation) from Tampa Bay, Florida.

Peterson, Martin, Jefferson, Oregon—Necklace made by a Sioux squaw of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

Huntington, E. O., Lovell, Wyoming—Copy of volume I, number I of the *Lovell Chronicle*, May 31, 1906.

Brown, Mrs. Violet Johnson, Pine Bluffs, Wyoming—Album of daguerrotypes of 19th Regiment, Company C, Wisconsin Infantry of the regular army at the time of the Civil War, including a picture of Mrs. Brown's father, George Johnson.

Stich, Richard Thomas, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Pistol, make of about 1860, .22 calibre, with which Jack McCall shot Wild Bill Hickok at Deadwood, South Dakota. Taken from McCall in 1876 after the military authorities had arrested him in Laramie. Obtained from McCall by Theodore Benson, great uncle of Richard Stich, and handed down to his mother, Carrie M. Stich.

Brown, Clyde H., Fort Collins, Colorado—Pamphlet: "Larimer County, Colorado, Stage Roads and Stations" by Richard S. Baker.

Marey, Mrs. Cora E., Careyhurst, Wyoming—Pictures of Shoshone Sun Dance at Fort Washakie, Wyoming.

Miscellaneous—Purchased

Program for "McDaniel's New Theatre, located at the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Thursday evening, September 21, 1876."

Books—Gifts

Haynes, Jack E., Yellowstone Park, Wyoming—Haynes Guide, Yellowstone National Park. 1942.

Cody, Ernest W., London, Ontario, Canada—The Cody Family Handbook, Directory, 1941; The Cody Family Directory, 1927.

Works Project Administration, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Guide to Public Vital Statistics Records in Wyoming, supervised by Wyoming State Department of Health, 1941; Guide to Vital Statistics Records in Wyoming, Church Archives, supervised by Wyoming State Library, 1942; Wyoming Historical Records Survey, Inventory of County Archives for Sweetwater and Park Counties.

Books—Purchased

Orr, Mrs. Harriet Knight—History of Wyoming, A Syllabus. 1942.

Overton, Richard C.—Burlington West. 1941.

Monteith, James—Comprehensive Geography, Wyoming Edition. 1872.

Wyoming Stockgrowers Association—Brand Book. 1884.

White, John M.—The Newer Northwest. 1894.

Brisbin, J. S.—The Beef Bonanza. 1881.

McPherren, Ida—Empire Builders. 1942.

Grinnell, George Bird—The Cheyenne Indians, Their History and Ways of Life, volumes 1 and 2. 1923.

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—Photo by W. H. Jackson

MEMBERS OF UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY EXPEDITION OF 1872

Seated in foreground, left to right: Henry Gannett, Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden, Sidford Hamp, William Blackmore and Captain James Stevenson. Background: Packers.

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The Wyoming State Historical Department invites the presentation of museum items, letters, diaries, family histories and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events in the State's history.

In all ways the Department strives to present to the people of Wyoming and the Nation a true picture of the State. The historical magazine, ANNALS OF WYOMING, is one medium through which the Department seeks to gain this objective. All communications concerning the ANNALS should be addressed to Mrs. Gladys F. Riley, Wyoming Historical Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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SIDFORD HAMP

1872

Taken the day before leaving for America

Exploring the Yellowstone with Hayden, 1872

DIARY OF SIDFORD HAMP

Edited by Herbert Oliver Brayer*

FOREWORD

On the roster of those hearty spirits whose untiring efforts have made truly important contributions to our knowledge of America, and of the forces and resources which have made the United States potentially wealthy and powerful, the name of Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden must be placed along side of those of Lewis and Clarke, Fremont, Long, Pike, Wheeler, Powell and Byrd.

The "Hayden Expeditions" (United States Geological Survey of the Territories) of 1871 and 1872, into the vast "wonderland" of northwestern Wyoming, southern Montana, and the western border of Idaho, were far from the first explorations in that region. Many persons other than trappers, hunters, or Indians, had visited "Colter's Hell"—as the Yellowstone Park was sometimes called. The existence of the spectacular geysers, the weird and multicolored hot springs, and the "Great Yellowstone Falls" had been well authenticated by 1871, but it remained for Hayden and his "group of bug-hunters", as the *Helena Weekly Herald* referred to the expedition of 1872, to investigate these wonders, and in a sense, to "advertise" them to the nation and to the world.

Thomas Moran's inspired painting of the "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone", sketched while acting as "Official Artist" on the Hayden expedition of 1871, was purchased for \$10,000 by the Congress of the United States and hung in the national capitol in Washington. A score of other Moran paintings of the Yellowstone excited interest in England, France, Holland and Belgium.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Dr. Herbert O. Brayer, born June 1, 1913, in Montreal, Canada, obtained his Ph. D. degree at the University of California. For several years he taught Latin-American History at the University of New Mexico, from which position he was called to become State Director of the Historical Records Survey. He was also director of the Coronado Cuarto Centennial celebration in New Mexico.

Dr. Brayer is at present the archivist and historian for the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad at Denver, Colorado. He is the author of numerous articles and books including *To Form a More Perfect Union*, *Pueblo Indian Land Grants of New Mexico* and *Inscription Rock*. He is at present preparing for publication a work on the life of William Blackmore, English entrepreneur of the Southwest.

Using the tedious, and sometimes disappointing, wet-plate process, photographer William Henry Jackson accompanied the Hayden expeditions of 1871 and 1872 into the Yellowstone country, and made the first actual photographs of the geysers, hot springs and falls. His pictures proved a sensation throughout America and Europe, and their display at the centennial exposition in 1876 was one of the outstanding features of that celebration. Hayden's reports, maps, and surveys, as well as those of his colleagues on the various expeditions, were among the Government Printing Office "best sellers." The *London Graphic*, *Scribners*, *New York Times*, *New York Christian Weekly*, *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and other periodicals carried feature stories and reproductions of many pictures and sketches of the Yellowstone region.

From the scholarly reports of the savants, as well as from the periodical articles of the writers and newsmen who accompanied Dr. Hayden, the general history of the Yellowstone expeditions has become well known. Of interest to many students, however, are the "human aspects" of such expeditions: The personal reactions of the men who tramped hundreds of miles through semi-virgin wilderness; their thoughts, words and actions under the diversity of conditions which confronted them daily. For such an investigation the diary of Sidford Hamp provides an unusual source of primary information.

Sidford Hamp was 17 years old in 1872, when, at the solicitation of his uncle William Blackmore, Dr. Hayden consented to employ the youth as a general assistant on the Yellowstone expedition of that year. Blackmore, an English lawyer and financier, had met Hayden some years previous while both were visiting in Utah, and their mutual interest in the "far west" had developed into a firm friendship, as well as business relationship. After business had prevented Blackmore from accompanying the 1871 expedition, he determined to join that of the following year. His financial contribution to the 1872 enterprise made possible the extended work of that year.

Hamp lived with his mother, sisters, and brothers at Bedford, Bedfordshire, England. Tall and slender, the 17 year old youth attended the public school and listened breathlessly to the stories of America told by his uncle. The invitation to accompany the Hayden expedition in 1872 came as a surprise; Blackmore had taken the matter up with Hayden without telling the boy about it. After the expedition and his return to England, Hamp entered the tea business at which he enjoyed considerable success. While planning another expedition to the Yellowstone in 1875, Hayden wrote Hamp inviting him to join the party, but Hamp, having just returned from a tour of

middle Europe, was forced to decline the offer. Two years later his brother Frank became seriously ill and a change in climate became imperative. Blackmore suggested to the Hamps that they move to Colorado Springs, where he had large holdings. Mrs. Hamp, three sons and one daughter arrived in the recently founded city at the foot of Pike's Peak on June 8, 1877. Sidford Hamp followed his family to Colorado in November. In 1880 Hamp moved into the South Park mining district, but his stay was short. He returned to Colorado Springs where he joined the staff of the *Gazette*. As the author of numerous articles and stories, Sidford Hamp became well known.

The diary of a 17 year old English boy, on his first visit to the United States, and during which he experienced adventures which he had formerly known only by means of the then popular "dime novel", has an unusual human interest. Startling is the first unexpected appearance of "Americanisms" and slang in the otherwise strictly public school English of the diary. The boy's adaptation to his new environment was rapid, albeit sometimes rather painful, especially with regard to the traditional American attitude toward everything British.

A graphic description of the first ascent of the Grand Téton provides further evidence in the "controversy" as to who was the first to reach the top of that rugged peak. To this writer there is no controversy on this point. Under date of July 29, the Hamp diary describes the ascent and relates how Captain James Stevenson and Superintendent Nathaniel P. Langford reached the top of the mountain, while he and several companions remained on a ledge only 300 feet below the top. This account, plus those of Langford (pages 89-90 of the Hayden report of the expedition), of Dr. F. H. Bradley, Chief Assistant Geologist (pages 220 *et. seq.*), of Dr. Hayden (page 2), and of Captain Stevenson and other members of the expedition, provides ample proof by men whose integrity cannot be challenged. Other papers of the expedition, to be published shortly in a work dealing with the life of William Blackmore, will add to the weight of this conclusion.

The Hamp diary is more than just an account of the Hayden expedition. The careful reader will find a terse, well-rounded picture of life in the United States in 1872. It is the picture of this nation during the period of reconstruction following the Civil War, of expansion, railroad construction, Indian wars, mining, and settlement. Lastly, the diary depicts "an American in the making", for Sidford Hamp found America much to his liking.

DIARY OF SIDFORD HAMP¹

A diary of a *Journey to America*. May 4th A. D. 1872. I started with Mama, from Bedford, by the 1-2 train, and after passing through some very beautiful country in Derbyshire, we caught sight of the Niersey and the Welsh hills in the distance and soon arrived at the Brunswick Station, Liverpool, where we took a cab, and went to dine with Mr. Tindal. When we had dined, we (Henry & I) went to Henry's lodgings, (17 Siddely St., Lark Lane) to sleep, and *sleep I did*. Rather Whet.

MAY SUNDAY 5TH. Henry and I went to Christ church, and at 2/30 to Mr. Tindal's to dinner. Christ church is a large, and finely built structure, having a choral service which might be better. I received today a book (Poor Jack) from Nelly, and a letter, also the stockings from Wells. After tea Mr. Tindal, Henry, and I went to Wootton Hall, the property of Jeffreys, the Master of Compton House, which was burnt down, and caused the owner's failure in business. After supper we went to Siddely St. having walked in the day about 13 miles. Cheangeable.

MONDAY 6TH. Having called on Mother for orders, Henry and I proceeded to enquire for 15 paccages, directed Blackmore, Liverpool from Salisbury, at no particular station, having left Salisbury on no particular day. After going to 3 or 4 stations, we went down to the docks, and saw the Egypt unloading and re-loading. It seemed almost impossible that one vessel could carry the quantity of cotton, and corn that she did. They were loading her with tin packed in boxes, as we saw it done at Swansea in Midsummer 1871. Having examined the Egypt, we recommenced our search for the 15 paccages, aforesaid, and at last we found them at the South-Western goods station. If you want to see bussiness, go the Liverpool docks, and adjacent railway stations, the heaps of cotton and corn are quite *amazing*. The horses about here are splendid, and the noise tremendous. We next went to the Midland St[ation] for my hatbox which had been left in the railway-carriage, and having recovered it, we took the 'bus to Siddely St. Thence we had to take a car to Mossley Hill, for we had to dine at Mr. Reedes at 5/30, and it was then 5 o'clock. The Reedes seemed very glad to see us, and we left at 10 PM. The cars about here are more like private Broughams than cabs. I wrote to Nell

1. In transcribing this diary, the text, spelling, punctuation and individual characteristics of the diary-author have been retained verbatim as nearly as possible. All additions to the original manuscript have been placed in brackets with the exception of subheadings in boldface type; material in parenthesis was added by Hamp. Under the copyright of the ANNALS OF WYOMING, all rights are reserved on this article.

and Uncle George today in Dad's old office, in North John St.² Whet. Evening fine.

TUESDAY 7TH. This morning I wrote my diary for the 3 preceding days, and also a letter to Arthur, in reply to a letter received from him on Saturday. Having called for Mama, we went down to the docks to look after aunt's luggage, and go over the Egypt. We afterwards went over two of the "White Star" line of steamers, the Oceanic and Adriatic. We then bought 7 or 8 books for me, amongst them a "shakespear". After having dined at Mr. Tindal's, we two went to the "Prince of Wales" theatre and saw "Little Emily" and "The Field of the Cloak of Gold." The former was very good indeed, the latter not so good as I expected. We got home about 12 o'clock. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 8TH. We went to the "Adelphi" and saw Mama and aunt at the door, and Mrs. H[enr]y Blackmore,³ and Mrs. and Edward Hope-Jones inside, and having purchased some Oranges, and raisins for Aunt, we went back to Siddely St. from thence we went in a car to Mr. Tindal's for Mama, and then went on to the dock, and then on board the Egypt. Having got my luggage into my cabin the tender went back to Liverpool with Henry and Mama, and so began

My Sea Voyage

The vessel started at about 7 P. M. and half an hour after we went down to tea. While we were at tea we passed New Brighton, where Mama and Henry had gone, I believe, to look out for us, but of course it was no use, nevertheless we waved our handkerchiefs, in the vain hope that they might be seen. As it got dark the light houses began to show, and soon that was all we could see of Old England. My berth was very comfortable, and I slept well. Fine though cold.

THURSDAY 9TH. When we got up we could see Ireland on the right, and lots of gulls behind. At about 3 PM we got to Queens-town, and about 300 Irish came on board, and one named Courtenay shared my cabin, he was about as big as me and not a bad sort of fellow. We started from Queenstown at 4/30, and at about 9 we went to bed both feeling rather sick, and having seen the last of Ould Ireland. Fine.

FRIDAY 10TH. Today, and the 3 following days I was ill, and so was my companion. Nothing occurred except that we sighted

2. "Uncle George" was George Lear Blackmore, cousin of William Blackmore and a remote cousin of Sidford Hamp. He settled in the San Luis Valley in Colorado in 1872, and raised a large family.

3. Henry Blackmore was a brother of William Blackmore. He married Charlotte Polhill and in 1872 emigrated to the United States and became a pioneer in the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado.

2 ships, and the gulls left us, after coming about 200 miles from land. Generally Fine.

TUESDAY 14TH. I was rather better today, but at night the wind rose and so did the sea. I was in bed, and Courtenay was undressing when a tremendous lurch came, and sent him and my boxes and books flying from one end of the room to the other, two or three times. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 15TH. (One week from home) Today I was much better, and had a good breakfast and lunch. In the morning we got into a fog and the captain was very much afraid of icebergs, and the whistle kept going every few minutes, to warn any ship that might be near. In the afternoon it cleared off, but it was very cold, with the thermometer at 42' and the heat of the water about 41'. In the evening we had a good deal of music and I slept better than I ever have done on board yet.

THURSDAY 16TH. I went on deck before breakfast and found a great change in the temperature, it being at 58' and the water at 60'. One of the quarter-masters told me, that he had known it as low as 25' and the water at 72', but that was in the gulf stream. I am now quite well, and enjoy my meals immensely. It is raining hard just now so I have nothing to do but read, and eat raisins. Today a German in the steerage died, of what I don't know, and was buried at 10 P. M. There was a beautiful sunset tonight. The sky was like fire, and there was an enormous cloud through the cracks of which the red appeared. We had some music this evening. Very fine.

FRIDAY 17TH. This morning a vessel of the Cunard line passed, bound for England, and another sailing vessel from Halifax bound for the Bermudas. The thermometer has gone down to 43' again and it rains at present. We had a most beautiful moon-light night, and hardly a wave on the ocean. Changeable.

SATURDAY 18TH. This morning the water was almost like glass and the sun sparkled like diamonds on it. The pilot boat came today, and before it appeared some sweep-stakes were got up 2/6 each to the ammount, of 3 sovereigns.⁴ It was a beautiful boat and sat on the water just like a duck. The men in it cheered as they went by after the pilot had come on board. The boat stopped this morning at about 3 o'clock, because the screw was too hot. In the evening it was intended to have some dancing, but some steamers coming from New York and being signalled, with rockets and blue lights effectually, put a stop to it. The first vessel we signalled, was not an European vessel. The 2nd was one of the White Star line, the 3rd of the Inman, the 4th of the North German Lloyd, company. There was one other which they did not know. Some people stayed up all night in

4. The equivalent of 2 shillings, 6 pence was approximately sixty-two cents; a sovereign equalled about \$4.84.

expectation of land but I went to bed and did not wake up till 6 AM on

New York, Washington, D. C., and Vicinity

SUNDAY 19TH. The vessel stopped and I jumped out of my berth, and looking from my port hole caught my first glimps[e] of America, and very miserable it looked, for it was raining hard. We soon moved on and got opposite dock No. 47. And then they began to get up the luggage, and it began not to rain, the doctor came on board to examine the passengers, and the custom house officers to give us a ticket of our luggage. At last the steamer came alongside and we all got on, and set off, (the Engines working on deck). We cheered the captain and ship and the steerage passengers and officers cheered back. At last we landed and the customs house officers examined our luggage. (One man—a Dutchman—had a lot of jewelry about his person, to the amount of \$30,000, but he had to strip and be searched. I don't know what became of him.) So that is the end of my sea voyage. We next took a cab to "Everett House" and there we saw Uncle and a Mr. Blackwell and there we had dinner.⁵ Such a good one, with such lots of ice. I went to bed and slept like a top after my hard day's work. It was the most unSundaylike Sunday I ever had.

MONDAY 20TH. After breakfast Uncle shewed us some sham jewelry he had got for the Indians and he promised me a pistol, such a jolly one. Mrs. H[enr]y B[lackmore] and the kids and I went for a drive round Central Park. It is larger than any London park but the trees ar[e] not large, the houses are mostly about 6 stories high, more or less, and there is no smoke. After lunch Mrs. H[enr]y [Blackmore] and I went to Taylors Hotell, Jersey City to Mr. Wenerer [?]; Uncle had given me 50 dollars yesterday and I have spent \$3.48 already but I can't account for 10 cents of it. We had another very good dinner and I posted a letter for Uncle and sent two guns to be shelled. Hot.

TUESDAY 21. Uncle and Mr. Blackwell went to Washington to get some bill passed, but it has not been tried yet.⁶ We all went for a walk up the Broadway, it is about 4 miles long and has only 2 or 3 bends in it. Uncle gave me a fish to take to a Dr. Otis somewhere about 39th St. Rather a vague errand but I could

5. "Uncle" William Blackmore; Blackwell was the English manager of the famous Emma Mines in Utah and in which Blackmore had a large interest.

6. The bill in which Blackmore was deeply interested was an act granting a right-of-way over public domain to the newly founded *Denver & Rio Grande Railway Company of Colorado and New Mexico*. After considerable bickering the act was approved by Congress on June 8, 1872.

not find out where he lived even in the directory so Mr. Dunn said he would send it for me.⁷ Hot.

WEDNESDAY 22. (2 weeks [from home].) Aunt and I started for Washington at 12/30 by the N[ew] Y[ork] and Washington Air Line in the pul[1]man car, which contains 3 rows of arm chairs, and have windows by the side of each outside chare, so that one can sit with one's head out of the window with perfect ease. After passing through Philadelphia and Baltimore, and corossing 2 or 3 very broad rivers (which perhaps are narrow here) we arrived at Washington and were met by Mr. Blackwell. We went to the Arlington, and to bed, after a good supper.

THURSDAY 23. My 3 seniors went out to breakfast with a general this morning, and I had to feed alone.⁸ I had a couple of eggs, and as they did not provide cups, I was rather at a loss how to eat them. I remembered Mr. Chamberlains dodge and tried it, but the eggs were boiled too hard, so I had to hold them in my hand. When Aunt came home we went to the Capitol, which is a Magnificent building, even better than our houses of Parliament. It is entirely built of white marble, except some parts inside and it is also painted inside in a most beautiful stile. There are too a good many pictures, mostly upon the war of Independence which are anything but pleasant to an Englishman's feelings. We saw also the picture of the "Great Canon of the Yellowstone River" by Thomas Moran.⁹ In the afternoon we went to Arlington, the residence of the late General Lee, which was confiscated, after the war. We saw also a grave yard of about 50,000 Soldiers, all in rows and having little white boards about 2 ft high at the head of each. There are several large buildings here, "The Treasury, The Patent Office, The Town Hall, and the White House." I have mentioned the Capitol already. The town is laid out somewhat in the style of a cobweb, having the Capitol and the White House as centres and the avenues leading to them all round, these are paved with wood, and are very pleasant to drive upon. Fine.

FRIDAY 24TH. Aunt, Mr. Blackwall, and I, went for a picnic to day given by a Philips (cousin to Philips the English Artist,) consisting of about 24 ladies and gentlemen, we had a pl[e]asant

7. Dr. T. M. Otis of New York, author of articles on Central America, anthropologist; John Dunn was a young New York attorney who knew the Southwest intimately, and served Blackmore as an investigator and agent in the purchase, confirmation, and development of several Spanish or Mexican Land Grants in the vicinity of Taos, New Mexico.

8. The Blackmores breakfasted with General C. Higbe, a member of Congress. Blackmore sought the General's assistance in pushing the passage of the then pending Denver and Rio Grande Railway right-of-way bill.

9. This painting, probably the most famous of the many painted by Thomas Moran, was made from sketches made by the artist during his visit to the Yellowstone in 1871, in company with the United States Geological Survey party under Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden.

steam down the "Potomac", so celebrated in the late war, and landed, and rambled on the shore 3 times. I made the acquaintance of a captain, and a little Frenchman. The latter was most wonderfully well up in all the English authors, and was most tremendously talkative. I forgot to say, that I went with Uncle in the evening, yesterday, and was introduced to Colonel Smoot, and saw the capitol by gaslight. Fine. Thunder in the evening.

SATURDAY 25. When I came down this morning I found Mr. Moran, and Professor Hayden in the room, and having breakfasted with them, we all (except Mr. M[oran].) went to see some Indians.¹⁰ The first we saw was a chief named "Red Cloud" to whom Uncle gave a knife, and the chief shook hands, and said how! how! which is the utmost extent of their English. We next saw two squaws to whom Aunt gave each a shawl, and some sham jewelry, they were very pleased and chattered in their own tongue like women! Then we saw 8 or 9 Indians of the Sioux in a room sitting on their beds, and we all shook hands with them, and said how! how! Then aunt and I came home, and bought some bananas, and ate some bananas. (They are *rather* better than those we got at Mr. Tindal's.). After dinner we went to the "Smithsonian Museum" and so did the Indians. Lots of people were there to see them, and they seemed rather to enjoy themselves. They were dressed in plain clothes, which did not look at all well. They were mostly big fellows, but they did not seem able to stand much fatigue. In the evening we all went for a little drive, to the house of a little man, and had a little music, and talk, and supper, and standing up, and sitting down, and a little drive home again. Changeable.

SUNDAY 26. In the morning about 7 o'clock, Mr. Dunn came and went to bed in the room next ours. I wrote to Mother today. We went to the Church of the Epiphany, they have the service rather different here, for they pray for President Grant instead of the Queen, and for the Senate. In the afternoon we went for a drive, through someones grounds.

MONDAY 27. We stayed in doors the greater part of the day. In the evening we went to the Capitol, to see it by gas light. It looked very nice, but the House of Representatives was not sitting.

TUESDAY 28. We went up to the Capitol, and had lunch at a

10. Thomas Moran, noted painter of the Yellowstone, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Mount of the Holy Cross and many other famous western scenes; Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden was professor of Geology on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and earned national attention through his study of the west while first a member of several military survey parties from 1854 to 1860, and later as the leader of the United States Geological Survey expeditions. William Blackmore recounted that while very few English boys could recall the name of the president of the United States, "all knew intimately the stories of Dr. Hayden's expeditions into the wild Indian country of the Far West."

little inn, then we went shopping, and calling, and home. In the evening we went for a drive about the town.

WEDNESDAY 29. (3 weeks [from home].) Today at 10/30 AM we all went down to the dock, to go on an excursion down the river. (The Indians were to come, and some friend's of Uncle's) At about a qua[r]ter to Eleven they came, and off we started. Nothing happened till after lunch, when 4 of the Red Gentry sang us a song, and then "Red Dog" made a speech, saying that "they had been treated very friendly in Washington, and he would treat any one kindly who might come to his country." Two negroes on board sang us some songs and then we went down to dinner. It was such a lark to see the Injuns eat. One mixed strawberries and olives together another plumbcake and pickled oysters. Some ate holding the things in their hands, and some ate ice cream, pineapple, and fowl all at once, with a knife and fork. Altogether they managed very well. During desert Uncle made a speech and proposed health of the President, the Queen, and the Chiefs, and their squaws &c. The Indians answered but I could not here the interpreter. Afterwards "Red Cloud" made a very good speech and said that "he, and the others were very much pleased with their treat, and that he should tell his people at home." In a little while we got back, and all the Indians shook hands with Uncle and Aunt, and one gave Uncle a beautiful tobacco-pouch. Every one, I think, enjoyed themselves very much. In the evening Uncle told me to get 2 copies of each City paper, but it was so late that nearly all were sold, so I had to walk right to the other end of Pen[n]sylvania Avenue and go into 10 shops before I could get them. Very fine. I forgot one anecdote of the Indians, one of the ladies had some gold in her teeth, and one Indian put his finger right into her mouth, to point it out to his companions.

THURSDAY 30. This morning I got up at 7 oc. and at 8/30 I went with Mr. Schindler,¹¹ the Indian artist, to see the Indians photographed, after waiting some time at their hotel they came down, and we went through the streets, to the admiration of all beholders, (perhaps). About 8 were taken, one looked very well indeed. His name was "Slow Buffalo," and he was very broad-chested. Afterwards we went through the Botanical Gardens, and by the street car to the Navy Yard. The sentinel would not let us pass at first but Mr. Schindler said we were from England and were going on Saturday, so we got through. We saw lots of canons and shot, four "Monitors" and a fire engine. We also saw

11. Zeno Schindler was a well-known photographer. He divided his time between New York, his home and principal place of business, and Washington, D. C. Blackmore purchased Schindler's entire Indian collection of approximately 300 negatives. Part of these pictures were deposited with the Smithsonian Institution.

some steel targets with canon balls sticking in them and gone right through. Some were 6 inches some 12, some had india-rubber behind, some wood, the balls had gone through all except the 12 Inch. Then I came home by tram and met Professor Hayden in it. In the evening I went to get some papers for Uncle, and at 8/30 we went to professor Henry's.¹² Changeable.

FRIDAY 31. Today I got up at 8 oc. to go with Mr. Schindler to the Great Falls. We went through Georgetown and tried to get a canal-boat but one had just started, and we had to walk after it. On our walk we saw the chain bridge, which was washed away 2 years ago by the floods, which must have been tremendous, for the bridge was about 50 feet above the level of the water. After walking 5 miles, we got on board the boat at the first lock. We passed through 14 locks and saw some very fine scenery, and Johnson's aquaduct which is about 230 feet high, and has a span of about 100 feet. We heard lots of frogs, and the "Whip poor Will," and when we arrived a man called across the river for Dickay, who was to be our host. They use a very peculiar cry (which the soldiers of the South used,) to call each other across the river, and it sounds very nice amongst the rocks and woods. We crossed the river where it was about 80 feet broad, very calm. and having (as Dicey said) no bottom. However it was more than 100 feet deep, and went down direct from the shore. We walked through the woods a short way to Dicey's house, and had tea, and then went to see the falls, which are very good, about 60 feet high, and extending about 80 yards back. The house was an old log hut, about 100 years old, all white-washed, and very clean. After a good plain supper we went to bed. Fine.

SATURDAY 1ST OF JUNE. We got up this morning at 5/30 and after a look at the falls, we had breakfast, and then went to fish, but caught nothing. We bathed our feet, and then had dinner. After dinner we went to look for quartz-arrow heads, and I found one, and bought 7 others for 20 cents. Then we started home at 4 oc, by canal-steamer, and arrived by 9 oc at Georgetown. We heard lots of tree frogs, and one bull-frog, which makes an awful row just like a bull. Fine.

SUNDAY 2. Aunt and I went to church, and in the afternoon we drove to the chain bridge, which I mentioned before. Fine.

MONDAY 3. I went with Mr. Schindler to see some more Indians photographed, and then went to his house where he shewed me some of his pictures, and gave me a likeness of himself and an Indian friend of his. In the evening we went to see some Japs perform. They were not half so good as those we saw at Bedford. Fine.

12. Professor Joseph Henry was Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and assisted Dr. Hayden in the organization of the 1871 survey of the Yellowstone.

TUESDAY 4. Aunt and I went today, by the same line to New York. They have a splendid dodge for taking care of your luggage. When you go to the station you get some brass checks for it and when you give it up you have no more trouble with it, for they send it anywhere you like when the train stops. I don't suppose it could be done in England where there is so very much traveling, and the towns are so large. We got all right to N. York, and had supper, and went to bed. Whet.

WEDNESDAY. 5. (4 weeks [from home].) When we got up we found that Uncle had come in the night to the Everett. After breakfast we went to see the Indians who had come to N York by the same train as ourselves. The[y] seemed very pleased to see Aunt, especially "Red Cloud" who said "how" a great many times, and gave her a tobacco-pouch (not quite so good at Uncle's) and promised her something better when she came to see him in his own country. (I forgot to say that on Saturday, while I was at supper, some one touched me on the shoulder and looking round I saw Courtmay, who had come that evening. I saw his sister too, who had got married, since she had landed: I have not seen them since.) In the evening I went to dinner to Mr. Squire's [Squier], and met a good many people.¹³ Mr. Frank Leslie, the editor of the "Illustrated" Newspaper, and Col Church being 2 of them. Whet.

Journeying Westward

THURSDAY 6. Aunt and I started for Niagara today, and arrived without adventure at about 12 at Night. Fine.

FRIDAY 7. We went today to see the falls, which I can't describe, and down the cliff, and under one of the falls, of course we were properly dressed but we got wet through. It was very jolly and the spray blew so hard against us that we could not see a bit. In the afternoon we saw the "Whirlpool" the "Rapids", the Devils Hole, where a battle was fought and the soldiers forced over the cliff. Whet.

SATURDAY 8. (1 month [from home].) We saw the falls from the Canada side today, and a spring that tasted like egg, and was so full of gas, that it could be lighted with a spill. In the afternoon I made a sketch of Niagara Falls. Such a beauty. Whet. (I believe it is Maury's birthday.)

SUNDAY 9. We went to the Indian Village church today, they read the bible in Indian, and sang a hymn in English. I got a letter from Mama dated 21 May/72, on[e] from Nellie dated 20th and one from Lizzie dated 23rd. On the way home from church we saw part of Lake Ontario, and Brock's Monument, which is 185 feet high. The rapids here are 200 feet broad, and 250 ft. deep. Fine.

13. Dr. Ephraim George Squier, archeologist, journalist, diplomat.

MONDAY. 10. We went over to Goat Island, and sat in the shade to read: in the evening we went for a walk, and saw some small-boys playing rounders which felt much inclined to join. Fine.

TUESDAY 11. Went over to Goat Island, read some of Gil Blas. sent to have my locks picked, (I am writing this while I wait for the man). Went over to the Canada side of the river. Uncle came in the evening. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 12. (5 weeks [from home].) We started for the west, and slept on the car for the first time. There was plenty of room, and you could lie in bed and see out of the window. if you had the lower berth. Fine.

THURSDAY 13. We arrived at Chicago, and saw some of the ruins, but they have built up a great many fine houses again;¹⁴ We slept on the car again that night. Fine. I forgot to say, that as we got near Cedar Rapids we found the rails were washed away and we had to walk across a trestle bridge at about 9 o'clock, with the moon shining, and if any one got in front of you, and made a shadow, you couldn't see w[h]ere you were going. We got over all right—with all our baggage. When I woke up that same morning I found that we were on the praries, and the first thing I saw, was 2 im[m]igrant waggons crossing the praries all alone.

FRIDAY 14. When I woke up, I found we had stopped because the lines were washed away ahead, and so we had to stay there all day. In the evening we started again, and had to travel very slowly for fear the lines should not be safe, but we got through all right, and I went to bed. Fine.

SATURDAY 15. We got to Omaha all right and changed trains. We found all our friends the Indians in the train. They were very glad to see us and "Red Cloud" gave Uncle his blanket, we then started for Chayanne and I went to bed. Fine. Thunder &c.

SUNDAY 16. We got to Chayenne, and then went on to Denver which we reached in the evening, and saw the sunset behind the Rocky Mountains, which looked very fine indeed. Fine.

MONDAY 17. We went today to Colorado Springs up amongst the Mountains. This water tasted just like soda water, we saw the garden of the Gods, and the Red Canon which belongs to Uncle. We went back to the hotel in the midst of a tremendous storm, but I didn't get whet.

TUESDAY 18. We went 10 miles up the Mountains to the mill, Uncle had offered to Uncle Him. It is a splendid country there and has lots of pine timber and a nice stream running down the middle of the Gorge, called "La Fontaine qui bouille." We also saw some beaver work in the stream. In the evening we came home, and saw a large grey wolfe on the prarie. On Saturday we saw lots of deer, and prarie dogs. Fine.

14. Hamp refers to the "Great Chicago Fire" of October, 1871.

WEDNESDAY. 19. (5 weeks [from home].) We stayed in Denver today. I walked about the town, which plenty of fine shops, and in the evening we went a drive round the outskirts of the town. Fine.

THURSDAY 20. I bought some things in the town for Aunt. in the morning, and after dinner we started for Salt Lake, and slept on the train. We went through Sherman, the highest station in the world. Fine.

Salt Lake City

FRIDAY. 21. We got to Ogden all right, and met Mr. & Mrs. Hayden there, then we went on, without Uncle, and passed through a Gorge, where we saw some beautiful scenery: we saw the "Devils Slide," the "Pulpit Rock" and the "Devils Gate," and in about 2 hours we got to "Salt Lake City." We drove to the hotel in the bus, and went to bed. Fine.

SATURDAY 22. We drove about the town, which looks very nice, and has streams each side of the streets and trees every where. Uncle came, and in the evening we went up to the camp on the mountain to General Stoneover. We saw some Indian curiosities, and then drove home. I had to sleep in a sort of public room. I had a sulphur bath this morning. Fine.

SUNDAY 23. Today I was sick and had diar[r]hea, so I stayed in all day. In the evening I was better. I was asked to lunch on Monday by someone. Fine.

MONDAY 24. I had a sulphur bath again today, and read a book called "Harry Ogilvie" by James Grant. I went at 12 oc. to the Bank to lunch, but my host didn't come, so I had some lunch with Uncle, and as I was going home, I met him. He asked me something about going to lunch with him, I said I had been to the bank and that I was going for Dr. Hayden. So I didn't know what I was to do. I didn't go to lunch with him. I began a book called "Foul Play", not a bad one. Fine.

TUESDAY 25. Read some of my book in the morning, in the afternoon, I walked to the bath house and had a sulphur bath, and as I was coming home, a man on horseback caught me up, and we began to talk. Then he offered to take me up behind him on his horse. I got up, and then he said he was a hunter and had been 40 years in America. His name was Pierce, and he was couzin to "Pierce" the head policeman, in London. I rode about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, and then got down. I shook hands with him, and said I should perhaps meet him up the "Yellowstone" for he said he was going there. In the evening we went up the "Ensign Point" which is about 6500 feet above the sea. I should think it was awful hard work; and when we came down, our driver told us there were "bars" and rattle-snakes up there. Mrs. Hayden was

with us, she is most awfully timid (or pretends to be) and if she had known she would never have gone up, I'm sure. A man was shot today.

WEDNESDAY 26. (7 weeks [from home].) Today we all went for an excursion on the Great Salt Lake. We first went by train and then were transferred by Wagons to the boat. Then we sailed for about 3 hours, and had dinner. In 1 hour more we landed, but only for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. Uncle bathed but I didn't think there would be time. The lake is most beautifully clear. You can see the bottom when it is 20 feet deep. We got back at 8 oc. and went to bed. When we got home Dr. Hayden borrowed my hat, because he was afraid his wife would suspect him of something, or anything, so he is pretty much under her thumb. Fine.

Preparations for the Expedition

THURSDAY 27. I finished my book and packed my clothes. and went to bed at 9 oc. in order to get up early. Fine.

FRIDAY 28. We got up at 8/30 and Uncle, Dr. Hayden, and I went to Ogden. We went up the Ogden Canon, which is very fine, and saw the hot springs, they are so hot you can't keep your hand in. In the evening Dr. H[ayden]. and I went to Corrine, and stayed the night. Hot.

SATURDAY 29. We two started at 6 oc. this morning by the stage coach for the camp. It was most awfully dusty in 10 minutes, we, and all our packs, & the mails were covered, the black things were grey, the grey white, & the white, whiter. We had breakfast at 8 oc. and dinner at 2 oc. both very good meals, better than any of those we got in Salt Lake, or Denver. At 8 oc. we got to the camp. I was introduced to Capt. Stevenson,¹⁵ and slept in his bed, because he went on with Dr. Hayden.

SUNDAY 30. I woke at about 6 30 and had breakfast in the tent I slept in. It rained hard, but when it ceased a little I went out with some one to try and shoot something. He shot a duck, but couldn't find it, afterwards another man shot two "sort of" gulls. They were very pretty and had swallow tails. My feet are very wet whilst I am writing this. (On Friday, whilst at Ogden, the Inn Keeper, said he came from Bedford, 30 years ago, and went to school when the boys used to wear [wear] gowns and stockings, and no hats. He remembered Mr. Le Mesurier; and he said there was a new church being built when he left, which must have been "Trinity." His name is Covington, and I should think he must be some relation to Cov-

15. Captain James Stevenson, managing director and head of the second, or Snake River division, of the 1872 Yellowstone expedition of the United States Geological Survey under Dr. Hayden.

ington the bird stuffer) We have only 2 meals a day, but I find it quite enough. I share the tent of Capt. Stevenson, Prof. Bradley, & Mr. Adams, a newspaper correspondent.¹⁶ We all went to bed before sunset. *Miserable*.

MONDAY JULY 1ST 1872. I started today, as it began to clear up a bit, on the

Hayden Surveying Expedition, under Captain
Stevenson.

To the Source of the Snake River,
And the Lake of the Yellowstone,

where no white man, but solitary hunters have ever been before, and which is a very fine thing to be able to do, for Capt. Stevenson says he has received 500 applications for the place from young men of the best American families, General Grant's nephew for one. Capt. Stevenson, lent me his own grey horse, about the prettiest in the camp, and a very easy goer. We struck our tent at about 11/30, and started about 12., we came to a toll gate at about 4 oc. where we paid \$30 for the whole company, (but 4); I and 2 more had some lunch and when we had finished it began to rain like mad. We waited till it stop[p]ed, and then went on again. We got a little whet after that, but not much. My horse shied once but I stuck on. I enjoyed galloping up and down the hills. The horses, or rather ponies, are very shure footed, and walk among the sage brush, eating the grass. They see anything before I do, and they never trot, but lope. Our road lay along the Canon of the Porte Neuf.¹⁷ We camped about 6 oc. and I found myself a little tender, though not sore. We had dinner after pitching the tent in the rain, our journey was 12 miles. Yesterday a lot of snow fell on some of the mountains. *Miserable*.¹⁸

TUESDAY 2ND. We started at about 12 oc. today, the journey was most beautiful, every time we rounded a hill a fresh view came in sight, the val[l]ey was full of old lava beds, and there was a river run[n]ing down the middle. We travelled 20 miles, and I was rather tender, & very sleepy, but I went bug hunting with Mr. Adams, and caught a scorpion, (every insect is a bug, here). Our camp was on the Pocotello creek, (a stream is a small stream), and as the grass was scanty and poor, the horses stam-

16. Professor Frank H. Bradley, Chief Geologist of the expedition; Robert Adams, newspaper correspondent and "general assistant" on the expedition.

17. In western Idaho.

18. For maps and other information concerning the route of the expedition, and which space does not permit reproducing here, see the report of F. V. Hayden, *Sixth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories . . . for the Year 1872*, Washington: 1873. (Cited hereafter as *Report*.)

peded in the night, but in spite of the darkness and rain they were all recovered. Fine. Night whet.

WEDNESDAY 3 (8 weeks [from home].) We got up at 5 oc. and started at 6/15 for Fort Hall.¹⁹ We stop[p]ed at Ross Fork and had some biscuits, and saw 5 Indians. They were small, but better looking than the Sioux. The squaws there were quite nice looking. We saw a mountain 110 miles off, and it looked as plain as you would see a thing in England at 20 miles. We got to the top of what they call the divide, (which is a mountain seperating two val[ley]s and there we saw some mountains 180 or 170 miles off. They looked like tiney heaps of snow, but they were perfectly clear and sharp. I expect they will change rather when we get to them, for I believe we are going there. We arrived at Fort Hall at about 4 oc, which made it 10 hours in the saddle and a distance of 26½ miles. It seems rather slow work but we have to stay with the waggons, which can not go much faster than 3 miles an hour, and generally about 2. I was a little sore, but not much. I had the whole tent to myself, and slept like 2 tops. Fine. Hot. Musketoos.

THURSDAY 4TH Glorious. This day is what the Americans call "The Glorious Fourth" dash 'em! because they got their liberty on that day, a short time ago, (I don't know when). How jolly it must be for the Americans to have no history to learn. I suppose that is why they push ahead so, because they want a little. When I woke up, I found something warm at my feet, and saw a—(not a grizzle bear—) but a cat. I had breakfast at the fort, and I am going to feed there altogethery for \$1.25 a day (5 shillings), they are much better meals than we get in camp, and I am beginning to break out on the lips already. They had horse, & foot races, and climbing a greasy pole to celebrate the fourth and a game of base ball, which is very much like rounders, in the evening. We had a jolly good dinner, & a great big English plum pudding. I slept beautifully, for I was tired. Beautiful.

FRIDAY 5. We were not allow[e]d to continue our meals at the post beyond today, because some of them kicked up a bobery, and got drunk, though I knew nothing about it. I was photographed in a tent today, just to try something in the photographing machinery. Mr. Jackson, is the best photographer I know.²⁰ We had a thunder storm in the afternoon, otherwise the weather was very hot and Fine.

19. Fort Hall, in Idaho, was an important military post and Indian agency.

20. William Henry Jackson, pioneer western photographer. Jackson died several months ago at the age of 99. Hamp's confidence in Jackson was not misplaced; many of his photographs taken sixty years ago are unsurpassed both from the scenic as well as the technical viewpoint.

SATURDAY 6. I walked, with Mariam [Merriam],²¹ 4 miles to try and shoot some birds, but didn't. At 1 oc Mr. Jackson made two pictures of the camp and men, horses, and a few dogs. They were both very good. I was in the left hand corner of the photograph. Another thunderstorm. I posted a letter to Mama, and Aunt. (Last night my blankets were full of electricity, which shooc [shook], and crackled a little. It rather astonished me at first, as I could not account for it, but I remembered afterwards that I had heard of Electricity in blankets.) Cam gave me a shirt, with collar attached, but it is too big. Hot, Muskeetos, Fine, Thunder. Rain.

SUNDAY 7. One of the men named Mike, a barber by profession, cut my hair today; the first time since I left home 8 weeks & 4 days, it was so long that I could pull it down to the end of my nose. Two or three fellows wanted to practise shooting, and Beveridge offered his hat as a target,²² they shot it 3 times, out of 20 shots, at 115 yards. I made a sketch of the camp, but I have forgotten how to paint, I believe. I have painted it since I wrote the above, but very badly. Sunday is not much of a Sunday, as there is no church within 120 miles. I wrote to Mr. Halstead today, and gave him a regular account of my proceedings from May 8th till now, it made a tremendous long letter. I have a little bottle of alkohol in which I put bugs if I catch any. (I've got 3) I catch 'em with a pair of tweezers, as I am afraid of all of them, for I don't know what will hurt, and what don't. Knowing that "variety is charming," I have written these two pages in diversified colours. Fine.

MONDAY 8. (Two months from home). I had a bathe today in water 4 ft. deep, 3 ft long, 2 ft broad, and two more fellows bathed at the same time. I washed my towel afterwards, in the stream, and dried it on a bush. Mr. Langford says he should not be surprized if some of us get our hair raised,²³ and one of the men says we are sure to lose some of our party. Pleasant! Hardly any of us have rifles, and if we don't get some from the government, we stand a good chance of being chawed up by Indians. I kept guard last night from 12 to 2. It was [very] jolly, the stars shone, and so did the northern lights, and after my guard, I pulled my bed out of doors and slept under the open sky, for the first time in my life, though I expect it won't be the last. Fine.

TUESDAY 9TH. I spent the day in doing nothing, except having my two meals. Everyone else did ditto. Fine.

21. C. Hart Merriam, noted ornithologist of the Hayden expedition.

22. P. J. Beveridge, "general assistant."

23. N. P. Langford, pioneer explorer of the Yellowstone, a guest on the 1872 expedition, and first superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park (1872).

WEDNESDAY 10TH. (9 weeks [from home].) Ditto, except that I slept out tonight. Fine. (You have no idea what it is to want books, until you stay a week, without anything to do or read. Golly!)

THURSDAY 11. In the morning, having discovered a library at the post, I went down there and read Myrriat's "Pirate". and in the afternoon, I went down again and read some of Myrriat's "Pucha of Many Tales" [?]. I slept out again, and kept guard from 12 to 2. Fine. Lightening at night.

Expedition Starts for the Yellowstone Region

FRIDAY 12. We got up at 4 oc. before sun-up, and packed our beds, clothes, and mules, saddled our horses, and started at 9/30 oc. for the region of bears, Indians, and worst of *all* the region of *Musquitoes*. I am much more afraid of mosquitoes, than of Indians, or snakes, or anything else, and so is everyone else. I look as if I had had the measels, for I am bitten all over, and true to my nature I have mad[e] sore places of half the bites. How astonished any Bedfordite would be to see me, riding a grey horse, with two coats rolled up in a "gunny-sack" (which is a sort of sack, made very coarse) tied behind me, without a coat, with a pistol on one side, and a great knife on the other, chaceing [chasing] mules, with great packs on their backs, to make them keep together, or to see me writing this in a tent on the bank of a stream, in the midst of the Rocky Mts. with out a coat, my book on my knee, my ink on a sack of clothes, a dog close to me asleep, the thermometer at 95' in the tent, and myself sitting on a keg of whiskey. Gum! Four months ago I was at school, and now I'm here [undecipherable]. I had a bathe today, but the stream was so swift, that the bathing was very poor. We caught about 200 crawfish, some by a fire, which we lighted on the bank, and ate them, when they were about half done. Fine. Thunder. Journey 6 miles.

SATURDAY 13. We started today at about 10 oc. I learnt to read the odometer, and went with Mr. Beckler, to measure the distances, and note them down.²⁴ We traveled 12 miles over a sandy plain, under a very hot sun, and having no water. I never knew what it was to be thirsty till today. You may know how bad it was by the fact of one of our grey-hounds dying from thirst, on the side of the road. Everyone drank lots of water, and some of the dogs, and men, were sick after it. I drank a great deal, and bathed afterwards but felt no worse from it. We had a fine thunderstorm, with rain.

SUNDAY 14. (Crossed the Snake). I followed the Odometer, and Goodfellow put it wrong once, so I had a good [deal] of

24. Gustavus R. Beckler, chief topographer.

calculating to do, but I got through all right.²⁵ I got a shot at two birds, with my pistol, but missed. We camped on Snake River, which is very swift and deep, and if anyone gets into it he is sure to be killed. The night was very cold, and we had big fires, which were very jolly. Fine. Journey 14 miles.

MONDAY 15. We did not follow the road, but went through the marshes, where the mosquitoes were terrible, and stuck all over us and our horses. We had a wretched camp on Market Lake, where the mosquitoes are usually 2,000,000 to the square inch (they say) but fortunately the night was cold and they didn't come out. (Journey 4 miles.) I am (that is I call myself) the "First Assistant Topographical Engineer, of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, under Professor Hayden", which sounds very fine. Goodfellow is the "Second Ditto."

TUESDAY 16. We followed the Snake to the extinct crater, which will, perhaps, be someday, well known, though no one knew of it before, and I was the first to get up to the top. We had a very good camp, and caught some trout, and found some mushrooms, which were a nice change. There was an awful joke played on two of the boys today, it was a very old joke called Snipe driving. They were told "that if they went out into the marsh, and held a sack open, with a lighted candle in front, whilst the others drove the snipes toward them, they would jump into the sack and stay there"; so these two fellows went out and sat in the marsh, in the manner I have shown, surrounded by mosquitoes, while the others all ran back to camp and left them. Then one of the "packers" went near them and yelled like an Indian, and fired his pistol three times. We didn't know if they were frightened, or of course they wouldn't acknowledge it, if the[y] were, anyhow they [came to] camp directly afterwards, and got most awfully laughed at. Fine. Journey 12 3/5 miles.

WEDNESDAY 17. (10 weeks [from home].) We forded the Snake River today, where it is about 1/4 of a mile wide, and very swift. I went fishing and caught one trout, and got my feet wet through. I didn't change, and I had to get up at 12 oc that night to stand guard, and had to put on my wet stockings and boots, but I was none the worse for it. It was very cold standing guard so we (I and another man named Smith) lighted a fire and kept ourselves jolly warm. 10 [?] miles.

THURSDAY 18. I went today, with the hunter, to try for some meat. We went as far as the Teton river but got nothing. I was very sleepy and went to bed at 9 oclock, having had only

25. Goodfellow does not appear in Hayden's list of the members of the expedition. Before his death William Henry Jackson told the writer that Goodfellow was one of the helpers hired to assist the expedition.

3 hours sleep out of 24. Fine. The wagon went back to Fort Hall, and we layover.

FRIDAY 19. We topographers followed the river today and so went about twice as far as the others. One of the men killed a hedgehog, which we found very good indeed, as a change, for "we didn't get hedge-hog every day" as Prof. Bradley truly remarked, whilst picking a bone. I made a sketch of the camp, and painted it. (I am writing this with 3 little half-breed boys sitting round me, and watching me with wondering eyes,) (their names are Richard, Billy, and John Lee, which I have written down, much to their own delight.) Our journey was 12 miles, from the Rapids of the Snake, to the middle fork of the Snake.

SATURDAY 20. We three followed the river again today, and had to go up the side of the canon, about 250 ft high, and awfully steep. I made a sketch of the ascent, but only got in 2 horses. We traveled 12 hours without food, and when we got to camp, I ate a tremendous supper. We had antelope for supper, which was splendid. We had to follow the trail of the pack-mules, for 2 miles, and in places where they had scattered we had hard work to get along. There was lots of wood, and we had some fine big fires. Fine. Journey 15 miles from Middle Fork of Snake to Conent Creek.

SUNDAY 21. When I woke I found my blankets all wet with dew. We travelled without any adventure, except that Mr. Beckler, and I got into a hole crossing the river Teton, and I got wet up to the thigh, but we got across all right. We traveled $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Conant creek, to pom-pya-mena creek (as the half breed boy tells me) There was a photograph taken of camp today. Fine.

MONDAY 22. We topographers followed the North Fork of the Teton to its junction with the main branch, which is in a most beautiful canon, the river turns a sharp corner, and running into a projecting rock shoots up into the air, to the height of 40 feet. We had to go down one side of a canon, covered with rolling stones, and up the other covered with standing and fallen trees. We rolled down some big rocks, which made a tremendous crashing in the trees. I had to follow the trail which went through a wood and over a ditch and marsh and fallen timber, but we found the camp in spite of all obstacles, and a very good camp it was. By far the best we have had yet. We saw lots of antelope, and had two shots at a badger but didn't kill him. The journey was 22 miles from North Fork of Teton river to Second Cottonwood creek. Fine.

TUESDAY 23. Mr. Bechler got a running shot at some antelope, and wounded one I believe, but we did not get it; a piece of leather got into the odometer today, and stoped it, so we had to go back 2 miles, and measure it again. Mr. Bechler saw an

enormous bear, and we all saw a fox, but both too far off to get a shot. The camp, and mountains today, formed the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. I have to keep guard tonight from 8 to 12, or I would try to draw it. The journey was about 14 miles, from 2nd Cottonwood Creek to Teton river, among the first mountains. We are going to lay over here for some time. Fine. Thunderstorm.

WEDNESDAY 24. (11 weeks [from home].) I went out shooting with the Doctor today, but didn't get a shot, although we saw lots of tracks.²⁶ At one time we were setting behind some big stones, when someone shot at us, (as we suppose,) for the bullet came precious close, and sang very loud as it went by, we couldn't find out who it was, but we suppose it was some of our own party, took us for game of some sort. I had some antelope rib, cooked on a stick, and eaten literal[ly] from hand to mouth. In the evening 2 of the party came in with some bear meat, and birds. The night was very cold, but I slept well. Fine.

THURSDAY 25. Beaver Dick caught a beaver this morning and shewed us how to skin it.²⁷ We had bear meat, trout and birds for breakfast. The bear was very good, and tender. Nothing happened in camp today and I lay about camp and rested. Fine.

FRIDAY 26. Today the hunter killed a moose cow, and two calves, they were very good eating, especially the calves. The remains of the cow were cut up, and jerked this is, dried in the sun. The moose had a tremendous upper lip, and her head was 2 feet and a half long. Adams came back today, and brought Dr. Curtis, and Tom Tilton, the quonddam [quondam] cook of "Fort Hall." Fine.

SATURDAY 27. I was idle all day today, in expectation of coming events. Fine.

First Ascent of the Tetons

SUNDAY 28. Today 12 of us, and two cooks, started up the canon by the Tetons, on a climbing expedition and camped about 8 miles up, after travelling nearly all the way, through a burnt pine forest, and very fine scenery. Fine. I was breaking off a fir tree on a bank, when it broke off, and I fell backwards and scratched the back of my right hand, and made a mark which perhaps will always remain. I slept with the Doctor but had a very bad night, because I drank some tea just before bed.

MONDAY 29. Twelve of us started at 5/30 AM to climb the Tetons. First we ascended a mountain 10000 feet high, and

²⁶. Dr. Josiah Curtis, surgeon and microscopist.

²⁷. "Beaver Dick" was the pseudonyme of Richard Leigh, hunter, trapper and explorer.

came to snow over which we walked about 3 miles, till we came to a high ridge of rocks, over which we got. But it was a case of hands and knees, and somewhat dangerous too, then we descended on the other side and in getting down the snow, I slip[p]ed, and slid on my sitter, about 60 yards, which didn't hurt me, and gave me a good start. Then we walked 2 miles over the snow, and came to a small, frozen lake, and saw some bear tracks, then we climbed another ridge, much harder than the first, where if you missed your footing you would either break your bones, or slide down into the lake, in either case, very unpleasant. In getting down the snow on the other side, I missed my footing and slid down about 150 yards on my seat.²⁸ I should think I went as fast as any stone ever went down the "Hole" at Bishopstone (don't I wish I was there now.) After that we walked 1½ mile, over the snow, till we came to the Teton. Then began the hard work. I was with a gentleman named Langford, and his nephew, named Charlie Spencer,²⁹ who was only a month older than me, and we three began the ascent. It was an awful hard climb and very dangerous. We crossed a snow slide once and I knew that if I slip[p]ed, I should be smashed, so I was very carefull, but just about 1 yard from the rocks we were making for, I did slip, but I turned over onto my stomach, and stretched open my legs, and turned myself into the rocks. After that we had to climb over loose rocks to the saddle between two of the Tetons, and jolly glad we were to get there, but the wind was so strong, that we were obliged to get behind some big stones to eat some bread and bacon that we had with us. There we met Mr. Stevenson (who was the only one besides ourselves and Prof Bradl[e]y who tried the Teton at all) and went on higher up, but we came to a place where the snow had seperated from the rock about 2 feet, and one could see between to the depth of 40, 50, or sometimes 100 feet, so as we were very tired, and the ascent got so dangerous. Spencer and I stop[p]ed on a ledge and rested whilst the other two got

28. N. P. Langford, also a member of the Teton climbing party, graphically reported this incident: "At one or two points when nearing the summit we would have been obliged to abandon the task but for the aid we received by casting a rope over prominent projections and pulling ourselves over them, to places where we could obtain secure footholds. In one of these efforts Mr. Stevenson came near losing his hold and falling down a precipice nearly a thousand feet. Another of our company [Hamp], while ascending along the edge of a glacier, losing his hold, slid down a smooth ridge of ice, a distance of 40 feet, with fearful rapidity. His own presence of mind, in hastily throwing himself astride the edge of the glacier and descending in that position caused him to fall into a snow-bed at the bottom, and on the extreme edge of the precipice. This saved him from falling at least 800 feet." *Report*, p. 89.

29. Charles Spencer, nephew of Superintendent N. P. Langford, and also a guest on the expedition.

to the top, then we began the descent, and Mr. Stevenson got a long way ahead (for he is very active,) and left us three to ourselves again. Mr. Langford had to let us other two down one place by a rope, and in another place we had to cross a small stream where there was about 2 inc[h] foothold and no hand hold, but we got down all right, and then had to walk all the way back that we had come in the morning. By the time we got to the 2nd ridge the sun set, and we had to walk up a ridge of snow about 6 inches broad and 500 feet high on one side, but we got up all right, and got to the last hill but there we got lost in the pine wood, and wandered about, jumping ditches, and climbing over fallen trees in the dark, for about 2 hours. At last we saw the camp fire, and then got into camp at 10 oc PM having travelled on foot for 17 hours. I was to tired that I couldn't eat anything but went to bed directly. Fine.

TUESDAY 30. We all went back to camp today, and rested. I had a book to read called "For her sake", such a anful stupid book. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 31. (12 weeks [from home].) Fine. Today we topographers went on a side trip, to another branch of the Teton river, right across the basin, where we camped, and had to cook our bacon on sticks, we made a big fire and slept well. We saw lots of Indian sign, and game, but got none. The journey was 13 miles.

THURSDAY 1ST AUGUST. We went back to camp by a circuitous route, which made the journey 18 miles, we saw more Indian sign, and I got my legs wet in crossing the river. I could not sleep for toothache in my two front teeth, and a most vicious stomach-ache. Fine.

Party Moves Toward Yellowstone Park

FRIDAY 2ND. The whole party started from the Teton camp today and travelled back two camps to the creek called "Pam-pya-mena" where we had camped before. Fine. The journey was 18 miles.

SATURDAY 3RD. We went on today for 12 miles and camped on Henry river, a short distance above the old camp on the same. We had some preserved milk today, which they had cached at the old camp, and some fresh antelope meat. Fine. Heavy dew.

SUNDAY. 4TH. We traveled 13 miles today through a pine forest to another part of Henry's Fork. It was dreadfully hard traveling, for in some places the timber had fallen down, and covered the ground with a network of logs, and in some places we had to go through groves of young trees about 10 feet high, and having large trees lying amongst them in all directions. We were very late into camp, and that night it froze, like blazes, and I found my bed all white in the morning. Fine.

MONDAY 5. The party was photographed today, going up the hill I was at the top. One of the mules, with a pack on, fell, head over heels, down the same hill, without hurting itself. We travelled 14 miles through the most awful timber and didn't get into camp till after dark. We camped on some marsh, where the water was very bad. Beaver Dick shot a ground hog, and I had some for supper. Fine.

TUESDAY 6. We had to go back 4 miles today, to survey what we had no time for yesterday. They camped early today, and we got in about 1 o'clock. I had a bath and changed my clothes. Journey 5 miles. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 7. (13 weeks [from home].) We travelled 17 miles today to another part of Henry river, through timber almost impassible, and it got dark while we were 8 miles from camp. The mule kept the trail, and after crossing the river we got to camp, preciously tired. Fine.

THURSDAY 8. (3 months) We had to go back again today 5 miles, we saw a beaver lodge, and no end of trout in the river, and some very good scenery. We got back to camp about 3/30 PM, and then had to travel 11 miles to the other camp. We didn't get to camp till after dark. Mr. Bechler shot a duck, and a fox today. Fine.

FRIDAY 9TH. We topographers travelled round the lake, called Sawtel's [Sawtelle] Lake, while the party lay over.³⁰ We saw some splendid scenery, for the mountains rise straight out of the prairie, all around the lake, which is full of swans, and has some pretty islands in it. We got to Sawtel[le]'s ranch, and found no one at home, but we went in and found some bread, butter, molasses, and meat, which we ate, then as we were going away we met Sawtel[le]'s partner and told him. He said we were very welcome, and he would give us something to eat whenever we liked to come again. We got into camp after sunset, having travelled 19 miles. I fired my pistol at a swan several times, at a distance of 300 yards, and went within a foot. Fine.

SATURDAY 10TH. Lay over. Fine.

SUNDAY 11. We started from Sawtel[le]'s Lake, and cross the greatest "divide" in America, and most likely in the world. It is a range of mountains which separates the waters of the Columbia, and Missouri rivers, the first of which runs about 3500 miles, and the other 8000. One into the Pacific, the other into the Gulf of Mexico. The first water I saw on the Eastern side of the divide made me think of home, for perhaps that very water gets into the Gulf Stream and goes by England. Soon we crossed a branch of the Madison River, and

30. Sawtelle's Lake is also known as Henry's Lake.

then met Taggart,³¹ who told us to go up the river, as they were going to camp on it. So we did, but we could find no camp or even the trail. We wandered about till dark, and then camped, without a scrap of food, or a drop of water, and the grass was very poor for the horses; we built a shed with young pine trees, and made a big fire, for warmth as we had only our saddle blankets; we fired our pistols a few times in hopes that they would be heard in camp, and Goodfellow climbed a tree but could see nothing, so we went to bed hungry but we were not cold, for the night was cloudy and there was no dew or frost. Fine. 18 miles.

MONDAY 12TH. Mama's Birthday. I haven't got any present, but the memory of my days adventures. *Hungary*. Hungary. Hungary. More hungary. No meat. No drink. No nothing. Think of the good dinner at home. Oh—Well! We woke up hungary, and set off immediately towards the river, which we reached after a five miles trot. Mr. Bechler shot an antelope, but he was so anxious for some breakfast that he missed it, and the antelope didn't seem to care for our be hungary. It trotted away, while Mr. B[echler]. was loading again. At last we struck the trail, and Mr. Stevenson found us, then we set off towards camp, rejoicing in anticipation of breakfast. About 2 miles from camp we met Brigham the stock tender who had about half a pound of bread which we devoured eagerly, and then jog[g]ed on, and got to camp, and had breakfast at 12/30 PM having been 30 hours without food except Brigham's bit of bread, and a bit that I had in my pocket, and ate the afternoon before, for I thought we were sure to reach camp, and so had not provided against emergencies. It is not pleasant to have no food, and no notion when you'l[l] get it! When we had eaten we moved on about 5 miles, and camped; there was a thunderstorm in the afternoon and evening, so I slept with Mr. Stevenson in the tent. The echoe of the thunder in the wood was very fine, for you could hear it rolling away for miles, till it passed out of hearing. Fine morning. (15 miles).

Yellowstone Park

TUESDAY 13. We traveled 12 miles today, and entered the Madison Canon, which is splendid, with cliffs rising on each side to the h[e]ight of from 500 to 800 feet, covered half way up with fir trees, and the bare peaks standing up above them, whilst the river runs lower in the val[l]ey sometimes broad with grassy banks, and sometimes between narrow rocks, where it rushes through with a tremendous roar. West shot

31. W. R. Taggart, Assistant Geologist.

an antelope, and we quite expected to have to camp out but they camped before we expected, so we got into camp about sunset. I built myself a bed of fir trees, and it was fortunate I did, for it froze that night. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 14. (14 weeks [from home].) We travelled 5 miles through timber till we got out of the Madison canon, when we saw the first hot spring. It was a beautiful yellow colour; we soon came upon a lot more boiling hot springs, and mud springs. When we got into camp, we saw Dr. Hayden and Uncle, who told me of Aunt's death.³² I was very much surprised, for I quite expected to meet her with the other party. Fine.

THURSDAY 15. Our party joined the other party today, and some of us rode 10 miles to Upper Geyser basin. We saw lots of craters, and large boiling springs of all the most beautiful colors imaginable. There was one little stream of a bright yellow, with bright scarlet edges, and running over a bed of white silicious incrustation. We saw one of the geysers called "Old Faithful" spout 3 times to the height of 125 feet. We got a good many specimens of the incrustations, which Uncle took with him. Fine.

FRIDAY 16. Today the whole party were photographed and afterwards Uncle, Mr. Langford, and Mr. Moran, were elected honerary members of the U. S. surveying company.³³ There were three or four speeches made, which I can't remember. I washed some clothes today in a hot spring, by simply boiling them for an hour. Spencer's shirt went right down, and 3 hours afterwards came up quite clean, a proof that the "Devil is not so black as he's painted." We got some clay out of one of the mud springs, and tried to cut out some pipes but when it got dry it became brittle and wouldn't set, so I cut two pieces squarish for specimens. Fine.

SATURDAY 17. Uncle went back to Bozeman today, with the provision train, and about half the party. I washed a few more clothes, but they were so dirty that I left them to boil for 3 days. Fine.

32. Blackmore and his wife had left Salt Lake and traveled north to Helena. On the trip from Helena to Bozeman by stagecoach Mrs. Blackmore became quite ill and fainted. The following day she seemed much better and, leaving his wife to recuperate fully at the home of General Wilson in Bozeman, Blackmore continued toward the Yellowstone. Later that same day, July 18, a messenger caught up with the party and informed Blackmore that his wife had suffered a relapse. By the time he reached Bozeman she had expired. Mary Blackmore was buried in Bozeman.

33. This is the well-known "Fire Hole Basin" photograph of the entire party.

SUNDAY 18. Today 5 of us went up to the upper basin and camped.³⁴ We picketed our horses, and then went specimen hunting till dinnertime, then Spencer and I went to bring the horses to water but couldn't find them, and lost ourselves. We found an extinct fire crater, and in about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour we found the horses. After we had picketed them again, the Giantess Geyser went off, and all the men and boys came rushing and shouting out of camp and frightened the horses so that 3 of them broke loose and ran off. We hunted for them for some time, and then went back to camp. Afterwards Dr. Re[a]gles went out and found my horse and Mr. Langford found his two later in the evening.³⁵ The Giantess spouted for 17 minutes, 18-26 ft in demensions, and 30 ft high. After the eruption, the waters receded, leaving a cavity a hundred feet deep to the water line. Fine.

MONDAY 19. We were waked this morning at 4 oc. by a tremendous thumping of the earth, and on looking round, we saw the Giant Geyser in eruption, but we could see nothing but the steam, which filled the whole valley, and rose to the h[e]ight of 219 feet. About 10 oc. the Castle Geyser went off, and threw a stream 98 feet high, for 80 minntes, later in the day the Beehive shot about 200 feet high, and the force was so great it went almost straight, in spite of a rather high wind. Spencer and I made some "slap-jacks," that is flour and water, with a little salt, and lots of bacon grease, fried in a pan like pan cakes, and eaten with brown sugar. As we had no sugar of our own, we were obliged to steal some of Mr. Bechler's, which we boiled with water in a tin cup, and made the cup exceeding black. We enjoyed the stolen sugar very much, except that it nearly made us sick, so we threw away half. By 4 oc we started back for the Lower Camp, and as we passed the Grotto Geyser it shot off, but I don't know how high. Fine.

TUESDAY 20. (Fine) Today we lay about camp, and Spencer and I made a "Poem" on the adventures of one of the formers flannell shirts, which we called,

"THE TAIL OF A SHIRT"

There was a youth, C. Spencer was his name,
Who had an under garment, of whose fame
And wild adventures in an unknown channel
I now am writing. First, 'twas made of flannel;
This self-same under-garment was a shirt.
Its color yellow, (with a shade of dirt),
Upon its hinder quarters was a patch,

34. This party was led by Dr. A. C. Peale, mineralogist. *Report*, p. 99 *et. seq.*

35. Dr. Reagles was a guest on the expedition.

Which with the color of the rest did match.
 In fact this shirt, a washing, badly needed,
 So listen how the laundry-work proceeded.
 With eager steps the twain does hasten,
 To reach the "Lower Fire Hole Basin,"
 And as the Morning sun arises,
 They see around the spouting geysers
 And view with awe the boiling stream,
 And hear the thundering earthquake shocks
 Resound amid the trees and rocks,
 And wonder what can be the source
 Of such tremendous hidden force.
 And some say thinking they can tell
 "Undoubtedly it comes from Hell."
 Or if they mention it to ladies
 They say "they think it comes from Hades."

* * * *

When day has dawned, with thoughts intent,
 C. Spencer to a geyser bent
 His footsteps, with the inward hope
 Of washing out his shirt with soap.
 And when the article was lathered,
 His shirt into a ball was gathered,
 And thrown into the spring to boil,
 To save himself from needless toil.
 Then as he saw the dirt was leaving,
 Which to his shirt tails had been cleaving
 He heaved a sign of inward peace,
 That he'd washed out those signs of grease
 That came of sinker-bread and bacon
 And things which tend to stomach achen,
 When suddenly to his surprise
 It disappeared before his eyes.

* * * *

How like a raving maniac
 He strives to get his garment back,
 But all his strenuous efforts fail
 To grasp its fast receding tail.
 With open mouth his friend Hamp gazes
 His nostril spreads, his hair it raises
 Like porcupine, or hedgehog bristles.
 His fingers spread, his eyes stick out,
 To see friend Spencer rush about,
 In search of sticks, and crooked poles,
 To poke about in hellish holes;
 Till finding labour unavailing,
 He throws them down, and walks off wailing.

The sharer of his hopes, and fears,
Walks close behind, and adds his tears.

* * * *

Meanwhile the shirt from the upper world
Beneath the crust of the Earth is whirled,
To the place where the Geyser waters mix,
With the turbulent stream of the river styx;
Where waters dash
With roar and crash
O'er blackened stones,
And dead men's bones,
Where Cerberus yells,
Where sulphur smells,
Where vaults resound
With horrid sound,
Where crawling things
All legs and wings,
Sport in the mud,
On the banks of the flood.
Whirled bye such dirt
Our hero shirt
Passes the dangers
Unscathed and unhurt.

* * * *

But in its passage to upper air
Its back "dog gone it" receives a tear,
And its tail gets into a dence of a curl
As it's caught by the stream in its upward whirl.
With a twist and a turn, it is borne to the top,
And out of the basin it flies with a pop,
Then it descends a few moments later,
And hangs by one arm on the edge of the crater.

* * * *

Afflicted Spencer and his friend
To the spot their footsteps bend.
Downcast their look, with heavy heart,
Hating from that shirt to part,
They upon the crater brink
On its virtues pause and think,
Gazing on that fatal spot,
Where the loud shirt is not.
Starting up in glad surprise
Suddenly it meets their eyes,
Spencer, with a joyful shout,
Seizes it, and pulls it out.

Cheers and laughter ring around
 For the long lost shirt is found.
 From that region vile, and coaly
 It returns a sight more wholly,
 Joyfully 'til borne to camp,
 By Spencer and his partner Hamp.

* * * *

Moral

Friends, if youve a flannel shirt,
 That you'd not have come to hurt,
 Read this moral, and be wiser,
 "Don't wash clothing in a geyser."

* * * *

Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

WEDNESDAY 21. (15 weeks [from home].) Today 8 of us started for the Yellowstone Falls, and when we had travelled 6 miles, we met two men from Bozeman, named Fisher and Slone, who camped with us. Our party was organized into different corps. Dr. Reagles, and Beveridge cooks, Spencer, Campbell, and Myself, dish-washers, Alex Sibley, herder, and Mr. Langford, & Jackson Managers, and General Superintendents. Fine.

THURSDAY 22. We travelled 18 miles today, through a good deal of timber, and got to camp about 3 '30, on the banks of the Yellowstone. There was nothing particularly fine about that part of the river, except the trout, of which we caught four. Fine.

FRIDAY 23. (10 miles) Today Mr. Langford, the Dr., Spencer and I, went to see the mud geyser, which is a geyser no longer, but an aufull hole, 40 ft deep, with steep sides of crumbling, dry, clay, and a boiling mud spring at the bottom. If anyone fell in, he would never come out again, like the "flannel shirt." Then we went on about 7 miles to the sulphur mountain, which is about 400 ft high, and 3 miles round, and composed entirely, I believe, of pure sulphur. I got some good specimens of the sulphur, and then found an alum spring, which tasted aufully sour; then we had some lunch, and while we were at it, Prof. Bradley's party came up, and then we shook hands all round, and rode off. After about 11 miles more ride we got to camp, had dinner, and went to see the falls.³⁶ We climbed onto a point of rock, and there saw them. By Golly! It was the most splendid, georgious, magnificent, indescribable pic-

36. The beautiful 308 foot "Lower Falls" of the Yellowstone River.

ture anyone, mad or sane, could possibly imagine. No one could describe it, even after they had seen it, but I shall try to write my idea of it. Where we stood, we could see straight down 1000 feet, onto the river running at the bottom, where it looked about 5 ft broad, though Mr. Langford says it is 200 ft. On the other side the rocks rose up like a wall, for 1000 ft or more, and on the top were pine trees, which looked like short grass. At the upper end were the falls 350 ft high and the spray making rain-bows everywhere, and covering the rocks near, with green moss; but the most beautiful part of the whole was the colour of the rocks. They were a bright yellow, all over, with great pinnacles of red stone sticking out in different places; we crawled to the edge, and put our eyes over and looked down. It made one's stomach ache to look down 1000 feet without a break, into the river rushing along, and it made you crawl back precious carefully, and get away 3 or 4 yards before you felt safe. The description gives one no idea of it, but it is the best I can give. Mr. Langford fired five shots with a pistol at a grouse, but for some unaccountable reason, didn't hit it. We made a good bed and slept fine, but the skeeters were bad. Fine.

SATURDAY 24. We lay over today, in order to let Mr. Jackson do some photography, and we four went to see the canon and upper falls, which are splendid, but not so good as the great falls, but the two beat the two at Niagara all to smash. We climbed about all day, and about 3 oc. Mr. Langford and I went fishing and caught 5 which were all good; we had heard the [that] they were wormy, but we found none, and I didn't trouble to look. Fine.

SUNDAY 25. We travelled 18 miles over very mountainous country, and in crossing Mt. Washburn, we were above the snow line. At about 3 oc. we got to Tower Falls, and camped. Mr. Langford caught 10 fish, which were all good, and 4 of us went to see the falls, which are 115 ft high and surrounded by pinnacles of rock, from which it has its name. We had some pretty rough climbing, but it was good fun. I made a splendid bed of bows and grass, and slept finely. Fine.

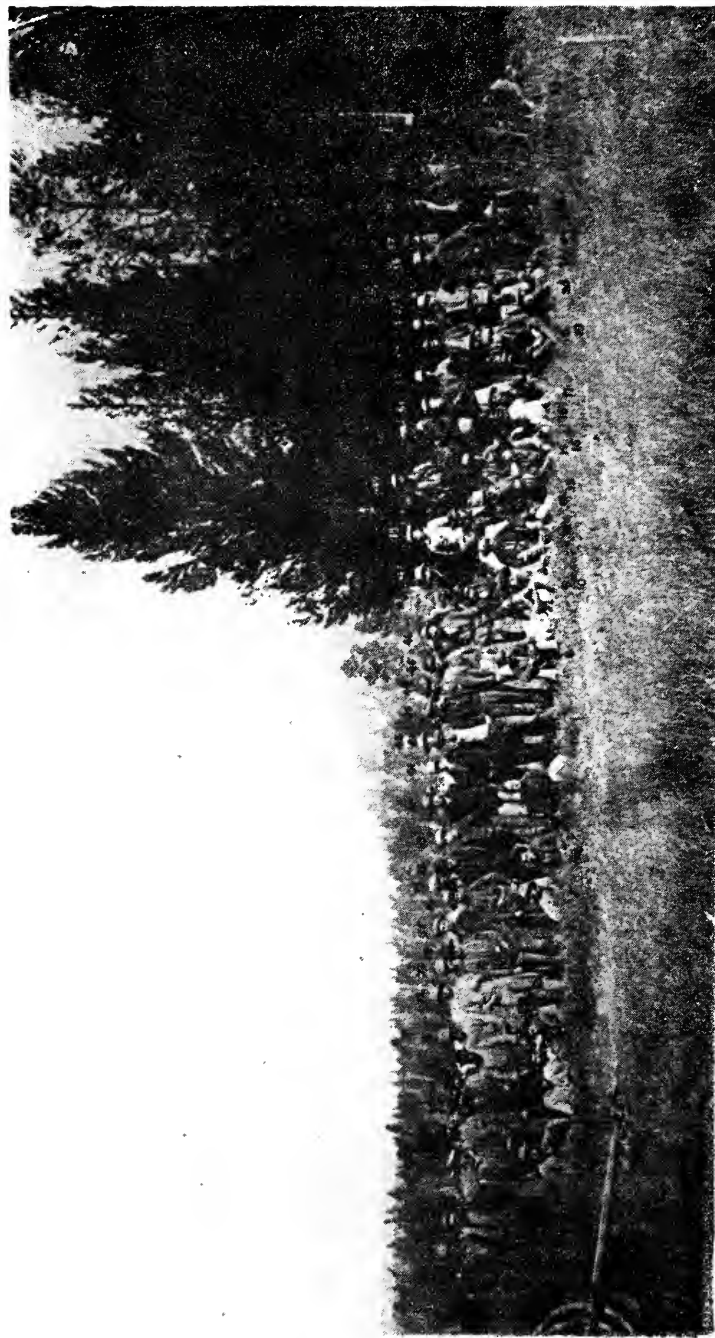
MONDAY 26. The Dr. and I went fishing and caught 2 each, which we had for dinner, and at three oc. we packed and started for a 5 mile jog. (Mr. Langford & Spencer went on this morning early to get some specimens.) At about 5 oc we camped, at a place where Dr. Hayden's party had camped before, which we knew, by a empty cider case, and lots of tin pots. (Our feed generally is bacon and bread for breakfast, and for supper by way of change, bread and bacon, with coffee both times, sometimes with sugar, sometimes straight, that is, without anything extra in it, and I can tell you a bit

of fresh meat, or fish, or fruit *is* good.) Mr. Langford & Spencer did not come to camp that night. Fine.

• **Mammoth Hot Springs**

TUESDAY 27. We travelled today 27 miles over mountainous country to the "Mammoth Hot Springs" on "Guardiner's River," and when we got about 2 miles from there we saw a haystack. You can't imagine what a curiosity it was. We went on and saw a mule tied to a bush, and soon after that, came two men, more curiosities. Then we came upon a man holding in his arms the greatest curiosity of all, a baby! We went on a bit farther and saw a woman! And a house! which almost knocked us down with curiosity. We got over it however, and went on 200 yards and saw two more houses, by this time we were beginning to get used to it, when we came in sight of the springs and 3 houses, and lots of men, women and children. Weren't we surprised, and astonished, and curiositized, and pleased, for we found that one of the men sold butter, or fruits in cans, and sugar, which were quite as curious, and pleasant to see as the other curiosities. We had a splendid supper, of bread and butter, with our usual trimmings, and then went to see the springs. They begin at the top of a hill and form basins, all the way down, and the incrustations swell, and make the most beautiful little cascades, and terraces imaginable, for they are all sorts of colors, and so is the water. There was a log house being built, and as the boards for the floor were lying inside the Dr. and I layed them down and made our bed on them, and didn't they feel nice and level. We found Mr. Langford & Spencer at the Springs before us, for they had come by a shorter route. (Memo. The story of the rat, the horse, and the rope.) There was an Englishman at the Springs, who knew something of Bedford, and had a relation there named John Simms, a wheelwright. I saw a snake today, but didn't kill it. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 28. (16 weeks [from home].) We lay over today, and had bread & butter, and tomatoe soup for breakfast, and I wrote up my diary, and reckoned the number of miles I had ridden since I joined the party, and found it was 556, and the greatest wonder is that I was never sore. We had some canned fruit for dinner, and some pies for supper. The pies were about as big as breakfast plates and cost \$1.00 each. We slept in the same house again, but before we went to bed the mail came in from Bozeman, and one of the papers had a report of an Indian fight, and there were reports that every



Meeting of the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories (Hayden) in Fire-Hole Basin, Yellowstone Park—1872

1. W. Nicholson 2. T. B. Brown 5. S. C. Jones 6. W. R. Taggart 7. T. W. Jaycox 8. Dr. Reegles 9. J. Curtis 10. F. H. Bradley 11. F. V. Hayden 12. J. Stevenson 13. Wm. Blackmore 14. W. H. Holmes 15. A. Burck 19. H. Gannett 20. A. E. Brown 21. J. Savage 32. C. Carrington 33. C. H. Merriam 35. W. A. West 36. C. R. Campbell 38. J. M. Coulter 39. S. Spencer 40. P. S. Beveridge 41. S. F. Hamp 42. R. Adams 45. G. R. Bechler 46. R. Hering 47. N. P. Langford 51. W. B. Logan 52. W. B. Platt 53. A. C. Peale 54. A. E. Bingham 55. T. O. C. Sloan 56. E. B. Wakefield 61. J. S. Negley.

U. S. Geological Survey of 1872
 Photographed by W. H. Jackson in Lower Geyser Basin

one must move out of the Upper Yellowstone Valley.³⁷ The effect of the news was, that everyone put 2 or 3 more cartridges in his pocket, but next evening the excitement wore off, and the cartridges beginning to grow heavy, they were put away again, and everyone was as careless as before. Fine.

THURSDAY 29. We got up this morning at about 4 oc. and started at about 6 oc. After travelling about 18 miles, we stoped at 1 oc to rest. 4 or 5 of [us] went down to fish, and caught 14 in a quarter of an hour, which we cooked, and ate, without bread or salt, but they were good nevertheless. At 3 oc we went on again, and found a pretty good road was being made (for waggons.) At 8/15 oc we got to Boteler's Ranch, having ridden 35 miles, which is the most I have ridden yet. Didn't we have a good supper, so luxurious. My Golly. Yet all the luxury was milk and butter, but not having had any for a so long made a tee-total big difference. Mrs. Hayden told me before I started, that I should have to go through many hardships, and one was that I should have to stand up to a table to eat. I had to do it tonight. But I don't think it was very hard work, for Gov. Langford said, 'he never saw me look more happy. than when I was 'standing up to a table to eat'.' We had a most luxurious bed on the straw pile, and didn't we sleep well. after our work & our supper. Fine.

FRIDAY 30. Today we lay over, didn't we have a good breakfast, of milk & butter, coffee, sugar, & cream besides hot bread, dried apples, and fresh meat, all the luxuries of the season. Alex and I went fishing a[nd] caught 18 in about 1 hour. and then came back for dinner. Then we wandered about till suppertime, and then talked a bit, and then went to bed, and to sleep "simultaneous". (Sometimes when the stars shine, I go to bed, and think I will look out for shooting stars, but by the time I find the North Star, I get sleepy, and turn over on my side, and go to sleep in a crack.) Fine.

SATURDAY 31. We rose with the sun, and after a parting breakfast of ham, fish, and eggs &c. we started. We rode without adventure till about 3 oc. 18 miles, and camped. We had two luxuries for supper, namely ham, & butter, which we carried with us from Boteler's. (Boteler's is the most ranchy looking ranch I have seen, and he has a jolly farm, and lots of wood, water, grass, & cows). Wetish.

37. On August 14 Colonel Hayden, United States Army, and a party of Northern Pacific Railroad surveyors in the Lower Yellowstone country were attacked by "400 Arrapaho Indians." One soldier was killed, and three soldiers and one civilian were wounded, as well as fourteen beef steers and five head of "U. S. stock" stolen. This attack was reported in the newspapers on August 22nd, and evidently had filtered through to Mammoth Hot Springs by the 28th when Hamp made the above note in his diary. *Helena Weekly Herald*, August 22, 1872, 2:4.

Bozeman, Montana

SUNDAY 1ST SEPTEMBER. Lucky partridges at home! They get one more day's rest, which is more than we do. I found it was raining when I woke, of which I was made aware by shoving my feet out into the wet grass, and hearing the Dr. swear, for the water ran in, between the blankets, and formed a little pool, into which the Dr. rolled & damped himself. Well, we had to get up, rain or no rain. It was a job to light the fire, and it was precious unpleasant eating, because you couldn't sit down without getting a patch on your breeches. By the time we were ready to start it quit raining so we did start. The mountains looked splendid with the clouds half way down them, and the peaks sticking out at the top. We travelled about 17 miles and got to Bozeman at 1/30 oc. and camped on the East Gallatin, as the grass was poor & scanty, we put the horses in a stable for 50 cents a day. After dinner we went down the town to see if we could buy any grub, but the shops were shut & we couldn't. I was introduced to Messrs Wilson and Rich, who seemed nice sort of gentlemen. In the evening it rained, so we put up the fly, (which is a tent, without walls, or ends,) which kept us pretty dry. Wet. (The first wet day.)

MONDAY 2. We got some eatables today, and I bought a felt hat. The horses were all shod, as the old shoes were worn about as thin as paper. (brown paper.) Three of the party slept at the Hotell tonight so we other 3 had their blankets and our own. I had 6 blankets, a buffalo robe a coat and macintosh covering over me, and one blanket and a buffalo under me; it began to rain again in the night, but I didn't care for I was dry in bed, and I knew it couldn't wet through so many blankets. Finish.

TUESDAY 3. Mr. Jackson got a letter today from Dr. Hayden, who wanted me to go to him somewhere out near Virginia [City], and saying that he would be at Bozeman between the 5th & 8th. Dr. Re[a]gles said he wanted to go too, but couldn't go that day, so I waited for him. I dined with the Wilsons, & Riches and had a good dinner, the chief luxury of which was the table, the cloth, the china plates, and the cleanliness. Mr. Langford & Spencer left us today, so I was bereft of my par[t]ner, at which I felt sad, but jelly for dinner cheered me up again. (I weighed myself yesterday and found myself 144 lbs, which is 11 lbs heavier than I was in Bedford.) Fine.

WEDNESDAY 4. (17 weeks [from home].) Dr. Re[a]gles & I started to meet Dr. Hayden today. We went about 8 miles, and came to a ranch. As it was 20 miles to the next one we stop[p]ed there. From enquiries, we found that the Dr could come by three different roads from Virginia [City], each 8

miles from the other, and every one seemed to think we were most likely to catch him at Bozeman by staying there. We put our horses in the stable, and mine wouldn't go in for a long time because he didn't know what it was. *We slept in a bed.* (the first time since the 29th of June, 2 months and 6 days), but I would much rather have slept out for the room was awful dirty. Fine.

THURSDAY 5. When we got up it was raining, and kept so till 11 oc when we saddled up, and went back to Bozeman. In crossing a bridge, the Dr.'s horse got his leg through and the Dr fell off into the dirt. How I did laugh! I slept in the Hotel with the Dr. Wet.

FRIDAY 6. I dined with Mr. Wilson, and had a bath, and got some clothes washed, and borrowed a book, and saw a chinese letter, and ate some sweets, and lay on rug bed, and idled. Wet.

SATURDAY 7. Did nothing but Idle about and Dr. Re[a]gles went away by coach for Salt Lake. I gave him my rug for his grey blankets, and my fish bag for his and the bags. Moist.

SUNDAY 8. (4 months.) *I went to church*, the first time since the 9th of June, when I went to the Indian church at Niagara. Mr. Jackson came back today, and Logan came in from the Dr's party.³⁸ I went up to camp to see the others, and got caught in a thunderstorm, and got wet, and as it was 7/30 I went to bed. Wet evening.

MONDAY 9. I started, with Logan to meet Dr. H. at Galatin City, at two oc P.M. and got there in 5 hours, a distance of 38 miles. I had a good supper, of meat, butter and honey. The night was frosty and covered my blankets. Fine.

TUESDAY 10. We rode back 18 miles towards Bozeman, and camped on the West Galattin. There is a mule in the party named Joeke, which eats out of the frying pan and puts his head over anyone's shoulder to get a bit of bread out of his hand. He will eat bacon, or potatoes or anything you like to give him. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 11. (18 weeks [from home].) We got into Bozeman today, and camped out by Fort Ellis. 19 miles. I made a jolly bed of willows; the night was frosty, and covered my blankets. I fancy the cold weather has set in now, for every night is frosty. Fine.

THURSDAY 12. I went today with Bottler the hunter, to hunt, up the Galattin Canon. We had dinner at about 1 oc, and camped about 6/30 near a ranch, having travelled 14 miles; I bought some milk, butter, and onions, and we had a rare feast. Fine.

38. W. B. Logan, secretary of the expedition and in Dr. Hayden's party.

FRIDAY 13. We had to bake bread this morning, and as we had no pans we made it in the flour sack, and baked it in our plates. We rode about 12 miles up the Canon, and the mountains got down so close to the water that we couldn't go on, so we climbed up the mountain, about 2000 ft perpendicular. It took all the wind out of me, and made me awfully thirsty, but unfortunately we didn't expect any water till next morning, but on the top of the mountain, to our great joy we found a pool of water, so we camped there, and went to bed. Fine.

SATURDAY. 14. We went down the other side of the mountain and got to the river, which we followed till about 12 oc when we dined. Then we went on till sunset, and got into open country, and as we were looking for a good camping ground, Bottler saw an elk, so he ran along the edge of the stream, and shot it. Then we had a grand skinning and cutting up, and had a splendid supper; Bottler shot two grouse with my shot gun, for we had eaten all our meat, and I daren't venture a shot. We found two log houses in the woods, in the first one was a newspaper dated November 20, 1866. and in the other, one dated October 12, 1869. So they must have been pretty old for they were both empty, except for old coffee grounds, which we found in the second one. Fine. The horses ran away tonight, as they did on Thursday night, but we got them again in the morning. Journey 20 miles.

We had soup for breakfast, made of meat, dough, onions and potatoes, and roast meat. About 8 oc we packed the meat on Bottlers horse and the other things on mine, and went back to the 2nd log house to wait for the party, but we are rather doubtful if they will come at all. If they don't we shall have to go back over the mountains and through the woods we came through. Our horses ran away twice today, but we got them again, and tied them up jolly tight. We made our bed near the horses, for fear the foxes should gnaw the ropes in two. Fine. (3 miles)

MONDAY 16. We lay over all day expecting the party, but they didn't come. We rode about 7 miles up the valley and then went back. Fine.

TUESDAY 17. We put the meat on Bottler's horse, and the other things on mine, and started down the river to meet the other party. We had to ford the river 5 times. Twice I rode on the meat, and 3 times on my own horse. Soon after we passed the other ranche we saw the tracks of a mule and a horse, which had been along that day, so we guessed they had gone ahead of the party to look-out the road, so we camped directly to wait for the party. We set up our tent and slept snug. Fine. (12 miles)

WEDNESDAY 18. (19 weeks [from home].) We walked down the trail about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and found 3 newspapers, which we carried back and devoured. We waited all day, but to our astonishment the party didn't come, so we went to bed with the intention of starting down the canon next morning. Fine.

THURSDAY 19. We packed up and started down the river. When we had gone about a mile we saw fresh tracks, and soon heard chopping and then saw the chopper who was one of the other party clearing the way. In about two minutes the rest came up, and we rode on our way rejoicing. We travelled 9 miles, crossed the river 5 more times and camped, and supped, and went to bed. Fine.

FRIDAY 20. When I woke up I found a little snow on my bed. We rode about 6 miles and camped at the mouth of the 2nd canon. I slept in a tent tonight, as the nights are getting cold. Fine.

SATURDAY 21. Some of the party went up the canon but I lay over with the rest. I practised with my pistol. I hit a bush about as big as a plate twice, at 150 yards. It is jolly in the evenings to sit round the fire and talk. One hears all sorts of wonderful stories, of hunting, and mining, and some of the men are rather witty, and make one laugh. The weather looks snowy. Fine.

SUNDAY 22. Snow about 6 inches deep, snowing, blowing, &c. Altogether rather miserable. We had breakfast and washed in the snow, but about 12 M it cleared up and let us get dry, all but our feet. We did nothing all day but chop wood to make big fires, and eat. Snow.

MONDAY 23. Logan and Bottler came back today, and I got 6 letters from home, which were welcome, for I was rather anxious for news. They must have been wandering about a good deal, for some of them dated about the 20th June, and I have received some letters written since then when I was at the geyser basin. The party came back that had been up the canon, and I began a letter home. Snowy.

TUESDAY 24. I started with Bottler today to choose a camping place on the divide between the Gallatin and Yellowstone, for the party. My feet were awfully cold, and wet, and we had to camp in the snow, on the mountain at an elevation of 9100 ft. We built a big fire, and scraped the snow away, and set up our wagon sheet. Then I dried my feet, had supper, made our bed, and tried to sleep but the wind blew in, so cold that we could hardly sleep a bit. Wet. (2 miles)

WEDNESDAY 25. (20 weeks [from home].) Bottler went out to hunt, but as we expected [the rest of the] party, I stayed in camp. I waited, all alone till 4 o' P.M. when I heard a

shout and saw Holmes the artist,³⁹ who said he had just seen a big bear so I got my rifle and of we set to hunt it up, but when we had gone about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, [we] met the train, and as my feet were cold, and I didn't suppose we should find any bear, I went back with it, but Holmes and 2 others went on, and did find it, and killed it, so [I] was sorry I didn't go on. The view from this camp is splendid. We could see all the peaks of the Madison and Gallatin ranges, and when the sun rose it shone beautifully on the snowy peaks, while the rest were all in dark shadow. Fine.

THURSDAY 26. Bottler, Sloane,⁴⁰ and I started ahead, and crossed the divide, to go and get 3 mountain sheep, which B[ottler]. killed. The view on the Yellowstone side was fine. There was no snow in the valley, and the mountains looked purple with white tops, and the quaking-asp trees were all yellow. We got the sheep and then followed the train which had got ahead of us. We camped about 4 PM and made a jolly bed of long grass 6 feet high. Fine. (18 miles)

FRIDAY 27. We got to Bottler's ranch today, and had some milk and butter which were splendid. We camped about $\frac{1}{2}$ [mile from the] ranch, where there was a goodly [number of prick]ley pears, which are rather [good to eat]. [I made] a tolerable bed of boughs [undecipherable]. Fine. (10 miles).

SATURDAY 28. We lay over today, and all the work I did was to walk up to Bottler's and get some milk which was pretty easy, and very agreeable, although it was harder walking back again. Fine.

SUNDAY 29. Today was ditto, in every respect, to yesterday. Fine.

MONDAY 30. We went on again today, and when we had got out of civilized regions again, immense excitement was caused by the discovery of a brass trouser button lying in the road and still greater excitement by the discovery of 3 men and a horse on one of the hills looking at us, which were pronounced Indians, and may have been so for anything we knew. We camped near Bill Hamilton's ranch, and and got some milk, I saw 4 Crow Indians, tame, 5 elk, and a moose. Fine. (18 miles)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1. I went with Sloane to hunt for some blue rocks. We had to ford the Yellowstone, and rode about 20 miles. We found the rocks, but couldn't find the ford, and nearly got swamped in trying to cross. I saw 4 buffalo today. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 2. (21 weeks [from home].) We went on today, and the Englishman I met at the Hot Springs gave me

39. W. H. Holmes, noted artist.

40. T. O. C. Sloane, general assistant.

a black tail deer skin, his name is Ben Walker. We camped in rather bad Indian country, so we picketed the horses and pitched the tents round them, but the night passed without alarm. 15 miles. Fine.

THURSDAY 3. We travelled 10 miles, in an awful cold wind, and camped near a beaver dam. I cut off 3 stumps gnawed by beavers as specimens. Fine.

FRIDAY 4. We travelled 18 miles, and camped in a hollow. In the middle of the night we were roused by the guard, who said there were Indians about, for they had seen a small fire on a hill near. We lay awake till morning, expecting to be fired at but nothing happened, and in the morning we found that the stump of a tree had been burning, which we supposed had been set a fire by some one, a day or two before. Fine.

SATURDAY 5. We travelled 22 miles through Shield's River Valley and Flathead Pass, into the Gallatin Valley, where we camped. We heard afterwards that two tribes of Indians had observed us go through Shield's River Valley, and that they were some of the worst Indians. Fine.

SUNDAY 6. We lay over today and I rode with Steve to get some potatoes, about 6 miles. Fine.

MONDAY 7. We travelled 20 miles, across Gallatin Valley, and camped on the Horse-Shoe bend of the Missouri about 4200 miles from its junction with the Mississippi, and about 7000 from its mouth.

TUESDAY 8. We lay over and I did nothing but get a shot at a duck, and miss. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 9. (5 months [from home].) We travelled 5 miles to Gallatin City, and I sent a letter to Mama and Uncle Blackmore. I built myself a wickypup with my gun blanket. Fine.

THURSDAY 10. Lay over. Jack Bean shot 2 chickens and 6 ducks with my shotgun, and we had a stew but among 14 men it didn't go far. Fine.

FRIDAY 11. We travelled 16 miles, and camped on Dry Creek, which we found was wet. We got some butter and 5 dozen eggs of which 2 dozen got smashed, and the rest were eaten at the first round. Fine.

SATURDAY 12. We jogged on about 11 miles and camped on a branch of the East Gallatin, where we had a splendid view of the mountains, on every side of the valley, which looked splendid in the light of the setting sun. Fine.

SUNDAY 13. The last day's travel for the U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories party, about 8 miles. We camped just outside Bozeman, to the sound of the Church going bells. It makes me w[h]istle "God Save the Queen." We got 10 lbs. of meat in town but 11 of us demolished it with 11 lbs. of po-

tatoes, and 5 of onions, with 3 loaves of bread, at one meal. The night was very windy. Fine.

MONDAY 14. (1043 miles). Horse sold. We lay over and I dined with Mr. Wilson and bought some drawers. Some of the party were paid off. I packed my baggage and slept with Sloane in the hotel.

TUESDAY 15. At 2 oc AM the landlord called us, for the coach, so we got up and went downstairs. We started at about 3 oc and had breakfast at 9/30. When we were about 2 miles from Virginia City, the wheel broke off and we turned over. No one was hurt, but a Chinaman who was sitting behind. When we asked him if he was hurt, he said in a doleful manner "no breakee, him sore." Burck,⁴¹ Logan and I walked into Virginia [City] and left all our baggage to be sent after us. We started on and changed coaches at about 1 oc on

Highway Robbery

WEDNESDAY 16. (23 weeks [from home].) There were 6 inside and 8 out, so we were pretty tightly fixed. We changed again during the day, and had more room about 8 oc PM. We were stop[p]ed by highwaymen, and completely cleaned out.⁴² (This was [the] only [thing] of note). We travelled on all right after that and got to Ross's fork at about 9 oc on

Return to Salt Lake City

THURSDAY 17. I slept in Frobels Store, and enjoyed my stretch out tremendously. Fine.

FRIDAY 18. I borrowed a horse and saddle from Fisher and rode over to Fort Hall. I was glad to see all my friends again and they seemed glad to see me. Fine.

41. Adolf Burck, chief topographer of the expedition.

42. In a letter to his mother written at Corinne, Utah, October 27, 1872, Hamp elaborated on the incident. "About 8 oc that evening [October 16] I was asleep when suddenly the coach stopped which woke me up. I was going to look out (for the blinds were down) when I heard some one outside say, 'Put in your head there! Put in your head! & in a little while the voice said again, 'get out one at a time & throw up your hands'' then I knew in an instant that the coach was stopped by *highwaymen*. One of the passengers got out & then I did and all the others followed & stood in a row with their hands over their heads. There were seven of us besides one on the box with the driver & a lady & child inside. When we were outside, I had time to look about & the first thing I saw was a man with a double barrelled shotgun full cocked pointed at the driver & another behind the coach with 2 six barrelled pistols in his hands, casting sheepseyes at the passengers (I think the eyes were rather wolf-in-sheep's-clothing sort of eyes) . . . I took the end nearest the shotgun man so that I could see what he was up to. When we were all out the man with the pistols told the coachman to throw out the treasure

SATURDAY 19. We lay over all today and I read a book from the Fort Library. Fine.

SUNDAY 20. Exactly ditto. Fine.

MONDAY 21. Ditto exactly. Fine.

TUESDAY 22. The wagon left today, and about 8 of the party, otherwise the day was exactly ditto. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 23. (24 weeks.) The rest of the party started today. We had a fine drive to Ross's Fork, full gallop most of the way, and going on two wheels half the time. We got on the coach and I sat on the top outside seat with Jones. We tried to sleep but found it rather difficult. We nearly turned over several times and once I seized hold of a fellow's hair who was sitting just below me. We travelled all night without sleep, and picked up 3 fellows on the road, so we had nine inside and six out. Fine.

THURSDAY 24. We got to Corinne about 12 P.M. Raining hard. There were no beds to be had so we slept between our own wet blankets and did very well. Finish.

FRIDAY 25. Loafed about the town and hotel all day and did nothing. Fine.

SATURDAY 26. I did nothing all day, but in the evening the city merchants gave Dr. Hayden a supper, and I managed to get in. We had champagne and speeches, of which the speeches were the best. It was good fun altogether. I was a small hero, on account of the stage robbery, and very nearly had to make a speech, but luckily Logan was there so he did it. We broke up about 2 Am on. (Fine).

SUNDAY 27. Morning, at 11 AM I went to church and had the best sermon I ever heard, by Bishop Tuttle on geology, theology, etc, and their comparison to the Bible generally.

boxes which he did, (the treasure boxes contain money or gold dust generally). He then took a small hachet he had with him and split them open put there was nothing in [them]. Then he came to us & searched us. He began with me, he first took out my watch but he only looked at it & put it back & said he didn't want it. Then he felt in my other pockets & found a leather case in which I had \$8 & all my letters. I told him there was only \$8 in it & he said if he thought so he would give it me back. I asked him to look inside but he wouldn't. He asked me what I had been doing as I only had \$8 so I told him I was travelling with another fellow. I had 2 £ [pound] 5 s [hillings] notes in my watch pocket which he didn't find. Then he searched the others & got from the 1st \$300, 2nd \$2400, 3rd \$4000, 4th \$150, 5th \$0, from the man on the box they got \$150. The man who lost none had handed his purse to the lady as he got out & as she wasn't searched he saved it. They then took the candle out of the coach lamp & searched inside the coach. The man on the box had a bottle of whiskey, which the robbers took from him & handed round for the passengers to drink. I took some just for the joke of it & because I was cold with standing out with my hands up . . . Fancy such a thing as a highway-robbers in England."

I went to the house of a gentleman named Walt Stein, who the a western "pote." The rest of the day was a blank. Fine.

MONDAY 28. Some of us went to Ogden, where to my exceeding pleasure I met my old and faithful chum Spencer. We immediately tackled on to each other and went and bought myself a pair of bags \$10. In the evening we went to hear a miserable set of minstrels. Then we went to bed and lay awake talking till 3 oc in the morning. Spencer said that Mr. Langford showed our "pome" to Walt Stein, who said it showed a great deal of talent.

TUESDAY 29. We had a kuple of photoes taken today just to remember each other by. I got a telegram from Blackwell to tell me to go to Salt Lake that night.⁴³ I met Mr. Langford at the station, and saw the last of my amicable Spencer, but I daresay I'll see him again some day. I got all right to the City and found the Walker House, and some supper, and the Doctor, and bed, and sleep. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 30. (25 weeks [from home].) We got up, and went down, and found Blackwell at 5 oc AM. We started for Ophir. It was aufully cold at first, but got warmer afterwards. The horses ran away down a steep canon but we didn't turn over. We had a splendid English dinner at Blackwell's house. I had an aufully creaky bed but slept well. Fine.

THURSDAY 31. We went out to see the "Miner's Delight" mine, belonging to an English company, of which Blackwill is manager. We went all over it with candles in our hands. It seems pretty rich, but they want a mill for the ore. We had a good supper and went to bed. Fine.

FRIDAY, NOV. 1. We went back to Salt Lake today, and I wrote a letter to Mother and one to Nell, and sent a few photos back. I bought a book of Mormon. I saw Dr. [Reagles] who gave me an Indian bow and two arrows, and a wicker water bottle for Uncle.

Return Journey to England

SATURDAY 2. We went to Ogden today, but were to[o] late to get my baggage, so I told the Hotel men to express it to Omaha. We took a sleeping berth and travelled all night. Fine.

SUNDAY 3. We travelled all day,⁴⁴ and slept again on board, and fed in the dining car. Fine.

MONDAY 4. We got to Omaha. It was aufully dirty so I didn't get out. Fine.

43. Blackwell was William Blackmore's Utah agent as well as manager of the Emma and Ophir mine properties.

44. Dr. F. V. Hayden and Hamp.

TUESDAY 5. I saw Charley Campbell,⁴⁵ and went with him all over the town. They have got a splendid railway bridge over the Missouri. My baggage came from Ogden and we went off again at about 2 PM and slept on the car. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 6. (26 weeks [from home].) We got to Chicago, and had to carry our baggage to the hotel as there were no horses. I went with the doctor to see General Sheridan. We started again in the evening for Philadelphia. Fine.

THURSDAY 7. We travelled all day and night again. Fine.

FRIDAY 8. (6 months) We arrived in Philadelphia today and I got separated from the Doctor, and had to find the house myself which I did without much trouble. I was introduced to the whole family and got on all right immediately. Fine.

SATURDAY 9. I went about the town, and saw some pictures, and a jewelry store.

SUNDAY 10. I went to church, and was introduced to the parson, a full thin service. No standing except for the last hymn and no prayer books. Rather nice for a change. Fine.

MONDAY 11. I saw General Mead's funeral and General Grant, plenty of regulars and militia, and Gerard Colledge. I dined with Adams. Fine.

TUESDAY 12. Raining. Packed Dr. Hayden's books, and left Philadelphia at about 8 PM and travelled all night. Philadelphia is a very nice town as far as I could see it, but the horses were all sick so I couldn't go about very much.

WEDNESDAY 13. (27 weeks [from home].) We got to Washington at 2 AM and had breakfast at the Doctor's house. I went down to the office, and saw a good many of my friends. I went up to the Capitol to see Moran's picture of the Yellowstone. I got my trunk from Denver and gave them a bonus [?] in the evening. I telegraphed for a berth on board the Canada, and got No. 64. Fine.

THURSDAY 14. I got some photos which I packed up and waited for the morrow. Fine.

FRIDAY 15. Checked my baggage, bought my ticket, took leave of all my friends and departed, by night train for New York all alone.

SATURDAY 16. Got to N. Y. at 10 AM, and went straight on board. My boxes came in about half an hour, and I got a quarter master to help me get them on board for which I tipped him. I got some breakfast at about 12, in a sailor's dining room and then went on board again. At about 2 PM the passengers came on board, and after plenty of leave takings, and female blub[b]erings, we started. We had dinner at 4, and

45. Charles R. Campbell, one of the three youths of the expedition, had been assistant to photographer William Henry Jackson.

tea at 7. After tea I went on deck to get a last look at America, but all I could see, was a black mist like a cloud.—Fine.

Now begins my Sea Voyage back again.

SUNDAY 17. I was just sick a bit by way of trial, but not badly, in the morning, and in the evening I tried again but it came to nothing much. My cabin companion is a fat Belgian. Fine.

MONDAY 18. Nothing particular. Well. Fine.

TUESDAY 19. Ditto. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 20. (28 weeks [from home].) Windy. Otherwise ditto.

THURSDAY 21. (Wet.) Awfully rough. Big gale. We rolled about awfully, and lots of plates were smashed, and one boat smashed.

FRIDAY 22. Hurricane. Rough as blazes. Wet.

SATURDAY 23. Gale, Rough as blazes. Wet.

SUNDAY 24. Gale, Rough as blazes. Wet.

MONDAY 25. Calmer. Play chess. Fine.

TUESDAY 26. See the lights off Ireland. Great expectations. Fine.

WEDNESDAY 27. (29 weeks [from home].) Got into Cork at 5 AM. I got up to see the pilot come on board but got into bed again, and went to sleep before we started. The color of the water changed from blue to green, we lost sight of the coast again in the evening. Fine.

THURSDAY 30. We landed at 7/30 and started by train at 1/30, and got home ab[out] 7/30 PM, amid great rejoicings, and unpackings, bathing and laughing, questions, and answers, &c. &c. &c.

So end the adventures,

During the space of 6 months, 26 days.

Sidford Fred Hamp
Ashburnham Rd.
Bedford.
England.

PRESS ON WHEELS

By Burton DeLoney*

Personal journalism in the raw.

Such might be an all inclusive description of the "pioneer newspaper of the plains," the first paper to be published in Laramie, one of the first in Wyoming, the *Frontier Index*, which ground out the news of the day during the momentous years of 1865 through 1868.

A study of the *Index*, whose brief and noisy career started in Fort Kearney, Nebraska, in '65¹ and continued until November 20, '68, when its type and presses were destroyed by the lawlessness it so adequately reported and so severely condemned, is indeed a study in personal journalism in which no holds are barred and in which nothing is left to innuendo or imagination if words could be mustered to convey plain meaning.

The writer recently had occasion to study films of the only remaining copies of the journal as a history project at the Uni-

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Burton DeLoney, director of the Student Union Building at the University of Wyoming, was born January 8, 1915. He is the son of Nephi J. and Mary DeLoney. Following his graduation from the University of Wyoming in 1938, he was employed as a newspaperman at Jackson, Laramie and Cheyenne, assuming his present position in March 1939. On January 24, 1939, he was married to Helen Jay at Ames, Iowa. They have one son, John Burton. Mr. DeLoney is a member of the Rotary Club of Laramie.

1. A paragraph in the Aug. 11, 1868, issue of the *Index* printed under the dateline of Green River City says: "This is the 7th railroad town we have been at since we opened up at Kearney in '65."

In an article "Pioneer Printing in Wyoming," published in the Vol. 9, No. 3 edition of the ANNALS OF WYOMING, p. 732, Douglas C. McMurtrie writes:

"The *Frontier Index* traces its history to the Fort Kearney, Nebraska, *Herald*, established in June, 1862, by Moses H. Sydenham. He obtained a press from Boston and other materials from Chicago for the establishment of his office, the second in western Nebraska. The *Herald* was published only for the purpose of attracting attention to the western country. After continuing his paper for about six months, Sydenham sold it to Seth P. Mobley, a soldier in the Seventh Iowa Cavalry at Fort Kearney and a man named Brundage, then telegraph operator at the fort. After the war Leigh R. Freeman succeeded Brundage as telegraph operator, and Freeman, with his brother, also acquired the press. They discontinued the *Herald* and began the *Frontier Index*, issued from Adobe Town or Kearney City."

versity of Wyoming.² The original copies are in the Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley. These copies start with the March 6, 1868, issue at Fort Sanders, Dakota Territory, and continue to the edition of November 17, 1868, when the editor takes issue with the hoodlums of Bear River City.

The paper does much more than reflect the interesting personalities of its editors and publishers, The Freeman Brothers, Fred K. and Legh R.³ It reports one of the most interesting chapters of the West. In its columns are a week-by-week account of the building of the railroad which was within a short time to bring an end to Indian troubles, draw population and prosperity to the West and forever end the myth of the Great American Desert. Its one-column local items give a more intimate picture of the life and times of the period than many of the well polished phrases of historians. Every issue is drama-packed in the simple reporting of life on the frontier. Death by violence was so commonplace as to receive no more than mere mention.

This news content, mixed with a vigorous editorial policy which the editors did not separate from news reporting, makes this journal most highly interesting. By contrast the most vociferous and colorful of our modern Wyoming journals seem to have the qualities of milk toast.

As a practical matter, the *Frontier Index* was unique among newspapers. In the first place, during its life, its vanguard edition was published at eight different places before its rude

2. The earliest extant copy of the *Frontier Index* was published at Julesburg, Colorado, in July 1867. The copy is volume 1, number 16. It is framed and on display in the Union Pacific Historical Museum at Omaha. It carried a note on page three: "The Index is one day behind time, on account of waiting for our printing paper to come, but we are at least disappointed, and compelled to issue on brown wrapping paper or none at all." *Ibid.*

The Bancroft file contains the following numbers: March 6 and 24, 1868, published at Fort Sanders, D. T.; April 21 to July 7, 1868, published at Laramie City, D. T.; August 11 to 21, 1868, published at Green River City, D. T.; August 25 to October 13, 1868, published at Green River City, Wyoming; and October 30 to November 17, 1868, published at Bear River City, Wyoming.

3. The name of Legh R. Freeman has been variously spelled. However, in all issues of the Bancroft file it is spelled as it appears in this article.

According to McMurtrie, the Freemans were Virginians. Legh R. at least had served with the Confederate forces during the Civil War, and both brothers were "Democrats of the strongest secessionist kind."

demise at Bear River City.⁴ At one time, in late July and August, 1868, editions were being published simultaneously at Green River and Benton, which was quite a boom town in its day near the present site of Fort Steele. The *Index* has been referred to in Wyoming histories as a daily newspaper. However, there is no evidence to support this claim. The Freemans on several occasions promised to change from a semi-weekly to a daily but never did do so.⁵ In the papers studied, Fred K. Freeman was home editor at Laramie and Legh R. served as a traveling correspondent. However, after the vanguard edition moved to Green River, Legh R. was editor of the editions studied, Fred remaining in Laramie, later indulging in territorial politics.⁶ The editors called their paper "the press on wheels," an appropriate name since part of its equipment was moved by wagon to advanced points on the Union Pacific grade where there were promises of settlement and business.

The *Index* was more than merely a colorful local newspaper. The advertising carried, the breadth of news content and national interest in the progress of the railroad would indicate that it was of considerable importance. Nearly every edition carried a full page of advertising from various business houses in Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco, as well as from new towns along the railroad. Though certainly not audited, the claim of its circulation at its peak (both the Green River City and Benton editions) was 15,000 with coverage of the entire west.

Hand-spiked, the paper's typography was clear and its makeup and arrangement of advertising neat. It was six columns, tabloid size, each edition of the semi-weekly containing

4. Published first at one place and then another, the *Frontier Index* has a decidedly elusive history. However, from references in the Baneroff file it is evident that the paper was published at Laramie, Benton, Green River and Bear River City in Wyoming.

McMurtrie's study further establishes that it was published at Fort Kearney, Plum Creek, and North Platte in Nebraska and Julesburg in Colorado. See McMurtrie, *loc. cit.*, Note 11, pp. 736-37.

5. In the August 11 issue at Green River City, Legh Freeman writes: "We have another brand new office with a power press with our Benton edition, and whenever the business of this place demands it we will have the whole of it come here and then start a daily paper." Previously Fred K. Freeman had promised Laramie a daily paper when business warranted it.

6. While there are several references to the Freemans starting another paper in Laramie after the Laramie plant was shipped to Benton, there is no evidence that the plan materialized. In the Sept. 4 *Index*, a column of correspondence from Laramie includes the remark: "Freeman and Brother are fitting up a new printing office in Laramie City for another permanent Democratic paper edited after the style of the *Frontier Index*."

McMurtrie says that after the *Frontier Index* left Laramie in the summer of 1868 there was no other press there until May 1869, when the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* was begun by N. A. Baker, a pioneer of the printing art in Wyoming.

four pages. As supplies were expensive and hard to get, all of the news was boiled down. Nevertheless, an edition's offering included a lengthy letter on some area of the West by one of its correspondents; short items of national news by telegraph; local news; a few clippings from exchanges; considerable advertising; and editorials. Editorial comment more often than not was injected in the reporting of news. A unique feature was the listing of unclaimed mail available at the local postoffice. It boasted equipment and supplies that prepared it "to compete with any office west of Chicago and St. Louis." The subscription rate was \$3 quarterly, \$10 annually, when it was published Tuesdays and Fridays at Laramie. Before the year was over rates were boosted to \$4 quarterly.

Before taking a more intimate look into the columns of the *Index* it might be well to study the historical backdrop against which the interesting news and editorial comments appear. By the spring of '68 the rails of the Union Pacific were being laid down the west side of Sherman Hill and before the year was over an all-time record of railroad building was to be attained. The Indians were a constant nuisance with Red Cloud and his allies having won the treaty of '68 in which the Bozeman Road was abandoned and the Whites told to stay out of the Powder River country. The Reconstruction Republicans were in the saddle in Washington. The area which was to become the Territory of Wyoming was about to kick off its swaddling clothes and disclaim connection with Dakota Territory. The Mormons still were in disrepute in the East. And the common complaint among westerners was that the eastern law makers had little understanding of the west and its problems.

This background should readily explain the bold platform of the *Index*:

"THE FRONTIER INDEX

"The Pioneer paper of the Plains—of the successive terminal towns of the Union Pacific Railroad—as the gigantic continental thoroughfare progresses westward! And of the Territory of Wyoming! [Legally there was no such thing yet].

"Our travelling correspondents and agents have extended the circulation throughout Montana, Idaho, Utah, Aztec, Arizona, California, Nevada, Wyoming, Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, New Mexico, Nebraska, Kansas, and the East and the South!!!

"It is found in the reading rooms of every ranch throughout the West!!!

"It is the only "Gentile" paper that is conducted in such a conciliatory manner as to have secured a general circulation among the widespread business element of the Mormons!!!

"It does not advocate sending an army of "spoonies" to plunder and lay waste the peaceful mountain homes—ravish the women; and entail starvation upon the orphaned children of an harmonious brotherhood—a brotherhood which has converted a savage sagebrush desert into the happiest community in America!!!!

"As the emblem of American Liberty, The Frontier Index is now perched upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains; flaps its wings over the great West, and screams forth in thunder and lightning tones the principals of the unterrified anti-Nigger, anti-Chinese, anti-Indian party—Masonic Democracy!!!!!"⁷

"Screams forth in thunder and lightning tones" was no overstatement. If the Editors Freeman were against something, they were really against it. On the contrary, if they were for something, their enthusiasm and descriptions hardly could be called restrained. The anti-comment was levelled largely at the Republicans, Republican Reconstruction policy, the army and Indian policy. The pro-comment was on the possibilities of the West and its new railroad communities.

For example, when, after the *Index* had assailed Grant all summer, using such epithets as "Useless Slaughter" and "Horse Useless" in place of Ulysses S., the election went Republican, keen disappointment and great contempt were summarized in the headline:

**"GRANT AND COLFAX ELECTED—
THE COUNTRY GONE TO—HALLIFAX"**

A sample of the editor's views on the Indian policy of the time can be seen from a paragraph in the issue of March 6:

"The Indian agent at Fort Phil Kearney has supplied the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians with enough to kill every white now in the Powder River country. How long will it take to make peace or subdue the Indians by pursuing this miserable and criminal policy?"

But, as caustic as the comment was on general issues, it took a good personal battle to bring out the best in the Freemans.

One gathers from reading the *Index* that while it was being published at Fort Sanders, just out of Laramie, the editor, Fred K. Freeman, did not get along well with the commanding officer of the fort, General Gibbon. At any rate, as soon as the date lines of the paper show the location of Laramie City, fireworks begin and continue until the brother, Legh R., takes over the editorship at Green River. We read:

"While the Frontier Index was at Fort Sanders it did not devote every paragraph and column to Gen. Gibbon and his brass buttons; therefore, we were not deemed worthy of the privilege of remaining within the bounds of the military reservation and having access to the government (?) beer saloon. Our building at the fort which we paid General Gibbon for—at his own price—has been defamed by putting a "post fund" beer saloon and a private (post fund) restaurant in it. Shame—what a shame! All right, Gen. Gibbon is a tooth and toenail Grantman; wait will you, until Pendleton gets into the U. S. wagon—we'll make somebody howl."

7. All quoted material has been copied verbatim; words in brackets within excerpts have been added by the author.

And then four days later:

"... So long as General Gibbon or any other military agent is a public servant, hired by the U. S. government, we shall, while our bazoo is left unmuzzled, talk of General G's flagrant errors, and of the beauties of spring "or any other man", regardless of consequences, let them be what they may!

"... General Gibbon's bridge across Laramie River, built by the government, is an imposition upon taxpayers; the idea of charging \$2 a team for one single team going over that bridge—sixty or eighty yards long! Feeding sheep upon a government reservation and fining citizens for doing the same. Taking in a big income from his beer saloon (in the old Frontier Index office) from the soldiers—poor soliders! That restaurant in the backrooms of the Frontier Index office—does it bring in \$40 a month? Oh, what a big thing it is to embrace Grant—” jest “to hug him for old acquaintance sake. We are out of luck. Grant is too much nigger—too much G.A.R. for us!”

The outcome of these skirmishes is not reported in the available editions of the *Index*.

While the editorial comment was generally strong and hardly without prejudice, much of it was sober and definitely reflected an understanding of the problems of the West. The Freemans were great boosters, although not without an eye to profit. They operated a real estate business which they called "Business on Wheels." At Laramie City, Fred K. cautioned "non-property holders and high flyers . . . to refrain from trying to organize and incorporate the town until the property owners and business men" arrived; he consistently supported law and order and urged adequate policing, and took an active interest in territorial politics. Legh R. is credited by the Historian C. G. Coutant with having done more than any other man in popularizing the name "Wyoming" for what was then the western part of Dakota territory. He continually referred to Wyoming Territory, and Coutant says "there is no doubt that such editorial work had its effect on the people in this country and those who afterwards inserted the name in the bill creating Wyoming Territory."⁸

Interesting as these pioneer editors were in editorial frankness, their business methods too seem sharp in the light of modern methods. The Freemans were able and enterprising. Their paper carried advertising from major supply centers, Chicago and Omaha on the East, San Francisco, Salt Lake City on the West, as well as from the many towns along the new railroad. The percentage of advertising to news was always heavily in favor of the former. Advertising sold at \$22 a column per week. Advertising was carried on page one. Remarks of the editor

8. Coutant, C. G., *History of Wyoming*, Chaplin, Spafford & Mathison, Printers, Laramie, Wyoming, 1899, pp. 621-22.

would indicate, however, that the most profitable department was in job printing.

Business policy required "transient advertising be paid in advance" and "no advertisement from the states be inserted without the cash (at advertised rates) accompanying the order, unless from one of the regular authorized agents."

Paragraphs on the worth of advertising took this typical slant:

"He who is too mean and illiberal to advertise in his local paper, is too too mean and illiberal to give you a bargain."

Or:

"... If you intend or want to go to kingdom come decently don't for God's sake try to bamboozle the editor of this paper into a gratis puff. Bamboozles are played, we're chock full of them. Our stomach is weak and no more will digest. We can't scratch your back unless you scratch ours. Advertise and you'll sleep well; pay us for writing and you'll get rich; support the paper and you'll die happy and suddenly, thereby saving a doctor's bill."

A singular method of bill collection is worth noting:

"A certain erratic firm in town possessed themselves of a job of printing in a slight of hand way, some time since, and if the party does not come forward and settle the bill without further trouble, we will publish the name in next Friday's issue."

An interesting approach to circulation promotion is seen in the squib:

"Any young lady who will send us a club of six new subscribers, we will either marry her ourself, or use our prevailing endeavors on the young man of her choice. We have blank licenses on hand for the purpose already signed. Nothing to do but call on the parson."

The advertising carried in the various editions of the *Index* is typical of the period, with some over-statement, but with nothing to compare with modern appeals. The various needs of frontier people are well in mind with coal oil lamps, lanterns, carbines, etc., offered for sale in simple language. Of course, in terms of modern display advertising the ad layouts are crowded and unattractive. The most interesting aspect of *Index* advertising is the wide territory from which it was drawn.

Like other departments, the ads, too, have the unusual. For example, an endorsement for a physician was carried as follows:

June 19, 1868
Wyoming City

"This is to certify that having met with misfortune of having my left jaw broken in two places while in the employ of the U. P. R. R., the medical attention received from Dr. J. N. Cunningham prompts me to recommend him to the community as an efficient physician and surgeon.
W. C. ARMSTRONG."

Interesting as is the *Frontier Index* as a newspaper in itself, perhaps the most enjoyment from perusing this old journal is found in the interesting insight into the life and times of the period its columns give.

As the historians have recorded, private enterprise kept pace with the operations of the railroad company as the rails stretched westward. Town building, in advance of the rails, was very popular with a large number of enterprising men, but many of these were doomed to disappointment. The railroad company naturally preferred to lay out towns on railroad land, without much regard for the wishes of independent town builders. Inside information as to where the various repair shops and maintenance units were to be placed was at a premium. The Freemans usually claimed to have this information, although one suspects that their real estate business might have prompted them to exaggerate their foreknowledge. At any rate, advertising in the *Index* on prospective railroad centers, and editorial comment amply testify to the keen competition between the embryo towns, a competition which today sees a hangover on the high school gridiron.

For example, three days before the rails reached Laramie City on the afternoon of May 8, the *Index* wrote:

"The Frontier Index, which has been keeping pace with the progress of the great U. P. R. R. for the last two years, is now anchored at Laramie City . . . The "press on wheels" . . . will be the advance guard of the new commonwealth, and all croakers and one idea organs such as Shian squirts [refers to the Cheyenne papers] had better lie low, else they will get scooped."

Previously, while the plant was still at Fort Sanders, the paper's date line was carried as Laramie City from Tuesday, April 21. Fred K. Freeman, editor at Laramie, showed an early affection for the city. His editorial of the 21st was as follows:

"THE CITY OF THE PLAINS"

"We have it—Laramie City; it has jumped into existence. The railroad towns between Omaha and the Rocky Mountains which have been built up within the last two years, are alive and flourishing, but none of them have one-hundredth part of the natural advantages that Laramie boasts of. Look yonder . . . timber . . . iron and copper . . . coal cropping out . . . splendid beds of gypsum . . . positive prospects of rich gold and silver mines . . . attractive farming lands . . . How can Laramie get around being a permanent town of much wealth and extensive growth? There is no possible way to dodge it; it will prosper and become the pride of western people. Here we will have large manufactories, rolling mills, quartz mills, saw mills, planing mills, besides many other outside improvements; besides railroad machine shops, round houses, car houses, warehouses, etc., etc., where the U.P.R.R. will be compelled to build at this point.

"Do you ask why it is necessary to put up all of these conveniences and facilities at Laramie? We answer it is the most suitable location

on the road, and the only natural inexhaustible locality between the Missouri River and Salt Lake.

. . .

"Laramie City has commenced its bold and promising career. The young Nineveh is already lifting its steeples high above the encompassing mountain chains, and will, in a few weeks, look definitely over the crumbling peaks, and beckon eastern emigration—by thousands, now searching new western homes—to come hither and shake hands with freedom and fortune.

"Laramie, beyond all question of doubt, is the great interior railroad town."

Whether it was Freeman's enthusiasm or the common sense in his remarks that served as the inducement we have no way of telling, but at any rate an article of the issue of April 28, reads:

"... Everybody Buying Lots . . . Its growth [Laramie's] is more than wonderful. The town is only a week old, and—think of it—there are already over a thousand lots taken. The cry from morning to night is lots, lots. W. B. Bent, the indefatigable real estate agent of the U. P. R. R. has some eager buyer tugging at his coattail from daylight to dark; one wants to know the price of this lot; another says he must have the corner lot; another insists upon having the inside lots what have been bought and paid for.

. . .

"The cat is now out of the bag. The great interior railroad town is a fixed fact. Laramie is to be the half-way Chicago between Omaha and Salt Lake."

The *Index* records in its issue of May 5 that "Laramie City is but two weeks old and already contains a population of two thousand inhabitants."

While in his issue of May 5 Freeman discourages organizing the new city until the property owners arrive, by June 16 he writes in favor of such a move. Apparently a previous attempt to organize the city had proved abortive, for in the issue of June 12 M. C. Brown, who later was to preside at the Wyoming constitutional convention, publishes a notice of resignation of the mayoralty, indicating that in consideration "of the incompetency of many of the officers" he was unable to administer the city government in accordance with the necessities of the state.

Meanwhile, Laramie became a bustling little city, and Freeman took great delight in telling of the fact to his colleagues of the Cheyenne fourth estate. Referring to Cheyenne, (toward which city Freeman held a cordial contempt), Freeman wrote:

"... She is solely dependant for her future greatness upon the Denver branch road. The upper forts are to be abandoned and the "Magie City" becomes a Denver junction: six months hence Shian will be composed of two saloons, two dance houses—and another saloon! How are you Shian? Say Mr. Leader [refers to Cheyenne Leader] two large

railroad warehouses are going up near our office. Two hundred private business houses are being built around the Index office. We have the music of hammer and saw both morning and night . . ."

Or again:

"The [Cheyenne] Argus, Leader, and Star have for five months been saying "fiddlesticks—Laramie City—"; we say fiddlesticks Shian; How are you fiddlesticks!"

The volume of business the new railhead was to do can be seen in other items:

"Mule and Ox teams are pouring in from the Missouri River and far West to load freight for Salt Lake, Virginia City, and Helena. Laramie is unto a beehive."

"Eighty thousand [Mormon] emigrants to arrive next month—to disembark from train at Laramie to wagon trains."

However, the vanguard edition of the *Index* was not long to be published in Laramie. It was to push on. The Freemans' enterprise in keeping up with the railroad is seen in the item of June 2, which also reveals how rapidly towns mushroomed and also what type of business was first to be at a new location.

The item:

"North Platte crossing is quite a burg. A gentleman tells us there are 60 outfitting houses, ten dance halls and 200 saloons there. Next week the Index will be adding a printing office to the place."⁹

Of course throughout the summer of '68 there was much speculation as to what point was to be the "big winter town" when the snows would slow down and perhaps halt construction. Private individuals selected Green River as the place to build an important city. In July, according to Coutant, the town was laid out, lots sold, houses built and by September two thousand inhabitants occupied the place. When the railroad reached that point, however, the company bridged the river and went on without paying the least attention to the enterprising town-lot speculators who expected to make money by forcing the company to recognize a large town. Years before this, there had been an important trading station at this place, it being an old emigrant crossing.¹⁰

The first *Index* edition to be published under a Green River City date line was on August 11. That the Freemans also expected the place to boom is indicated in this first edition:

9. There is no evidence that the plant was moved as this article indicated. The next reference to the move to Benton came in early July and by late July the Laramie plant was moved there. It is difficult to check the movements of the *Index* because the Freemans' enthusiasm sometimes leads to over statement.

10. Coutant, pp. 682-683.

"We have another brand new office with a power press, with our Benton edition, and whenever the business of this place demands it, we will have the whole of it come on here and then start a daily paper."

"The company certainly intends to build round houses and machine shops here. This is a natural point. God Almighty made it so and the railroad company does not propose to unmake it."

That Green River City was quite a well organized town by the time the *Index* set up shop there is indicated by the first chapter of city ordinances published in the first edition. The ordinances included penalties and fines for: carrying concealed weapons in the city limits; shooting in the city limits; appearing on the streets or in public places in a drunken condition; disturbing the peace and fighting; indecent public exposure.

An eloquent commentary on the spirit of the times is apparent in the fact that the very next issue of the *Index* followed with a new and additional ordinance making it "unlawful to resist an officer in the discharge of his lawful duties."

Legh R. Freeman, who became editor of the vanguard edition of the *Index* at Green River City, showed the same enthusiasm for the town that his brother, Fred, had for Laramie.

Soon, however, everyone was again on the move and with them the *Index*. The rush next was to Bryan, from which station a stage was to run to South Pass. Ads in the *Index* boasted that "Bryan, the winter town of the U. P. R. R. on the Black's Fork . . . will unquestionable be THE BEST TOWN for trade between Omaha and Salt Lake City." The ads were signed by a U. P. real estate agent.

Bryan promised well, but somehow those who had so often been disappointed had little faith in its future and when a new town was announced on Bear River most of the people stampeded to that point.

On September 29, Freeman wrote:

"OFF FOR BEAR RIVER

"There is a perfect stampede for the railroad crossing of Bear River. Because of Echo tunnel, the divide between Bear River and Weber river with detained track laying all winter, the mouth of Sulphur Creek on Bear River is the place where wholesale houses will locate in the shape of a winter town, the great winter metropolis—the Shian No. 2."

By October 13 the first edition of the *Index* under a Bear River City date line was printed. And Freeman was boasting the virtues of this new location as had been done by the "press on wheels" so many times previously. Freeman's eloquence soon was to bring about his plant's destruction, but before relating the final days of this rare product of the frontier, your reviewer would like to recount a selected group of paragraphs which give an intimate glimpse of life of the times.

Like any other small town newspaper, the *Index* carried many personal and other paragraphs. To the writer these were the most interesting reading of the papers.

A sample of the ingenuity of the pioneer ranchmen is revealed in the item of March 6, Fort Sanders, Dakota Territory:

"A ranchman living three hundred miles west of us, sent his babe, one year old, to Sanders yesterday, by express to have its picture taken—Mr. Joseph Hughes express agent had the picture taken and returned the "ungun" this a. m. to its parents, safe and sound, "right side Up."

And in the same issue something of frontier military life is shown in the paragraph:

"Three soldiers—deserters—who were sentenced by court martial to have their heads shaved, the letter "D" branded on the right hip, in indellible ink and drummed out of the fort were made to feel the sentence on last Tuesday. It was a novel performance—to see them drummed out of camp."

There were few society items in the *Index*. One published at Fort Sanders shows typical Freeman treatment:

"PERSONAL AND MATRIMONIAL

"Major Lou Lowry—one of the post traders at Sanders—has just returned with his Pennsylvania bride and we must be permitted to say that L. L. has displayed fine taste and good sound sense in his selection of a "life long companion." Numerous friends greeted the happy couple on arrival.

"Captain R. T. Beart and wife gave them a hearty welcome at their house on Friday last. Mrs. B. understands how to make her guests feel at home. She entertains a house full with as much ease as Mrs. James Gordon Bennett would one person . . . The supper was perfectly splendid."

Another *Index* comment on matrimony:

"A western editor remarks that he is glad to receive marriage notices but requests that they be sent soon after the ceremony and before the divorce is applied for. He had several notices spoiled in this way."

That life was cheap is evident in the treatment of news of death by violence. No killing or accident received any more attention than one paragraph mention.

For Example:

March 6:

"ITEMS FROM THE U. P. R. R. GRADE

"On Sunday night, one man at Creighton's camp was shot through his room window, while preparing to retire, by some outside enemy, and instantly killed. Suspicion rests upon one of the laborers.

"At Reynolds and Dowling Camp, on Monday evening, one man was blown up and killed and another wounded while blasting rock in

one of the cuts, on the same day, one man was severely wounded at Miller and Patterson's camp by a piece of Blasted rock.

"(For these items we are indebted to Drs. Caldor and Finrock, our untiring day and night physicians)"

Or again on June 9:

"Two men at Wyoming Station, named Peter Reed and Henry Nabbs, decided to fight a duel on Saturday evening last to settle a dispute; each fired four rounds in quick succession, when Nabbs dropped dead, being shot three times."

Even though life in this period of railroad building must have been vigorous, to put it mildly, one wonders if the story by Fred K. Freeman about newspaper correspondents from the East might not explain some of the wildest tales of the woolly West.

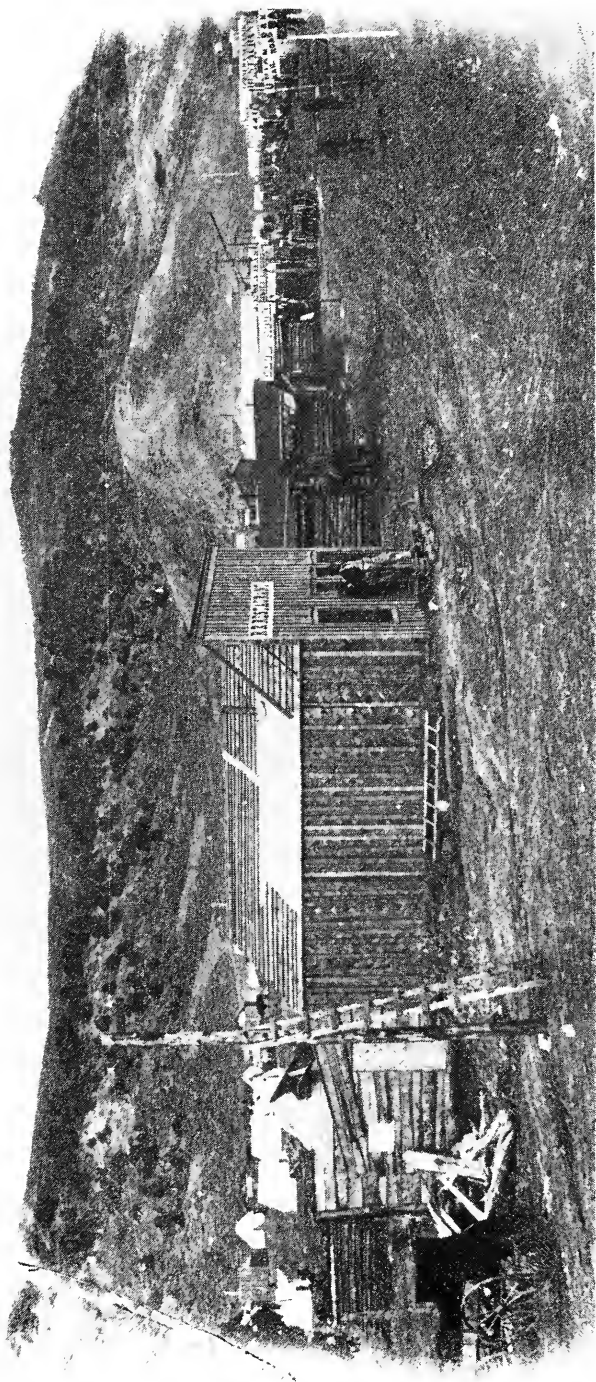
In his issue of June 23, Freeman wrote:

"It is certainly amusing to read accounts of Laramie City written by excursionists and correspondents after their return to the East. These unsophisticated, flannel mouthed devils, when they come here think they know it all; when the fact is, they don't know as much as 'a last year's bird nest with the bottom punched out;' but they invariably go away after having 'danced to the tune of three or four hundred dollars' very wise. They are never satisfied with losing a hundred or two at *faro* or three card monte, but must visit some of the dance houses and squander as much more in treating the 'fair and frail' girls to wine, whisky, and other such beastly fodder; and when they return to their senses and find out how nicely they were inveigled while intoxicated, their indignation knows no bounds—hence the terrible name they give our city."

But the laying of the rails was to revolutionize life in the West, and many of the interesting aspects of the frontier life were soon to pass out of the picture. As early as June 9, 1868, Freeman complained "We haven't had any fresh buffalo meat since we left Julesburg."

But back to the final days of the *Frontier Index*. As your reviewer previously mentioned, Legh R. Freeman was publishing his paper in Bear River City by October 13. He continued in his usual manner of boosting the town, booming business, cursing the Republicans, cultivating his Mormon subscribers and laying low the unruly element of the new railroad outpost.

Contant records that by early November Bear River City contained a large population composed mostly of the rough element and as a consequence robbery and murder were frequent. The better element in the town finally made an effort to overawe the lawless and to accomplish this a vigilance committee was formed and arrests were made, prisoners being locked up in a temporary jail which had been provided. On Tuesday night, November 11, three were hanged.



Courtesy of Mr. J. E. Stinson

BEAR RIVER CITY, WYOMING, ABOUT 1868

Freeman apparently was given credit for engineering the hangings, for in his issue of Friday, November 13, he wrote:

“CHIEF OF THE VIGILANTES

“It has been whispered through this community that we are ‘Chief of the Vigilantes.’ The report was first instigated by one Charles Stebbins whom we advertised for failure to pay us a bill for job work delivered to him and for refusing to redeem check tickets which he passed upon our carrier. We have never been connected with the vigilantes at any time though we do heartily endorse their actions in ridding the community of a set of creatures who are not worthy of the name of men, and who cause our town to be shunned by thousands of honest laborers in the timber and on the railroad grade who would otherwise come here to spend their money and enrich our tradesmen. Little Jack O’Neil, one of the trio hung Tuesday night did, together with a confederate—Jones—knock down horribly mutilate and rob a man in broad daylight in the saloon of Weaver and Bailey on Uintah street and Jimmy Powers (not the clog dancer) was caught in the act of demanding the ‘money or life’ of a man a few nights prior, and Jimmy Reed (not the prize fighter) garroted a party, and had to be badly beaten before he would surrender himself to the officers. Where such open and high handed acts as these are committed every hour of the night or day, by men who follow murder and robbery for a livelihood, we not only justify the people in administering a sure and speedy retribution but we say that we are in favor of hanging several more who are now in our midst.

“It is well known that wherever we have sojourned in the territories, we have opposed violence in any form, and given the common law priority, but when very fiends assume to run our place of publication, there are plenty of men who rather delight in doing the dirty work of hanging without us, as was evidenced Tuesday night, and as will be witnessed again if the ring leaders are found in town by midnight of this Friday, November 13.”

The climax did not come on Friday the 13th, and there was one more issue of the *Index*, the last one, on Tuesday, November 17th, and in this final issue there was only slight reference to the hangings. The seeds of rioting, however, had been sown by Freeman’s remarks of the 13th. Coutant records that the vigilance committee became bolder and wholesale arrests were made. This enraged the rough element and a riot occurred.

“To add to the confusion,” Coutant writes, “the men belonging to the different contractors’ camps on the outside came to town and joined in the riot and were promptly arrested and locked up. On November 20, armed men from the railroad camp came into the town, released all the prisoners confined in the jail and then applied the torch to the building. They next visited the *Frontier Index* office, which paper had boldly proclaimed the necessity of law and order, applied the match and the building and its contents were consumed. The town was abundantly supplied with a police force, but these were helpless in this emergency. The assistance of troops was asked for from Fort Bridger to quell the riot but these did not arrive until 8 o’clock of the morning of the 21st when order was restored. In this riot no one was killed but several were badly injured. Mr. Freeman, the editor of the *Index* was the greatest loser, his newspaper plant being entirely destroyed. This outrage was deeply regretted by all the well meaning people of the

town but there was no redress and so Mr. Freeman was obliged to suffer in silence the loss of his property.'¹¹

Elizabeth Arnold Stone in her *Uinta County Its Place in History* records the following concerning the riot:¹²

"A Frenchman named Alex Topence, who had the contract for furnishing beef . . . rode down to Freeman's and urged the animal on the editor with the advice to "go while the going was good." His counsel was acted upon, and none too soon, for the mob marched across the gully, ransacked the premises and destroyed all of the contents, including the type, and burned the building to the ground.

"Dr. Frank H. Harrison, a young physician who kept pace with the building of the road, kept an office in the town as well as a hospital tent on the Muddy. He was returning from the latter place, where he had been attending some patients, when the picture of Freeman caught his eye. To use the doctor's words: "He was travelling so fast that you could have played checkers on his coattails.", and was making for Fort Bridger to get help."

Thus came the end of the *Frontier Index*, the press on wheels.

At least this riot marked the end of publication in Wyoming. What happened to the Freemans after the destruction of their equipment is uncertain. According to one account they resumed publication of the *Index* and took it across the country to Washington. Another story places them in Montana several years later, with a paper similar to the *Index* but with another name.¹³

11. *History of Wyoming*, p. 683.

12. Stone, Elizabeth Arnold, *Uinta County, Its Place in History*, pp. 83-4.

13. There are many stories on what happened to the *Index*. The most complete record is found in footnote 11 of McMurtrie's account.

JOHN ALEXANDER OSBORNE

June 29, 1866 - December 23, 1935

By Mrs. Meta Osborne*

In the last analysis, History may be defined as the record of principles manifested through personalities. It is men who make history and not history which makes men, although there is an inevitable interplay between character and circumstance. One man succeeds in a certain set of circumstances, wherein another fails. The circumstances are the same but the characters are not, hence the subsequent histories are different.

The subject of this brief history is truly worthy of a place of honor in the records of the pioneers of Wyoming. John Alexander Osborne, the third son and fourth child of Joseph and Janet Osborne, was born on June 29, 1866, on a farm in Plympton Township, County of Lambton, Ontario, Canada. It is an interesting coincidence that this farm was located a little over a mile west of the village of Wyoming.¹ There was, of course, no idea that the child would come to spend the major portion of his life in Wyoming as one of the pioneers of the State and become one of the leading citizens. He attended the district school in school section 41½ until he was twelve years old. After that he attended only about three terms in the winter seasons, being employed on the farm during the remainder of the year.

At the age of sixteen he became an apprentice in a foundry or a machine shop, but being injured in the eye by a piece of steel he was discouraged from further efforts in that direction.

In April 1884 he bade goodbye to Canada and went to western Nebraska to join an older brother who was working on a cattle ranch near the present site of Chadron. Mr. Osborne worked here two years, participating in all the activities associated with ranch life—roundups, branding and trailing stock to Valentine, Nebraska, the nearest shipping point. In the fall of 1885 his duty was to butcher and deliver beef to the construction crews building the railroad from Chadron to Buffalo Gap, South Dakota.

*Mrs. Meta Osborne, widow of Mr. John A. Osborne, compiled this article with the assistance of Mr. V. Lewis, pioneer cowboy, and others. The manuscript was presented to the Wyoming Historical Department by Mr. M. W. Parker of Denver, a close friend of the Osbornes. Mrs. Osborne resides at Buffalo, Wyoming.

1. Located on the Canadian side of the St. Clair River not far from Port Huron, Michigan.

The North American Cattle Company² shipped cattle from Smithwick, South Dakota, near Chadron, a shipping point on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. While on one of these shipping trips they lost a mule. Mr. Osborne found the mule and learned that the North American Cattle Company was located in northeastern Wyoming. The spring of 1886 found him moving farther west. He came to northeastern Wyoming bringing the mule with him. He returned the mule to the Company and was given a job.

The North American Cattle Company sold out to the Western Union Beef Company. The home ranch of this concern was the 7D at Fort Stockton, Texas. The headquarters in Wyoming was called the Half Circle L and was under the management of W. P. Ricketts.³ Other ranches belonging to the Western Union Beef Company were: the Cross Half Circle at Brush, Colorado, called the Brush Cattle Company; the L. U. on Grass Creek in the Big Horn Basin; the E K at Mayoworth, Wyoming; the 4 P at the mouth of the Whalon Canyon in the Platte River Valley; the Double Mule Shoe in Texas; the Sandstone Ranch at Ekalaka, Montana. On these several ranches the Company ran about 300,000 head of cattle. From 15,000 to 20,000 cattle were trailed into the north from Texas each year.

One winter Mr. Osborne and Mr. Charles Hall fed about a thousand calves branded 4 R 4. The feeding ground was on Horse Creek near Cheyenne. Their spare time was spent in breaking the 7 L horses to ride, Charlie Hall being chief bronco buster. These horses were brought from the Basin country and were most difficult to break as they were mean, but they made wonderful saddle horses when once mastered.

A bunch of these horses drifted back to their old range and Mr. Osborne went after them. While he was driving them from the Sweetwater country to the Half Circle L Ranch, some of them played out and he was compelled to stop for the night. It was late evening in the winter and forty-five degrees below zero with snow on the ground. He had neither bed nor supplies with him, and in order to keep warm he spent the night walking back and forth in the creek bottom behind a high bank, going out at intervals to prevent the horses from grazing too far away. In the morning the horses

2. The post office address was Cheyenne, and the range was on Little Powder and Horse Creek. Charles G. Weir was general manager at this time.

3. W. P. Ricketts, born in Kentucky in 1859, located in Wyoming in 1875 where he rode the range for twenty-four years and engaged in the cattle business for himself in 1898. He was a member of the Wyoming House of Representatives in 1911-13 and chairman of the first board of county commissioners of Campbell County, Wyoming, 1913-15.

were sufficiently rested, so he started on toward Gillette. When he arrived at the Hoe horse ranch he found three cowboys camped in a cabin there for the winter, and he spent the balance of the day and a night with them before continuing on his way. The Half Circle L used about fourteen hundred head of saddle horses.

One day, when going from the Half Circle L Ranch to the Dana Cabin country on Spotted Horse Creek, he noticed a bunch of horses grazing on a hillside about a half mile away. By their short tails he knew they were saddle horses and rode over to look at them. He noticed one Half Circle L horse in the bunch and was looking at him when he saw two men riding toward him from the south. When they arrived they gathered up the horses and drove them to their camp in the bottom of a deep draw where there was some brush on the banks, about a half mile to the south of where the horses were grazing. John Osborne rode along with them, and when they reached their camp they put the horses in their rope corral. Mr. Osborne dismounted, took his rope, went into the corral and roped the Half Circle L horse, led him out of the corral, mounted his horse and rode away, leading the horse he had roped. Not a word was spoken during all this time. These men were members of a band of rustlers from the "Hole-in-the-Wall" in Johnson County.

The Western Union Beef Company bought about 3,000 head of yearlings in Oregon. The weather turned cold, snow came and it was impossible to move them. The winter of 1893 found Mr. Osborne in Oregon feeding these cattle. One incident of this winter he often recalled with amusement. The man who sold him hay bragged of his ability to figure the amount of hay in the stacks. He did not know that Mr. Osborne also excelled in that art, and Mr. Osborne said that the man figured himself short in every stack.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Osborne shipped these cattle to Las Animas, Colorado. The cow hands and wagons from the Half Circle L met him there and they took to the trail. On reaching the Platte River they found it running high, and it was no easy task to get the herd to swim across. He asked permission to take the wagons across the railroad bridge. Driving from the Platte River Mr. Osborne was not well acquainted with the watering places, and sometimes distances were great between them. One day the cattle were greatly in need of water and kept all hands busy urging them on. Suddenly their animal instinct told them that there was water over the next hill or two. The herd stampeded and it was difficult to keep up with them. The water consisted of a small reservoir close to a little home. The herd rushed madly into it, carrying all fences with them. The family wash that had been fluttering in the breeze

was trampled in the dirt. The garden was also ruined and a child or two narrowly escaped.

There was an irate woman to face. Mr. Osborne tried to convince her that they had been powerless to stop the rush and assured her that they would settle for the damage. This was done and they picked up the herd and left the sorry sight behind.

The Overland Texas Trail crossed at Brush, Colorado, then to Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, on north and across the Cheyenne River at the A U 7 Ranch, up Lodge Pole Creek to the mouth of Hay Creek, then up the divide to the head of Buffalo Creek, down Buffalo Creek and across the Belle Fourche at Moorcroft, Wyoming, then up Trail Creek to the head of Cottonwood, down Cottonwood to the mouth, down Little Powder River to the mouth, then down Big Powder to the Yellowstone River and on to the British possessions.

In 1894 Mr. Ricketts made Mr. Osborne manager of the Sandstone Ranch in Montana. The cattle were trailed from the other ranches and finished on the Montana range. They were started from this point and shipped from Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and from Fallon, Montana, to the eastern markets.

Mr. Osborne was shipping a Half Circle L beef herd from Belle Fourche. It was seldom that the cowhands got into town and there was always a celebrating and shooting out of lights when they did so. At this particular time recklessness reigned and a few of the cowboys were lodged in jail. This they resented and decided to set fire to the jail to gain their liberty; but it did not prove as easy as they expected and they were almost overcome with smoke before they were rescued. They not only burned the jail but the fire they had started destroyed the town; even the bank was burned. The cashier loaded the money into a wagon and drove out in the country with it. Mr. A. H. Marble, now of the Stockgrowers Bank of Cheyenne, was the cashier.

Often different cow outfits would get into Fallon to ship cattle about the same time. The N-N, who ran their cattle across the Yellowstone, would swim the beef across the river and load at Fallon. On one occasion the Half Circle L were riding night herd. While riding the last guard, a shot was heard and then the herd stampeded. When the cow hands went to the wagon for breakfast, they found the darkie cook of the N-N wagon shot and a saddle blanket thrown over him. Thus life in a cow camp often had its dramatic and tragic episodes to break the monotony.

The Montana life of Mr. Osborne went on in this way for four years. In the spring of 1898 the Western Union Beef Company sold out. There were large shipments from all points, and as many as 24,000 head were shipped out of Gillette in six weeks.

Mr. Ricketts bought the Half Circle L Ranch from the Western Union Beef Company and called it the Sunnyside Ranch. It was later disposed of and it is now known as the Padlock Ranch. Mr. Osborne returned to Half Circle L and decided to enter business for himself. He bought a piece of land from Mr. Ricketts, a place now known as the Platte Ranch, but subsequently turned it back and bought the Laurie Reed Homestead on Wild Cat.⁴ Later he homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres adjoining J. D. Collins, who had also homesteaded on Wild Cat. The two were very close friends and entered into a peculiar partnership. Each owned land in his own name and also owned land in partnership. They built up a large herd of cattle, each owning his own brand but running their cattle together.

The Wild Cat country was a gathering place for all the Half Circle L cow punchers. Life on Wild Cat was characterized by many hardships incidental to pioneering. Space permits but a few examples here. W. D. Rooney⁵ tells of Mr. Osborne freezing his nose doing the ranch chores when it was 60 below zero.

Mr. Osborne and Mr. Walter Monnett built a cabin with no tools other than hammer and axe. They had no tools for making holes in the door to attach the latch. Pioneering ingenuity suggested a novel way out of the difficulty. They marked on the door with a pencil the places where the holes were needed and then proceeded to shoot the holes through with a six shooter. They shot from the inside and, Mr. Monnett says, almost deafened themselves.

The pioneers also had to be ready to perform acts of neighborliness. Mrs. A. S. Bent, a resident of this district, died and Mr. Osborne and Mr. Rooney went to render aid. Mr. Osborne said they would have to bathe her face in soda water to keep it from discoloring. He proceeded to do this while Mr. Rooney went to get Mrs. Gupton, a neighbor who lived several miles away. When they returned about 4:30 A. M. they found Mr. Osborne sound asleep and the dead woman in the adjoining room. Mr. and Mrs. Bent had taken squatters' rights on the land now owned by Harve Swartz..

On February 7, 1910, Mr. Osborne proved up on his homestead on Wild Cat. In that year he joined the Masonic Order, belonging to the Blue Lodge of which he was made Master in 1917. He was also elected treasurer and served as such for nineteen consecutive years, up to the time of his death. He also joined the Consistory and the Shrine.

4. North of Gillette in Campbell County.

5. William D. Rooney, born in Nebraska in 1871, began riding the range in Nebraska and Wyoming at the age of 11. He took up permanent residence in 1886 in Crook County (in that part which is now Campbell County). From 1891 to 1901 he worked for the Western Union Beef Company after which he engaged in ranching for himself.

The State Legislature on February 13, 1911, divided the counties of Crook and Weston to form Campbell County. Mr. Osborne was one of the Provisional Commissioners appointed by Governor Joseph M. Carey to organize Campbell County.

The winter of 1911 and 1912 was very severe following a very dry summer. Mr. Osborne and Mr. Collins were compelled to move their cattle to the Yellowstone River country in Montana to feed. Mr. Osborne took part in this migration and wintering of cattle.

On December 8, 1913, Mr. Osborne sold his ranch on Wild Cat to Mr. J. D. Collins, with whom he had been so intimately associated for so many years. He then bought the Tibbs Ranch and ran it for a year. In 1914 he sold out to Archie Tompkins and Earnest Lynde. This terminated Mr. Osborne's direct administration of a ranch.

His next move was to Gillette where he resided at the Goings House, then with Mr. and Mrs. Deacon Wilson and later with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Chassell.⁶ He engaged in the business of real estate, loans and buying and selling cattle. From May 18, 1918, to March 31, 1919, Mr. Osborne served on the local board whose duty it was to supervise the enlistment of men for the American Expeditionary Force under the act governing the regulation of military service. He also worked actively as an official of the local Red Cross Chapter, being a member of the Executive Board for four years.

In 1919 Mr. Osborne entered the banking business and continued in this until April 15, 1933. This was a period marked by trying ordeals, and he carried heavy loads of responsibility with courage, fortitude, equanimity and above all things, with integrity, or as the French say—*sans peur et sans reproche*—without fear and without reproach.

In 1922 Mr. Osborne was united in marriage to Miss Meta Walter, who, with her brothers, had ranch interests on Clear Creek between Ucross and Buffalo.

Mr. Osborne served on the Campbell County High School Board from May 17, 1921, until July 9, 1923. He acted as secretary, but when his time expired he would not run again.

From 1925 until the time of his demise Mr. Osborne was honored by being appointed a member of the State Board of Education. While not an academic man, he was qualified by wisdom and experience to give good counsel on the practical matters pertaining to education.

6. Harry J. Chassell located in Wyoming in 1888 when he began teaching school in Crook County. Following a year of teaching he became the manager of the Adams Brothers Mercantile establishment at Gillette where he later engaged in that business and in stock raising for himself. Prominent in both civic and state affairs, he served in the Wyoming State Senate from 1915-1923.

In 1933 Mr. Osborne gave up the banking activities but continued with his insurance business and entered into partnership with Mr. F. L. Barlow⁷ who had been associated with him in the bank. Mr. Osborne was appointed an inspector under the Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation, the Wyoming Production Credit Association and acted as inspector of cattle and sheep in the interest of banks in Omaha, Sheridan, Buffalo and Gillette. In this capacity he functioned faithfully, efficiently and as a friendly advisor to the corporations and their clients. He had the happy faculty of combining sound judgment in the ranching and cattle business with a fair and kindly appreciation and understanding of the stockman's problems. He was untiring in the execution of his duties, riding the range in all seasons to make a real inspection, but he did his duty in such a kindly manner that he made no enemies in the performance of it. It was while he was on one of these arduous trips in the deep snow of 1935 that he was suddenly stricken and passed to his reward. Interested and active to the last in the cattle business to which he devoted nearly fifty-two years of his life, he was truly, as the song says, "Home on the Range."



ANNOUNCEMENT

In order to help meet the additional cost in publication of the ANNALS OF WYOMING and continue to present the magazine in the form which has been used for the last three years, starting with the April 1939 issue, it has been necessary to increase the price. Effective with the January 1943 issue the subscription charge will be \$1.50 a year or 45¢ per copy.

It is hoped that our readers have found the ANNALS to be sufficiently interesting and rich in historical information to continue their support to this State historical magazine in which a special effort has been made to present heretofore unpublished diaries and manuscripts of importance to the State, by renewing their subscriptions and telling others about the ANNALS OF WYOMING.

7. Mr. Fred L. Barlow is at present engaged in the real estate and insurance business in Gillette and is serving as a U. S. Commissioner.

WYOMING PLACE NAMES

In presenting historical information one often runs into unforeseen difficulties. In preparing the next installment of the Wyoming place names series, it is felt that a further search as to the authenticity of some of the remaining material is advisable and it has not been possible to do this in time for the October issue. The first two installments appeared in the April and July 1942 issues and it is hoped that publication of the material may be continued in the January 1943 issue.

Therefore, in place of the third installment, it is felt that the readers of the ANNALS may be interested in learning of a manuscript which was recently received by the State Historical Department. It is a booklet entitled *Some Wyoming Place Names, Their Origin and Meaning* and is written by the Junior Group, grades seven and eight, of the Wind River Vocational High School, Ft. Washakie, Wyoming, under the direction of Miss Helen Overholt, teacher, and Mr. H. C. Lockett, principal.

Approximately three hundred origins of names have been compiled and the booklet, printed by hectograph, is profusely illustrated by the pupils whose imaginations were allowed free play in the interpretation of the names by sketches. A bibliography is included and credit is given to each source of information.

The purpose and method of procedure are fully explained by Miss Overholt in the *Introduction*:

"This study was suggested by Mr. Lockett. When first mentioned to the children it met with scant enthusiasm.

" 'White peoples' names,' remarked one young hopeful, 'have no meaning, and we already know the meanings of the Indian names.'

"A bit of inquiry, however, revealed the fact that although all the class knew that Ft. Washakie was named for Chief Washakie, no one—not even the chief's great granddaughter—knew the meaning of the word "washakie." Everyone—myself included—had to admit total ignorance regarding nearby place names as St. Michaels, Ray Lake, Burris, Lander, even Wind River—for it is a common boast among the inhabitants that The Warm Valley is *not* windy. The children began to be curious, and to ask questions at home and of their friends and neighbors.

"Presently one child reported that a neighbor knew about the naming of a number of places. He was invited to visit the class, and his talk was found to be very entertaining.

"By this time the group were quite 'sold' on the study. In spite of the fact that there was a very heavy percentage of non-readers among them, they began hunting through all avail-

able Wyoming material for place name meanings. At first we had intended to consider only Reservation names, but no child finding the meaning of a name wished it omitted, so we extended our study to include all Wyoming.

"We soon discovered that little had been written on this subject. We began writing letters to other schools. After each pupil had written several by hand, a form letter was hectographed and sent out first to schools, then to postmasters. Many very interesting answers were received. No child considered his day complete until he had read every word of each letter, regardless of how little interest he showed in reading other things.

"Finally each child—or sometimes a group of two or three—assumed responsibility for one letter of the alphabet: listed all the names beginning with that letter; arranged them alphabetically; collected and arranged the information on each one (very often the wording used in source material was copied, but pertinent facts from several different sources were frequently selected). The unabridged dictionary was consulted to find meanings—if any—of proper names which had been transferred from a person to a place.

"All this being done, the group selected illustrations for the names for which they were responsible. Many of these illustrations had already been prepared either by the pupil who had found the name meaning in the first place, or by some one who thought of an illustration when the meaning was reported to the group. Where illustrations were lacking the group either made the missing ones themselves or enlisted the help of some one else in doing so.

"The study has been most valuable in giving a group of children, who had little interest in reading, the joy of finding information for themselves from the printed page, and also finding *what* printed page such information could be gleaned from. We had some fifty numbers of the ANNALS OF WYOMING and a number of "The Casper Tribune-Herald" yearly magazine numbers which contain much Wyoming history. The bibliography shows the number and variety of sources from which material was obtained.¹ I knew no more than the children about where this information was to be found, so they have had to hunt it up for themselves.

"The study has been more or less a side line for two years. We devoted a few regular class periods to it. When a child found a piece of usable information, he reported it to the class, and filed his written account in the basket we kept for that pur-

1. The bibliography includes the ANNALS OF WYOMING, newspapers, talks by local people, inquiries, translations by pupils, literature from State Departments, maps, biennial reports, highway markers, magazines and eighteen historical books.

pose. Anyone who felt inspired to do so made illustrations and filed them in another basket. Only after we began to prepare work for final typing was much class time devoted to it.

"The pupils who participated in this study have, I feel, gained much knowledge of Wyoming history and geography, an appreciation of Indian contributions to names and to history—not alone in Wyoming, but in other parts of the country as well—a knowledge of how information is gathered and evaluated (sometimes our information from different sources has been conflicting). Last but by no means least, the use of this concrete material which they could not understand and deal with on their own, gave to this group of children a respect for their own ability to obtain information from ordinary written material—not books that they could readily identify as having been written for children much younger than themselves."

This is one of the finest school projects on Wyoming history that has yet been brought to the attention of the present staff of the State Historical Department. May this be a suggestion for similar study projects in other schools of Wyoming, as through them, besides the gaining of knowledge of the State and its past, there is created in these young people a great feeling of pride and unwavering confidence in its future.



DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The first lady to vote in Cheyenne was Mrs. Church Howe, the wife of the United States Marshal? The following story was carried in the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* of September 6, 1870, when women, under the Woman Suffrage Act, voted for the first time. "At noon today the election was progressing quietly, in this city. Many ladies have voted and without molestation or interference. Indications are that the vote of this city will reach between eight and nine hundred. The regular Republican ticket, so far as can be judged from appearances, is largely ahead. The first lady voting in Cheyenne was Mrs. Howe, the wife of the U. S. Marshal. Hers was a straight Republican ticket. The ladies of all classes seem to favor the Republican nominees."

The first Chinamen to have visited the city of Cheyenne arrived on June 26, 1869?—(*Wyoming Weekly Leader*, June 26, 1869.)

The Union Pacific opened its first coal mine at the "old town" of Carbon, now a "ghost" town (1868)?—(Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present*, p. 231.)

STORIES AND LIFE

By Addison E. Sheldon*

(From *Histories and Stories of Nebraska*)

Stories are the harp-strings of history, transforming the past into melody and rhythm. The best stories live forever in the human mind. They greet us in the Latin, Teutonic, and Celtic tongues, surprise us in the ancient Greek, Arabic, and Hindoo literature, and astonish us in the rude folk tales of primitive peoples who have no written language. The demand for a good story is as wide, as unsatisfied, as human longing, and the search for a new one as difficult and elusive as the discovery of a new element in nature.

Stories are the inspiration of patriotism and of home virtues. No land is loved without its place tales, and no nation became great without the lift of noble examples and ideals in the stories of its common people. Every hill and mountain must find its hero, every vale and prairie its legend, ere it become invested with living human interest.

With the flight of years the deeds of pioneers in a new land are transformed into the hero tales and place legends of the later generations. It is well that in the process what is brave, generous and strong survives; what is common, mean, and trivial perishes. In Nebraska¹ the pioneer period is just past. The pioneers are with us still. Men yet live who knew these prairies as a sea of grass wherein appeared no island of human habitation. We have yet with us those who hunted deer and buffalo on the sites of our cities, who followed the overland trails and faced hostile Indians where now extend fruitful fields of corn, wheat, and alfalfa. Children born in sod houses, dugouts, and even in emigrant wagons now direct the affairs of our commonwealth. The pioneer days are past, but their witnesses are in our midst. It is well for us to recount their deeds while they are still among us.

*Mr. Sheldon is editor of *Nebraska History*, the quarterly historical magazine published by the Nebraska State Historical Society.

1. This article is especially applicable to Wyoming, since its life and written history is shorter, even, than that of Nebraska.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The organization of the Douglas Cornet Band took place January 9, 1887? W. H. Duhling was named president; M. Duhling, secretary; C. M. Maurer, treasurer; Garver, John Overman and W. H. Rouse, trustees. Al Heaton played the E cornet and Ben Campbell the first alto horn.—(*Douglas Enterprise*, June 23, 1936.)

The first board of trustees for the State Hospital, Rock Springs, consisted of T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., Edward Thorpe, William Rae, Patrick J. Quealy and W. A. Hocker? They were appointed by the governor in 1893.—(Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present*, p. 480.)

“A small settlement of Basque people is located about forty miles northwest of Gillette? These people engage in farming, ranching and sheep raising. They do not mingle with other ranchmen but retain their native custom of exclusiveness.”—(Mart T. Christensen, Cheyenne, Wyoming, *Wyoming Eagle*, February 18, 1937.)

The Federal Census figures for 1870 showed the total population of Wyoming as 1,899, which was about twenty per cent of the actual total of 9,118 persons then in Wyoming as enumerated by the territorial census? In this is found one evidence that Wyoming was a frontier district in that it was difficult to contact its inhabitants.—(Beard, *Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present*, pp. 231-2.)

The first report on public instruction in Wyoming was made in 1871 by Dr. J. H. Hayford, of Laramie, the territorial auditor for the preceding biennium? Doctor Hayford reported good schools in Albany and Laramie counties, fair schools in Uinta and Carbon counties, but in Sweetwater county neither superintendent nor schools.—(Bartlett, *History of Wyoming*, p. 432.)

“Fort Supply was the first agricultural settlement in Bridger valley, Wyoming? Its site was on Willow Creek, a tributary of the Smith Fork of Black’s Fork of the Green, near the present Robertson, Uinta county. At the height of its prosperity it consisted of twenty-five buildings, corrals and a stockyard, enclosed in an area of ten acres by a double row of pointed pickets eighteen feet long and about one foot thick. The colonists brought with them many wagons, oxen, horses, mules, milk cows and beef cattle, farm implements, grain and miscellaneous supplies, for the colony was intended to be not only the headquarters and distributing point of the Mormons in that region but also a trading post for the emigrants. Some time later it was made the county seat of Green county, Utah.”—(Hebard, *Washakie*, pp. 79-80.)



WYOMING STATE MUSEUM—1942

Housed in the new Supreme Court and Library Building in Cheyenne, with vault space and fireproof protection, the Museum provides for the preservation and display of the prized possessions of Wyoming pioneers.

Perpetuate your family name by placing your historical collections and relics in your State Museum, where they may be permanently preserved and enjoyed by the thousands of visitors.

Everything that is presented to the Museum is numbered, labeled, recorded and card indexed, thus insuring permanent identification.

ACCESSIONS

to the

WYOMING HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

July 1, 1942, to Sept. 30, 1942.

Miscellaneous Gifts

- Bernfeld, Seymour S., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Letter from Governor Francis E. Warren to Bryant B. Brooks, dated March 3, 1890, appointing him one of the commissioners to organize Natrona County; imprints of the four Great Seals of the Territory and State of Wyoming established by the Session Laws of 1869, 1882, 1893 and 1921. (There was no State Seal between July 10, 1890, to February 8, 1893, when the act was approved.)
- King, A. M., (through Miss Virgil Payne)—Piece of metal, probably a Chinese candlestick melted down, found in the ruins of one of the Chinese homes by Mrs. Abram, mother of Mrs. A. M. King, following the Chinese Riot of 1885 in Rock Springs; when analyzed it was found to contain copper, zinc, brass and a small amount of gold. Piece of firearm given to Mr. A. M. King. It was dug up near Independence Rock on a site where the emigrant wagons had formed a circle in a battle with the Indians.
- Gereke, A. J., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Picture cut of Wyoming's original Capital building before the wings were added.
- Anderson, Martin, Torrington, Wyoming—Breech loading buffalo gun dated 1861 used by Military Jack of the Goshen Hole.
- Office of the Governor, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Letter from Winifred Beaumont, Secretary of the Institute of Ray Therapy, Camden Road, London, England, and clippings concerning a gift to the Institute from the Sheridan, Wyoming branch of Bundles for Britain, expressing the appreciation of the Princess Royal, patroness of the Institute.
- Dodge, John L., Wilson, Wyoming—Kit possibly used by a United States soldier forty-five years ago when they came in this region at the time of an Indian scare; Union Pacific lucky piece.
- Lang, Robert, Laramie, Wyoming—Building stone taken from the old Barrel Springs Stage Station on Overland Trail, located about twenty miles southwest of Wamsutter, Sweetwater County. The name and date, M. L. Perry, May '78, are carved in the stone.
- Wentworth, Col. E. N., Chicago, Illinois—Pamphlet: "Historical Phases of the Sheep Industry in Wyoming."
- Fuller, J. T., Lovell, Wyoming—Pamphlet: "History of the Medicine Wheel" compiled by the Lovell Commercial Club.
- McPherrren, Ida, Sheridan, Wyoming—Copy of Big Horn Mountains Edition of *Sheridan Press*, 1942.
- Peck, Miss Mabel M., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Program for seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Methodist Church, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1867-1942.

Auld, Mrs. W. L., Fremont, Iowa—Three employes' timetables for the Denver, Laramie and Northwestern Railway dated January 17, 1910, March 15, 1910, and May 29, 1910.

Manuscripts

Campbell, Malcolm S., Edgemont, South Dakota—Autobiography of Mrs. Mary Baltzly.

Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colorado—"Trails in Wyoming."

National Park Service, through Mr. Jess Lombard, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming—An Introduction to the Archaeology of Fort Laramie by J. W. Hendron, 1941; Beads from Old Fort Laramie by J. W. Hendron, 1941.

Pictures

Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colorado—Photostatic copy of picture taken by Wm. H. Jackson of Three Crossings Stage Station, 1870; 17 photographs of the Oregon Trail in Wyoming, 1940.

Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Company G, Wyoming Volunteers, taken in 1898. This group went to the Philippines during the Spanish American War. Joe Ohnhaus, too young to enlist, was bugler.

Newton, L. L., Lander, Wyoming—Seven photographs: six pictures of the State Fair at Douglas, 1930-31; Wyoming Exhibit at Iowa and Nebraska State Fairs; Wyoming Education Association, 1927; Wonderful Wyoming pamphlet, 1925.

France, Homer, Rawlins, Wyoming—Two views of the Seminoe Dam taken August 26, 1941.

Helbert, George K., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—Photograph and negative of Judge John W. Kingman, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, Wyoming Territory, 1869-73.

Auld, W. L., Fremont, Iowa—Photograph of the promoters of Denver, Laramie and Northwestern Railway, including Mrs. Auld's father, H. P. Paddock of Marion, Kansas.

Book—Purchased

Works Projects Administration—Historical and Pictorial Review, National Guard of the State of Wyoming, 1940.

